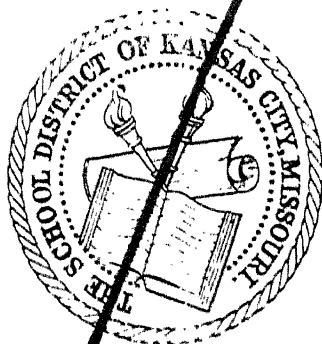


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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1927
AND YEARBOOK OF
AMERICAN POETRY

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TO PHILLIP H. GRAY, JR.

*“The Lux et Veritas engraved in thee
Even to dust lends immortality.”*

HARRY McGUIRE

HARKNESS MEMORIAL TOWER.

P. 246

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



O the American poets, and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the ANTHOLOGY, I wish to express my thanks for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this work. I desire also to thank the *Boston Transcript Company*, for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry, printed in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named, from the volumes in which they have been included and which have been published before the appearance of this ANTHOLOGY:

Bozart Press: "Prodigal," from *A Handful of Life*, by May Brinkley.

B. J. Brimmer Co.: "Down the Mississippi River in a Storm," "Through Dover Straits," "Night in the Desert" and "Before the Statue of Buddah at Nikko," from *From Rotterdam to Rangoon in Verse*, by Zoe Hobbs; "Mysterries," "Tales of Women" and "Stumps," from *Back-roads: Maine Narratives—With Lyrics*, by Winifred Virginia Jackson.

Dodd, Mead & Co.: "For One Leaving the Bright Islands," "Nor Any Man's," "Panel of Leaves" and "Go Then," from *Kanaka Moon*, by Clifford Gessler.

George H. Doran Co.: "A Windy Night," "Thrift," "Shepherding" and "Ascent," from *Little Henrietta*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Dorrance & Co.: "To Nero," "Pity the Great" and "Definition" from *The Unrisen Morrow*, by Mary Sinton Leitch.

Harper & Brothers: "Sonnet to a Scornful Lady," "The Wind Bloweth Where it Listeth" and "The Poet Puts His Heart to School," from *Copper Sun*, by Countee Cullen.

Henry Harrison: "Penny Show," "Consort," and "The Gasoline Age," from *Penny Show*, by Mary Carolyn

Davies; "Small Town Neighbors," "Magdalene" and "That Would Make a God of You," from *Behind the Mask*, by Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

Henry Holt & Co.: "The King," "Beyond Tamara" and "After Her Going," from *Upper Night*, by Scudder Middleton.

Houghton Mifflin Co.: "Martha and Shadow," from *Tall Men*, by Donald Davidson.

F. T. Kolars: "Joyce Kilmer in Heaven," "Inscription for a Book," and "Rose in the Rain," from *High in Her Tower*, by Charles Phillips.

The Macmillan Co.: "Almost Eureka!" from *Children of the Sun*, by James Rorty.

William E. Rudge: "Poet's Child," "Spinster" and "To Kay," from *The Pale Woman*, by Sara Bard Field.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Autumn Along the Beaches," "Sea-Voyage," "The Victory" and "The Heart Grows Old," from *The Bright Doom*, by John Hall Wheelock.

Unicorn Press: "Background," "Beyond Light," "Pretty Polly" and "Annunciation," from *Lost Eden*, by E. Merrill Root.

The Viking Press: "Alliance," from *Red Flag*, by Lola Ridge; "Serenader," "Self-Portrait," "Love Like Fear," "En Route," "Fall of Stars," and "To Losers," from *Boy in the Wind*, by George H. Dillon.

Harold Vinal, Ltd.: "Historia Amoris Mea," from *Historia Amoris Mea*, by Joseph Auslander; "Sonnets to An Imaginary Madonna," from *Sonnets to An Imaginary Madonna*, by Vardis Fisher; "Summit Light," "Waiting Coach," "Final Harvest," "Two in a House," and "The Great Tent," from *A Stranger in Heaven*, by Harold Vinal; "Walled Out," "Hay Harvest," "Warm Stone Woman," "Flame and Water," and "Mountain Men," from *These People*, by Howard McKinley Corning; "Portrait of an Old Lady With a Rocking Chair," and "The Athlete," from *Street Lamps*, by Morris Abel Beer; "In a Neglected Graveyard," from *Songs of the Helderhills*, by W. W. Christman; and "After the Rain," from *Cliff Dwellings*, by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

Washburn & Thomas: "Sonnet," from *Floodgate*, by David McCord.

Yale University Press: "The Ballad of the Dark Brother," from *Dark Pavilion*, by Lindley Williams Hubbell.

INTRODUCTION



WITH this issue the fifteenth annual volume of the ANTHOLOGY is published. These volumes, from the slim book of eighty-seven pages in 1913, to the bulky tome of one thousand pages for the Sesqui-Centennial Edition for 1926, and the present volume of nearly six hundred pages, cover an era in American poetry: perhaps, the greatest era America has known in the history of its poetry. Introductions to previous volumes in the series have sketched down, or up, as you choose, something of the character and merits of the poets and poetry which preceded the so-called renaissance beginning in 1912; opinion of the earlier poetry has pretty well settled by now; admiration for the earlier poets, determined by the changes in tastes and outlook, continues or abates independent of critical authority; and if one persists in admiring Longfellow as the greatest of American poets it is for reasons rooted deeply in the personal nature, and those reasons are impregnable against the most incontrovertible critical assault. Likewise, critical appreciation of the highest and most convincing, cannot force the contemporary public to accept at its valuation a poet who has merits and qualities of a high order, if those merits and qualities happen to be through forms and expressions which branch violently from the accepted traditions. This fact has repeated itself too many times in the history of poetry to arouse much controversy one way or the other. Blake is a good example over a century ago, and while making no comparison between Blake and the contemporary referred to as a modern example, Wallace Stevens can easily be cited as a present-day American poet upon whom critics have lavished enough sound praise to establish a responsive national reputation—if criticism could be so potent upon human nature as to awaken taste and educate judgment.

Prior to 1912, then, the merits and qualities of the American poets will be just what the reader finds them to be, what the class-room will interpret them as studies in the elements which constitute the character and function of the art; while criticism's only province, in the future, will be to ride on the wave of recurrent popularity as historian. Suddenly, through some inscrutable impulse, there is a stirring, an awakening interest in an author long since forgotten, or only partially remembered;

where the interest takes root, no one knows, but with incredible speed it spreads: and everyone is talking about and reading an author, new editions of his books appear, and the old ones are constantly absent from the shelves of libraries. Then some bright, speculating critical mind applies itself to a "study" or a "Biography," and the sum of the author's worth is, in the light of modern research and hitherto unavailable material, is presented *ex cathedra* to a sentimental world of readers.

Already something of the above has happened to Longfellow. There is Mr. Gorman's study. I am sure Whittier, Lowell, Bryant and Holmes, will yet break through the wall that rose up and shut out their figures in 1912. Poe and Whitman these last few years have had plentiful critical and biographical attention, not because the world needed more convincing evidence of their greatness, but rather, in my opinion, to pay off the score which made them in the midst of a hostile taste, play the literary under-dog to their generation. It is interesting, however, to read Professor Saintsbury's article on Poe in the current *DIAL*, and see to what futilities these rehabilitations sometimes lead.

Since 1912, an era in American poetry has come to fullness, and decline. Unlike any other era in English poetry—I mean by this term poetry written in the English language—there has been no pattern by which the art can be named or explained. The only thing in common that can be said of it is, there was a movement toward poetic expression at the very centre of a great industrial consciousness, and this movement swelled up and broke over an astonished and hardened material spirit in transfiguring sprays of song. As to standards and modes, technique and forms, there was nothing but riot and confusion, battle and competition. The Elizabethan Age, the Augustan, the Georgian, in central purpose and ideals, mean very definitely a certain thing or development to the student of poetry; even our New England School, is very easy to classify: from Bryant to Lowell the six poets could be rolled into one individual and there would be practically no conflict of spirit or form. But the fireworks that would blaze, and the bedlam that would break loose, if Robinson and Frost, Lindsay and Sandburg, Masters and Amy Lowell, Aiken and Sara Teasdale, could be compounded into one individual. To any critical student of the period, if the student were honest with himself, the contemplation of the past fifteen years must appear nightmarish.

It is a singular thing that this era, so gorgeous and barbaric in the outpouring of song, is bracketed by two interpretative works on poetry which may be imagined to hold it in check for future observation and study. It was in 1912, or it may have been a year earlier, Max Eastman published his "The Enjoyment of Poetry," a

work that championed no poet, no school of poetry, but unfolded with the clearest understanding, and with charm and passion, the beauty and power of the art itself. And this year (autumn, 1927), two of the younger poets, Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill, collaborated in the production of the story of poetry in a book entitled "The Winged Horse," which traces the beginnings, and developments of poetry, continuing their narrative of the art in presenting the lives and works of the most famous English and American Poets. Though primarily intended for the introduction of poetry to the young, and to those adult readers who have not read widely nor intelligently in poetry, this work serves a much more exalted purpose and brings to the well-acquainted reader a fascinating assemblage of information and appreciation which makes it indispensable.

Professor John Livingston Lowes' "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," came along about the middle of the period, and was a kind of intellectual shock-absorber to the wild license of the new movement. An able and scholarly work it stands above the limitations of any particular period as a study of the art of poetry.

Between these two works on the general art of poetry there have been published four books dealing with the subject of particular interest to a study of the period. One of these books does not specifically apply itself to the subject, but it is a critical doctrine of a poetic product of the period, and as such reflects one representative quality of the contemporary poetic mind and character. This work, "The Sacred Wood," has been set up as a sort of Bible by followers of the contemporary metaphysical manner, and though the book had a scant circulation, its influence has been wide and impressive. The other three books deal almost entirely with American poets and poetry since 1912: Louis Untermeyer's "New Era in American Poetry," Conrad Aiken's "Skepticisms," and Clement Wood's "Poets of America." I call attention to these works here because all three have been useful because of their forging in the very furnace of the period white-heated reactions to the immediacy of the achievements. All three of the books are prejudiced in certain directions, and to certain figures, and with the exception of Aiken's, often inconsistent. In Aiken's case, it is the inability to see and understand the work that is beyond his immediate interest. Untermeyer is flippant, with a cheap and smart manner of epigrammatic expression, often weak and insincere in facing a critical dilemma; Wood is too often intoxicated with brilliant paradoxes to give clear and logical analyses the opportunity to be observed, and thereby loses the full credit to which he is entitled for good judgment and sound taste; while Aiken, with a narrow, but curiously limited sympathy, with a tightly woven style and nervous sensibility, drives a

ponderous dictum to an irritated and ineffectual summary. In his prose, as in his verse, Aiken produces an elaborately decorated shell, from which proceed murmurs that have blown mysteriously through his mind without leaving the faintest signature of the far-off turmoil of human passion which they echo.

The most recent book summing up the period is Miss Harriet Monroe's "Poets and Their Art," which despite its emphasis on the "modern" note such as Miss Monroe has embodied in her editorial guidance of her magazine, treats more detachedly than the other critics mentioned, the general constitution and glory of the art. That there is a continuity in the art she assents by her study of Chaucer and other early poets, who differed only in time and place from the contemporary poet in truth and reality of vision and a disciplined sincerity of expression.

Amy Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," belongs collaterally with the group above, but specifically dealing with only six poets—four of which illustrate and advocate her own sympathy and practice, the other two being included to give weight and significance to the book by virtue of their accomplishment—lacks the broad survey of the period, which however faultily, is true of the three books referred to above, and which I recommend for the general scope and importance of American poetry in the last fifteen years. The future critical historian of this period has an immensely rich field to work; and only in the future will the confused and conflicting character and quality, the high and individualistic achievement, be resolved into some sort of critical order and perspective, be presented, and win for the poets of this era the appreciation and understanding which they deserve.

The period, as a period, of Robinson and Frost, Sandburg and Masters, Amy Lowell and Sara Teasdale, is over; as definitely over as was the period of the New England School when Stedman, Aldrich and Stoddard, were gaining recognition as the new poets. This is true in spite of the fact that Robinson's greatest success has come within the current year with the publication of "Tristram," which at the time of this writing has sold nearly sixty thousand copies, and has been hailed by many sound critics as the greatest poem written in America. Amy Lowell is dead, and her posthumous volume has done little more than balance the idolatrous and sentimental praise which is given an author who dies, and especially one, as in her case, who had dominated by her personality the world of journalism. Masters and Sandburg have further put their best work behind them by substantial accomplishments in prose. Of the poets who have made this era most notable, Frost is the only one, excepting Robinson, who is likely to give us again the joy of full achievement. He has been sparing of his

gifts, and has not allowed them to run unrestrained into uneven expression. But these poets, Robinson and Frost, are of that first order of genius whose power and ever refreshing supply of poetic vision and imagination, gives them a supremacy that overlaps time and their generation. The others have fallen away, even the moral troubadour Lindsay. The newer singers have neither risen so high nor kept for any length of time popular attention. The most promising among them, Elinor Wylie, showed in two slim books, a rare and precious, if somewhat narrow gift; but soon turning her energies to the writing of a highly sophisticated fiction, she has lost that first fine careless impulse for the strange and enchanting verse which captured us. Of Edna St. Vincent Millay, who belongs with the first flushing of the renaissance in 1912, I have said nothing. Many eminent critics have regarded her as the supreme lyric poet of this era. She, in my opinion, has said very little of any significance; in her first poem to attract attention, "Renascence," she showed a fresh mystical wonder in contemplating the physical world, and in its setting the soul of man was burnished with an heritage which he had only to claim to be dignified and beautified. The poem struck an exotic note, and its triumph was like the triumph of the heavier-than-air flying machine. But like Keats and Shelley, youth put her in touch with the beauty of mystery before the world could obscure it. It was an imperfect poem in many respects; but criticism overlooked the imperfections, dazzled by the youth of the poet. Her advance was a triumphant journey, and critically speaking, she did not always respect the smoothness of the pathway. For sheer musical quality and lyric simplicity there is no doubt she is unapproached by any living American poet. More than any recent American poet she has captured the imagination of the public, as well as of the critics, and in every gesture, every movement, every rapture, they have heard the enchanting strain of song. She shares with Robinson this current poetic year of reflecting the greatness of the period which they helped to establish fifteen years ago with the publication of her dramatic poem "The King's Henchman," which was also the score of Deems Taylor's opera performed at the Metropolitan, in New York.

Given time, what will the more recent poets do to sustain the national achievement in the art of poetry? Those overcrowded years between 1912 and 1918, were not more articulate than the last five or six years when the numbing effects of the War began to wear off, and human feelings and affairs were getting back to normal. The advance of a new period is well defined in the summations that of late have checked a number of poets. Collected editions have been published of John G. Neihardt, a poet never given his just and full recognition, Arthur Davison Ficke, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Witter Bynner, and

William Rose Benet. Those who have not "collected" their works, have made "selections," which indicate the achievement they wish to be judged by. In the meantime, younger and until recently unknown, singers are crowding around the springs of Helicon. If I were to enumerate by names the number behind the current year it would take many pages. But keeping to the current ANTHOLOGY year we find sufficient warrant to respect the vitality and variety of present-day poetry.

During the year some of the most important books of poems are by poets who recently have accepted the responsibility of carrying on the significance of the tradition begun ten and fifteen years ago. George Dillon's "Boy in the Wind," a volume that has the distinction of being the first volume of poems distributed by THE POETRY CLAN, an institution originated by that ever watchful mentor in behalf of the art, Miss Harriet Monroe, and which following the lines of THE BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB serves a double purpose for so commercially neglected an art as poetry: Scudder Middleton's "Upper Room," George O'Neill's "White Rooster," Countee Cullen's "Copper Sun," Lizette Woodworth Reese's "Little Henrietta," Harold Vinal's "A Stranger in Heaven," Sara Bard Field's "The Pale Woman," Mary Carolyn Davies' "Penny Show," Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni's "Behind the Mask," Glenn Ward Dresbach's "Cliff Dwellings," David McCord's "Floodgate," James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones" and John Hall Wheelock's "The Bright Doom." Of these authors of new books during the year, Mr. Wheelock advances from a little earlier period (with the exception of Miss Reese), through a slower recognition, to a place beside the first poets of the era commented on. Like his peers he has been a self-disciplined singer with predestined heights to climb, and he is rapidly nearing the top enveloped in flames of ecstasy which distinguishes him from any recent American poet.

A poet whose first book introduces one of the most promising of the younger men is E. Merrill Root. His volume "Lost Eden," has a high purpose in its romantic embodiment of contemporary life. To this ideal he gives the glow of a natural magic. Spiritual force and understanding gives the collection its most distinguishing quality. Perhaps the best of recent balladists is Marjorie Allen Seiffert, whose "Ballads of the Singing Bowl" is a notable volume. Woven in these ballads are implications of a high order, and the symbolic fabric tells its story with poignantly swift music. Mr. Robinson Jekers' new volume "The Women at Sur Point," has not created the stir made by his previous book "Roan Stallion," but it increases the impression that here is a poet, the counterpart in American literature to James Branch Cabell, who will slowly arrive at full recognition, but such a recognition as will place him high and permanently.

Two volumes of great significance published during the year have added immensely to our knowledge of two famous English poets; these are Professor Lowes' fascinating study of the sources of Coleridge's great poem *Kubla Khan*, in "*The Road to Xanadu*," which is considerably more than a research into the origins of a strange dream, and is as well an enchanting and romantic adventure into the complicated workings of imaginative psychology; the other work is Professor Peck's monumental and definitive biography of Shelley. Another volume of especial interest is Countee Cullen's anthology of Negro poets, "*Carolling Dusk*." This work, while it contains selections from Dunbar, is chiefly a record of the amazing progress made during the past three or four years of the contribution by the poets of this race to the general body of American poetry.

The Pulitzer Prize for the current year was awarded to Leonora Speyer for her volume "*Fiddler's Farewell*." Thomas Hornsby Ferrill won the Nation's Poetry Prize for 1928. Announcement has been made that the contest will be discontinued. Finally, the Lindbergh Prize contest, in which three awards were made, were won, in order, by Nathalia Crane, the young poet of Brooklyn, N. Y., Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, and Babette Duetsch. These three prize-winning poems, with one hundred others selected from among the contestants, have been published in a volume "*The Spirit of St. Louis*." General dissatisfaction has been expressed over the prize-winning poem, the feeling being that much better poems were written. Be this true or not, the heroic achievement of that splendid youth deserves a finer tribute in song than the sample so conspicuously selected as an honor to the deed.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Arlington Heights, Massachusetts,
November, 1927.

SKOAL! CHARLES LINDBERGH, SKOAL!

"Speak! speak! thou fearless boy!
Who, to our breathless joy,
Hast with thy wingéd toy
Tamed the Atlantic!
Wrapt not in eagle-down,
But with your harness on,
You flew where none had flown,
And we are frantic."

Then from those Northern eyes
Laughter began to rise,
Thinking of sleety skies
Passed now forever,
And of the water's flow
Under the ice and snow,
As he resolved to go
Back to land never.

"I am no Viking old!
My deeds are young and bold;
We came through all that cold—
I and my engine.
Before you have toasted me,
Hailing my victory,
Let those nine pistons be
Honored with mention.

"Over Long Island Sound,
By the Grand Bank around,
We left the solid ground
Darkened behind us.
Then fell the evening—
Frozen and evil thing—
With only the compass ring
There to remind us.

"Sleep there was none now;
I and my swift prow
Sped as we wondered how
Broad was the ocean.
Rising ten thousand feet—
Still came the angry sleet!
Ah! then the early, sweet
Morning in motion.

"All day I felt the pull
Of the steel miracle. . . .
Ireland was beautiful,
Then France was near us."
Now from the flowing bowl
Spoke forth a nation's soul:
"Skoal! Charles Lindbergh, skoal!
New York to Paris!"

The Nation

Anon.

THE HORN

In coming to the feast I found
A venerable silver-throated horn,
Which were I brave enough to sound,
Then all as from that moment born
Would breathe the honey of this clime,
And three times merry in their time,
Would praise the virtue of that horn.

The mist is risen like thin breath,
The young leaves of the ground smell chill,
So faintly are they strewn on death,
The road I came down a west hill.
But none can name as I can name
A little golden-bright thing, flame,
Since bones have caught their marrow-chill.

And in a thicket passed me by,
In the black brush a running hare,
Having a specter in his eye,
That sped in darkness to the snare.

And who but I can know in pride,
The heart set beating in the side,
Has but the wisdom of a hare?

The New Republic

Léonie Adams

COUNTRY SUMMER

Now the rich cherry, whose sleek wood,
And top with silver petals traced,
Like a strict box its gems encased,
Has spilt from out that cunning lid,
All in an innocent green round
Those melting rubies which it hid.
With moss ripe-strawberry encrusted,
So birds get half, and minds lapse merry
To taste that deep-red lark's-bite berry,
And blackcap bloom is yellow-dusted.

The wren that thieved it in the eaves,
A trailer of the rose could catch
To her poor droopy sloven thatch,
And side by side with the wren's brood—
O lovely time of beggars' luck—
Opens the quaint and hairy bud;
And full and golden is the yield
Of cows that never have to house,
But all night nibble under boughs,
Or cool their sides in the moist field.

Into the rooms flow meadow airs,
The warm farm-baking smell's blown round;
Inside and out, and sky and ground,
Are much the same; the wishing star,
Hesperus, kind and early-born,
Is risen only finger-far.
All stars stand close in summer air,
And tremble, and look mild as amber,
When wicks are lighted in the chamber,
You might say, stars were settling there.

Now straightening from the flowery hay,
Down the still light the mowers look,

Or turn, because their dreaming shook,
And they waked half to other days,
When left alone in the yellow stubble,
The rusty-coated mare would graze.
Yet thick the lazy dreams are born,
Another thought can come to mind,
But like the shivering of the wind,
Morning and evening in the corn.

The New Republic

Léonie Adams

SONG

Wind blows over the heart,
But the heart is fast in the breast,
So only give a sigh after the wind,
A heart that is pinned to the wind
Turns in the side without rest.

Or if you will bear in mind,
The stream, and the swan gone,
Scattering from its cold plumage
the drops of the foam,
Then liken the heart rather
To the stream sailed of a swan.

The New Republic

Léonie Adams

TO ONE WHO RIDICULED

Small matter if you come in black! But bring
No flowers nor tears; then it will be too late
For these. Yet I would have you do one thing:
Take clods of earth, three handfuls. Pelt them down
On me before the spades fill up my grave.
Remember *clods*! They'll give you one last joy
To smite in mockery, while men will think
Your heart has turned to kindness toward the dead.
(The simple rite of "Earth to Earth" means much
To living men). I'll hear the lumps of earth
Strike hard against the lid and, knowing that

Your words are of no use to wound the flesh,
Though aimed so well, I shall lie still and smile!

Voices

Frederick Herbert Adler

A CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN

The smell of bees' wax, joss sticks, foaming suds;
A gentle shuffling sound as if at night
Soft, stealthy steps were treading fallen leaves
In autumn thicket; then, with beady eyes,
He peers at me between the wicket bars—
An animal in hiding, or a god
Of men who guards a mystery and keeps
Back something from the world. He reaches out
The laundry slip in silence, with the force
Of words: "It holds a riddle, grandly clothed
In mystic symbols. Solve it, if you dare!"
He hesitates as if in fear that it
Will wantonly betray the secret which
Alone can make him triumph over men!

Foot Prints

Frederick Herbert Adler

A GROUP OF JAPANESE HOKKU

O apple blossoms
Give me your words of silence?
Yes, your charming speech.

Why sit like the sphinx,
Watching the caravan pass?
Join in the parade.

What if the wind blows?
What if the leaves are scattered,
Now that they are dead?

This is but my robe
His Majesty gave to me.
Garments will decay.

Palms

Lewis Alexander

DREAM SONG

Walk with the sun,
Dance at high noon;
And dream when night falls black;
But when the stars
Vie with the moon,
Then call the lost dream back.

Palms

Lewis Alexander

SILENCE

Nowhere
Have I found silence,
Nowhere silence,
Deep and cool and long.

Night is a whisper-time
Of many-shaded voices,
Voices of the vastness,
Of the unknown vastness.
Night is noise subdued:
Breathing noise of leaves,
Jostling noise of grass blades,
Whirling noise of stars,
Cosmic noise of growing thought—
In night there is no silence.

Death is never silence,
Never cold, bare silence.
I know it as a passing
Of an old belief,
Hear it as a holding
Of the breath to listen.
Death is such a stirring,
A silky, subtle stirring
Of old familiar things
With strange new noises!
In death there is no silence.

Nowhere
Have I found silence;

Nowhere silence—
Absolute and strong.

American Poetry Magazine

Effie Alger Allen

EVENING PASTORAL

O my brothers, let us lay aside our tools,
It is evening now,
And the last rays of the sun are painting the fields with
gold.

Let us kneel down beneath the fig trees,
And send a prayer upward into the great sky.
Our fields are heavy with promise.
Our sheep and cattle are many, and the vast,
Rolling hills are theirs for pasturage.
See, the blue smoke curls upward from our dwellings,
And our children shout happily to one another in play.
Is not this all beautiful?
The wind whispers through the trees, like music from the
Infinite.

Surely, my brothers, this must be His Plan—
To live simply, content with our lot;
Knowing the splendor of sea and sky;
The sacredness of our home;
Realizing the privilege of that mystery which is life;
Feeling the kiss of the morning sun;
The sweetness of labor, the glory; of the stars;
And the love of one's own kind!
Come, let us go down to our dwellings.
It is time for rest!

Interludes

Eleanor Allen

LAÏS . . . AN EPITAPH

And this white body crumbled into dust,
Once moved, as wind through grasses on a hill—
—Laïs, whose breasts were alabaster pale,
Laïs, who swayed fair Corinth by her will.

This tragic dust that once was potent flesh,
And held proud Kings and Empires in her thrall;
Who knew the ways of love and knowing, threw
Herself as roses red in Carnival.
She was a flame in Corinth, long ago,
That sent men off to sail uncharted seas
To bring her stuffs and jewels for her hair,
And silken veils to aid her mysteries.
She was a flame in Corinth, long ago,
Where wine and pleasure filled the dreaming hours;
Where lovers wandered through the cypress groves,
And laughing, sank to sleep among the flowers.
Laïs, whose white enchantment was more sure .
Than any rope or band of supple steel,
Is conquered now, and lies as naught,
Beyond all love, or sight, or sense, or feel.
Laïs, whose mouth was fragrance, red and sweet—
A rose to crush in kisses passionate;
Whose body moved as music, made for love;
Now lies as dust beneath a marble weight.

She was a flame in Corinth, long ago.
Alas, that dust can be so pitiful.
Forgotten now as trace of Winter's snow,
Laïs, who once was strange and beautiful!

Poet's Corner (Oregon Journal)

Eleanor Allen

SPIDER WEB

A spider, black and yellow,
Half darkness and half sun,
Has with eight spindles spun
A soft and silken pillow
For flies to rest upon.

Wind-swift they come and swifter;
But if the day be lazy,
A drowsy one, a drifter,
Leaving his latest daisy,
His wings designed in crescents
And dripping iridescence,

Seizes with curious hands
The spider's woven strands.

As strong as silver, soft
As filaments of fur,
The spider hangs aloft
His lovely gossamer.
And there the quick flies drone
And make enormous stir,
But never shall a one
Again be wanderer.

Voices

Kenneth Slade Alling

SKY

Like vellum stretched upon a drum, the sky
Was drawn across my window when I woke;
And haunted by that near serenity
Of dreaming color, contemplation spoke
Within and questioned what the color was
And hunted similes to answer it;
But wandered only in its own morass
Of anchored wondering; the infinite
Remained the infinite, unstained, unstormed,
Untaken by the strategies of thought:
My eyes alone were satisfied; they formed
That comprehension which the other sought.
But reason's blind confronted with the sky;
And much is lost between the mind and eye.

Voices

Kenneth Slade Alling

TREES AND MEN

A tree bole's anchored from its birth; it is
The course through which the darknesses beneath
Drawn upward, in strange metamorphosis
Become those shapes of light the springs bequeath
To lovers asking emblems of their love.
And lovers are but trees that walk; they are

Channels that likewise change the essence of
Dark earth into some fair ephemeral star.

It runs in the like roots of men and trees,
From the same source, the darkness that can alter,
Released, transformed by ancient agencies,
Into these fragrances that flame and falter.
Oh, poignant pageant; what the dark engendered
Goes to the dark; so soon again surrendered.

The Commonweal

Kenneth Slade Alling

BIRD FLOCK

Far lighter than a flock of words,
Released to fly with wings of wit,
The wind has twirled a scarf of birds
And caught this tree about with it.

And disengaging it again
He flings the fabric to the skies.
Falling, it floats into the grain
Where now invisible it lies.

Voices

Kenneth Slade Alling

UNDERWORLD

The surface of this soil is brown and dull.
It needs a vibrant fork whose tines are stiff
To turn the mould and show its magical
Items of darkness; every minor cliff
Jewelled at its base with iridescent worm
Or black loam smouldering in the access
Of sudden light: a fork whose steel will storm,
Piercing and prying slowly as we press,
The residues of ancient rains that went
To mate with shadows underneath and made
A world more affluent than the firmament
In strange star richness: or a heavy spade

To break the bare crust, sinking to disclose
Postures of aeons lost in long repose.

Voices

Kenneth Slade Alling

EVANESCENCE

The mists, wind-blown, along the shore
Seemed silver scarfs sea-maids might wear,—
Such sirens as the ancients swore
On like nights, lured men to their lair.

Cradled above the lifting sea,
Under a moon too near and white,
We, in our sweet idolatry
Of one another, drank the night.

I wonder how things might have been
Had mists not formed a silver nest
In which we lay, young gods tucked in;
And if our going there was best.

Such spells are broken very soon.
A nest of mist is thin and frail;
And pledges made beneath a moon
Will rarely through a day prevail.

The New South Magazine *George Lawrence Andrews*

THE MOUNTAIN BALLAD SINGER

He sings old ballads by a canemill site,
His voice aimed at the distant, gleaming stars,
His tall form swaying in the furnace light.
The mountain lads stand by and strum guitars,
Their shadows wavering as louder, higher
His songs mount up and echo round the hills.
Unheeded boils the cane juice, lags the fire,
While from his throat the mournful music spills.

He sings of places he has never seen,
Of castles, lords and things to him unknown,

Of Barb'ra Allen, of the fair Aileen,
Of thwarted loves, of some knave on a throne.
His notes are at the constellations flung,
But all about him hearts are thrilled and wrung.

America

George Lawrence Andrews

THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD

The funeral drags its way
Heavily, silently,
Up the steep hill.
The sand is deep, the horses old,
Slowly they climb.
The mourners in the buggies
Are cold with wind and rain;
Slowly the horses climb.
They reach at last the high plateau
And hasten slowly on,
For at the end of all things
The country graveyard lies.
Walled round with spruce and cedar,
Shut off from noise and life,
From view of lake and mountain,
The dead sleep sound and quiet.
We read on moss-grown tombstones
The virtues of the dead,
All gentle, kind, and patient
The Thirzahs, Huldahs, Sarahs,
The Hiram, Virgils, Penns.
Through many generations,
All "glad to leave this world
Of trouble, pain, and sin,"
All "mourned by those remaining,
Who yet accept God's ways,
Knowing that what He does is right
And that in Heaven they'll meet again
To live together eternally."

And among these, to-day,
We lay our little Betty down.
What shall we say of her? The truth?

“Sixteen, and of her time,
Heedless and hard and able,
A biting tongue, a will of iron,
Intent on getting from this world
Just what she wanted.
Too young to value, yet,
Tenderness, or calm, or patience,
But honest and forthright—our Betty,
Our Betty whom we love.”

Scribner's Magazine

Frances R. Angus

HISTORIA AMORIS MEA

Now the trees are leoparded
Autumnally,
Now from every tree
The spotted leaves are sped
And gauntleted
Between the winds that whip the cormorant shivering out
to sea.

Where are you, child of the blowing hair and the sea-lit
eyes?

For the water is awake,
And the wild geese are plangent over the lake,
And the heron cries;
Where are you, child of the laughing hands and the look
of stars?
For a tall ship is feeling her way in,
And the long water leans against her spars—
Where are you, child of the lapping tide and the moon-
drift scudding thin?

I have wandered to and fro
Where the banks of osier blow,
Through the weeds
And river-reeds
Where the lunging cattle low
I have followed you and called you but you did not know.

Swift and soft as cloud-glamour valleying the grass,

So swift, so soft you pass;
Like windlight
Rippling white
Over barley whitening,
Like a wing

Dropping slants of shadow brightening
Down from leaf to leaf, so
Swift and soft
You spring aloft . . .
I have followed you and called you but you did not know.

There was a pond lilled to oblivion,
And here I used to look for you, hair looped low,
And here I used to find you, dusty with the snapdragon—
And that was years ago.

You cried out, Spring! before the hepatica,
You danced a snowdrop at the heels of March,
I caught your laughter in the honey-pale forsythia,
The plummy ripple of the larch.

Blush-white apple blossom-snow you were,
With a marigold moon drawn windy through your hair
And the larkspur light in your eyes and the stir
Of stars in your voice everywhere.

Your glad bare feet sang a lilted carelessness
To the morning dark at the roots of clover,
A shy rain murmured in the rustle of your dress—
And now all that is over.

All the dulcet corn is gathered together
Drowsily, drowsily;
Under the gossipy slow gold weather
All the dulcet corn is gathered together,
And the stubble streams off, bronze and heather,
Down to the sea.

The kine no longer wrench the lush swamp-grasses,
Flicking insistent flies;
A hiss of scarlet wings—and summer passes:
The kine no longer wrench the lush swamp-grasses;

August her final gleaming squadron masses,
Crumples, and dies.

O for your long halloo across the clover,
Your swimming dawn of hair,
All the blind brave delight for ever over—
O for your long halloo across the clover! . . .
But now an ancient ghastly fellow-rover
Finds you more fair.

And therefore, Death—Fist upon hawk and hare,
Foot on the ant's brief tower, Hand on the bird
That pivots over a spinning jet of air,
Treading his tiny whirlpool—let my word
Soften the iron synod of despair.

Be gentle, Death, because of her frail hands
That fluttered wistfully the tremor of wings:
Friendless, alone she stands,
Troubled with unfamiliar things,
The strange new toys a cheated childhood brings.

We learn the face of Death as we grow old,
Each hollow and the habit of the eyes;
The dank palm seems less cold
With frequent pressure; and surprise
Becomes a dead thing when this body dies.

But to be seized when life was at the leap,
Broken off, ardent, lonely, blossomless,
And laid away to sleep
In arms of terrible caress . . .
Death, Death, have pity on her gentleness! . . .

And you are gone, and yet the blue air stands
Warm, and the night leans listening where your feet
Pressed the thick grasses to a long heartbeat
That hoards its memory; and where your hands
Looped a wind yellow with moon across that larch
Until the steep black streamers furrowed green
On the tossed light, the woodland gathers keen,
The stirring pines grow restless for the march.

Come like a clouded sunrise from the sea,
Your eyelids under rain-dusk, lest you burst
The vanguard of desire too suddenly,
Drowning the spirit while it cries, "I thirst!"
Come like the pallid hush anemones keep,
And let me near the shimmering fringe of sleep.

II.

There came to me in agony of sleep
A dream emerging from the depth of sleep
Delicately, like a star in water,
Frail as the breath of fishes when they creep
Through cool prismatic valleys of green water.

I dreamed of light across a swarthy wood
Rallying in gulfs of thinnest gold:
And there was one that stood
Where the light poured together in a flood
And made for her a lit threshold;
And she gave me for sustenance the old
Stained crucifix of solitude.

The crucifix! Triumphant crucifix!
O bright evangel to the spirit groveling,
Hacked by its own despair! Swift sinewing
To the bewildered spirit's broken wing!
I have seen a soldier with two little sticks
Crossed tightly in his stiffening fingers give
Himself the extreme unction, and so pass
Beyond the chasmed grass,
Beyond the dripping dark morass,
Unspeakably at peace, renunciative
Of life, and dying once, for ever live;
And I have seen you on an alien cliff
Clinging by the rude talons of a dim hieroglyph;
And I have seen you, builded out of bricks,
Hasty, abrupt, and stiff,
Somehow made beautiful with continued touch
Of hands; and I have seen you clutch
Death by the hair and draw him back
Even when all was charnel black
And the smell of the yawning pit was in the air!

O crucifix! O my deliverer!
When from her arms I took my martyrdom,
And the intolerable white glory held me numb,
Only to make me sing the tenderer
Because of her,
I embraced my gleaming chains,
I kissed the chrismed stains,
With their exalted courage through my veins
I became voice and desire, servant and song-maker.

Beauty throbbing at her wrist
Made me beauty's melodist,
And all lovely things that were:
Daffodil and lavender,
Wistful pallor of the plum,
Blossoms of the trillium
In the dusk wood places,
Lilies anchored to the dawn,
Wings and words and faces—
All that breathed the stir
Of her love seemed lovelier.
And now that she is gone
I know these look for her and cry out things
I cannot hear;
Something has been withdrawn,
Plucked from the thwarted breast of lonely Springs,
Something that breathes and haunts the flying footsteps
of the year.

Shadowless through thick and drowsy wheat,
And through the grasses indolent with heat,
In sunlight shuddering like a pulse's beat
Poises the fugitive glory of your feet.
Always you will escape me, flashing dream, but I
Shall clasp a phantom that can never fly,
Hold you in every tender thought
At gloaming-stealth; in darkness nerved with prayer,
When the grave dedicated air
By love's humility and tears and strength is wrought
Into a whispered step upon the stair,
You will be there:
And I shall feel, touched, startled, made aware,
Another warmth than mine and other lips

Moving with mine, and from intangible fingertips
Pressed close in white petition such despair
As only one that lives not may declare,
One, only, bear;
And I shall feel when I rise up the golden shiver of hair
Everywhere.

Stars and the starlight on the corn,
And the whirring nightjars,
And the new moon dips a dewy horn
Among the stars.

Earth is turning in her sleep,
And the sea,
And the ancient ghosts of murmur creep
From tree to tree.

Your shadow stirring restlessly
Calls me and calls,
And I hear by the side of me
Your hushed footfalls.

O Death! O Love!
You
Who found my spirit hawk-hooded
And slit the bandage
And unsealed me!
When March builds a soft fire in the crocus
And April quenches it with leaning rain;
When the little lime-flowers fall
Hesitatingly
Like children adventuring slumber,
And the freckled butterfly
Light as a dream in amber
Hovers on the breath of the wild harebell;
When burnished flies
Twang the midday
In thin consonants;
Before the storm
When the barred electric clouds
Are tigers arched and purring at the stars,
And when the lightning
Rocks across the sky,

And black moths blunder
Blurring the window-panes with frantic dust,
And a cool silver silence treads on rain;
When the autumnal twilight
Is furtive with leaves
Guttering, scuffing
Like candles in a draught,
And mellow cones
In spills of twisted orange
Tumble gorgeously,
And pines,
Bronzed and lank,
On a northeast hill
Go marching dark against the moon;
Deep in the resonant orchestral nights
Of December
When fields of frost
Burn intense with one enormous thought,
And stealthy violet shadows
Move like an exhalation
Over the snow—
As one that shatters moonlight
And pierces a rumour of stars
I have found you
Ambushed
In beauty!

Your rapture-lighted loveliness cries out
Like a vast voice of flame that all I loved
Lives, and I cannot die hearing you call
Everywhere and in every hour, Live!
For always in the early sounds of dawn,
Or the bleak vigil of a rainy night
When crickets file the edge of darkness thin,
Or in the noontide's underdrone of bees—
Always your beauty challenges to life
And to more living: everything you were
Of song and love and laughter and the depth
Of warm gray river-stillness—all has passed
Into the air and earth and the ripe heart
Of hills and in the swinging jasmin bells
And in the fluent shadows on the sea.

After the last song quiet and your hand,
Quiet after the last song;
Peace on the starlit levels where you stand . . .
It is not long.

Now the hills are tired and the trees
Are tired and the solemn forests slumber,
The tides of the immeasurable seas
Slumber.

The pharaoh locust leaves an empty shell,
His fevered recitation has been sung;
The cricket's torn crescendo of farewell
Has been sung.

After the last song quiet and your hand,
Quiet after the last song;
Peace on the starlit levels where you stand . . .
It is not long.

Voices

Joseph Auslander

SAND CRICKETS

Then, as we took the turning,
Left the little street
Red in the dusk and burning
Purple under our feet —
At a breath the moon swung up full and a yearning
Yellow color beat
Flat diminishing hammers on the sea, choked and churning
In a froth of golden heat.

And the sea! The throaty strangle, the terror and green
of it!
The lift, the black flash under the curve, the heart-break-
ing lean of it!
The whistle, the curdling crash, the mad aquamarine of it!
All the violent furrow dwindling down to a dull moist hiss;
The heave and shimmer of the moon creasing water and
sand; and this
Moon-dribble, moon-wash slithering over an interminable
precipice. . . .

And still, from all that boom and hurry of color we kept
Not the drenched spaces and hollows roaring with light,
Nothing tremendous to scale with the sea and the night,
But the narrow sound that needled the darkness and crept
Buzzing at an even height
Into your heart—till you tried to say something—and
suddenly wept.

The World Tomorrow

Joseph Auslander

MRS. SAM'L PEPYS SPENDS AN EVENING
AT HOME

He's gone to my lord Sandwich's to sup.
I've strummed my lute, and stepped a dance till nine
With Moll, but had not heart to keep her up.
I've tried my ash brocade, a pattern fine
Enough for Lady Castlemaine. But oh!
It ill becomes me else I wear a patch,
And that has Sam forbid— But even so,
I think I'll try it, for a wife must catch
Each chance she can to make herself as fair
As other *femmes*.

After, I stood a while
And watched the link-boys pass, wishing that Sam
Had sent me to the play. (How he would smile
To see my fidgets!) Then I took a dram
Of russet cyder Sam's good uncle bought.
But still the hours hung heavy. So I pried
Into Sam's papers which this day he brought
Home from the office, and at once I spied
A smallish leather book, its pages scrawled
With senseless signs; then on a page my name
Popped out, and "Crew," and "Lady Bauld,"
And then some tags of French. The notion came
This will be Sam's true tale of what he'll see
And what he'll do from day to day, all writ
In this blind way to keep it hid from me!
He little guesses I know most of it!
He little thinks whose eye it was that peered
Into that shuttered room at Allingmain

One dim June dusk. *Ma foi!* that time I feared
He'd catch me catching him with Mistress Lane — !
And it was I who passed him in the Fleet
Last Friday week when he went by with Pegg.

Poor Sam, he likes them young and over-sweet;
He likes a slender ankle, and a legg
That can look brave in silk, a rounded breast
Not too confined by lace, a peachblow skin,
A ready-kissing mouth, and for the rest —
Why, any comely wench can take him in
By flattery. Sam says he is a slave
To beauty. Well, mayhap he is, but *yielding*
Beauty, and must his *filles de joie* behave
As grand as titled dames. Kitty Feilding,
The talk of all the town, has yet an air
That I could never ape, though I should try
Till life was spent. . . .

I feel so *triste*, I swear
I sometimes wish we still were poor, and I
Baking and brewing, washing with my hands
My Sam's foul clothes, the while I was as gay
From morn till night, as queen of faery-lands.
I had but one silk gownd, and every day
I donned it, and we sat full lovingly
Beside our fire. There was not any talk
Of dukes and duchesses, and what cared we
Whom last the King smiled on? A little walk
Along the river was our chiefest joy.
But now — but now — Ah, why must tender hearts
That love so dear, grow cold? A casual toy
Is all I am to Sam. If e'er he starts
A-making love, I know he is repenting
Somewhat he's done, some black-eyed serving-maid
He's kissed behind a door; and I, relenting,
Grow sorry and less chill. This game we've played
For eight years now, and I —

What's that? *What's that?*

Oh, Sam, you're home at last! You're tired, I know;
Sit by the hearth, put by your cloak and hat,

And let me mull some ale. . . *Oh, Sam, I've missed you
so!*

The Lyric West

Ruth Aughiltree

PORTO RICO

I

The camphor trees are burning crimson coals
In emerald braziers. . .
All day a mocking bird in weaving
Divine parodies. . .
All day the lizards flicker,
Brown flame, across the floor. . .
All day beyond the tall green legions
Of amber-tasseled cane
The river calls,
The shallow river, rank with purple lilies. . .
All day the sea and mountain winds are mating
And blow across my dreams. . .
To warn me I have found a mountain dove,
Blue gray,
Unmarred and dead, upon my doorstep
In the sunlight. . .
Mira! Down the white road the oxen plod toward home;
Their flanks drip heavy scarlet from the goad;
A naked brown boy rides
Between the curved horns of the leader. . .
The peon following is wearing
A red flower behind his ear and on his mouth a song. . .
I love it! I love it!
The heat and the extravagance and the shadow of cruelty. . .
Sea winds in the palms,
Blue air in the mango trees,
Earth stirring in her sleep. . .
And you —

II

I have never dared to tell you
How your body seems

Slim and straight and beautiful,
That laughs beyond our windows. . .
I have never dared to tell you
How your cool breath stirs my hair
Like the dawn wind, the trade wind, the dear wind,
The wind of young morning
Sea-blown across the cane. . .
I have never dared to tell you
That your kiss upon my mouth
Is like the humming-bird we watched together,
Ruby and golden fire with wings,
Lost in the crimson heart of the hibiscus flower. . .
Listen! the sea is less blue-burning than your eyes,
The tropic sunlight a lesser miracle than your smile
When at sunset you ride home to me. . .
I hear the hoofbeats of your horse
Go thundering through my pulses
Long, long before I see you
Far down the road, with all the copper sky
In smoke and flame behind you. . .
I know! I know!
But we are Anglo-Saxons,
And so . . . I have not spoken.

The Lyric West

Faith Baldwin

JUBAL

Jubal of Nod made the first flute
From a wand of the willow-tree.
The world had then no viol or lute
Or harp of minstrelsy.

Jubal with his flute! —
The sun on his glossy jet beard and hair,
As he sat on a lava stone,
And the birds all silent, watching him there,
As he tried for the first clear tone!

A peering brown cedar-bird
Seized the first sound he heard —

A faint hissing, nothing more.
With joy he rehearsed it o'er and o'er —
Silly bird!

The bluebird better knew:
He caught the first clear, warbled note
From the green willow throat,
Tried numberless times till the tone was true;
Then off he flew.

Then flocking round came robin and wren,
All the warblers, the soulful thrush,
And the whole light-winged throng,
From every bough and bush
Singing after the flute again and again
Some captured shred of song.

Harsh birds of prey —,
These too learned bars of liquid melody;
But on the wild heights far away,
And over the screaming surges of the sea,
Where wind-fiends yell at their savage play,
Soft wood-notes fled from memory.

But one there was who gathered them all,
Piping to every strain he heard;
So today men marvel at songs that fall
From the mocking-bird.

* * *

And all that time, at the edge of the wood
Where was found the willow rod,
Was one in a misty robe, who stood
To listen to Jubal of Nod!

The Lyric West

Charles Ballard

ECCO IL SANTO

Seven centuries are counted
Since the soul of Francis mounted,

To those Paradises where
Holiness is debonair.
Should he come again to-day,
Singing down the starry way,
Troubadour of God, the Lark
Of Assisi, would he hark
Happier laughter than he knew
When his carols shook the dew,
Under skies Madonna-blue,
From the twinkling olive trees?
Oh, unshriven Centuries,
Fall before him on your knees!

But the Centuries stand proud
As Saracens, their heads unbowed:
"Friar, cord your faded gown;
Take your barefoot jog from town
On to town, as legend tells,
And adore our miracles.
We have made man lord of things;
Given him force that far outflings
Giant fables; given him wings;
Given him eyes that pierce like spears
The farthest flecks of light, and ears
That listen across hemispheres.
Marvel still on marvel follows;
Trudge along and preach to swallows."

Like the Star of Bethlehem
Friar Francis smiles on them.
"So my Lady Poverty
Dwells on earth no more?" saith he.
"And my Brother Sun's glad glances
See no longer battle lances
Foam with blood? Old Craft and Greed
Do not gorge on cruel need
Of their fellows? Life is freed
From fear, for robbers cease to go
On dark errands? There is no
Wolf to trouble Gubbio?
Trust assoils the wolfish heart
Of its sin and of its smart?"

Challenged by that Capuchin
The Centuries go phantom-thin
Till their waning gold is gray
As his worn frock. Melting away
Like sails on the horizon, they
Glimmer ghostly and are gone.
But the Dream glows on and on
In new dawns forever breasting
New adventure, ever questing
Up the sky for purer day.
Time shall yet to Francis pray:
"Father, of thy courtesy
Print thy mystic wounds in me
That I bleed and burn until
Life shall do Love's perfect will."

The Forum

Katharine Lee Bates

IN THE LABORATORY OF THE GREAT CHEMIST

*I was in the laboratory of the great chemist.
"Who has seen a molecule?" I scoffed. "What microscope
has bared an atom?"
The fumes were thick. I sickened.*

When I came to, the great chemist was bending above me.
He was a giant, and growing; the walls were retreating,
the ceiling was rising:

"You shall see a molecule.
You shall inspect an atom."

Larger he grew, and larger, and the walls and the ceiling
passed out of my sight:

"You are so little now,
My strongest microscope
Would hardly reveal you."

The air was full of minutest globules, in pairs and groups
and clusters, turning and looping, and the floor was a
mass of gyrating pointlets:

"You are so little now,
No lens of mine could find you."

The globules grew larger and larger! Soon I rolled among them like a log on a choppy sea. Chasms opened between them. I fell, but one as large as a building caught me and carried me spinning along many millions of cycles a second. Then its surface gave way, and I sank to its centre.

"This is an atom of iron
In a grain of dust on my floor,
And you alone of alien things
Have entered within it.
Fragile, it seems, and flimsy —"

(It was a bubble, I thought — enormous and empty.)

"And made for the whim of chance.
But none of the powers and the forces
In all the infinities round it —
Whether heat or light or sound or shock —
Can follow you there."

Larger it grew, and larger! Then the tiniest grains of dust appeared revolving within it, and the film that I thought was around it was only the mark of their outermost flight.

"This is an atom of iron
In a grain of dust on my floor,
That today is swept in my fire,
And tomorrow is whitened ash —"

Quickly the grains became balls — some of fire — whirling and gleaming, and growing with speed that was swifter than light; and one as large as a mountain — a dark one — came by and caught me.

"To be strewn to the winter gusts
Or caught in the molding earth,
To be born into ripened grain
And made into tooth and bone.

"But bruised, or buried, or burned,
Digested by plant or man,
This atom of iron, unhurt,
Is locked to the keys of time."

Then I said: "But scientists *here* find *this* world of substance and structure like ours. Are *their* atoms also vast systems?—and where is the end?"

"There is no end or beginning
Of division and multiplication.
As with ours, so with theirs;
As with theirs, so with ours:
Universe and atom,
Atom and universe."

And while he was speaking the heavens came nearer, the objects about me diminished, a dizziness seized me.

And when I awakened I was in the laboratory of the great chemist:

*I had seen a molecule,
An atom had been revealed to me!*

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

John Oscar Beck

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY WITH A ROCKING CHAIR

From sun to star she sits and rocks,
Dispensing news while darning socks;
Around her like a lighted candle
Flit spinster moths who whisper scandal.

Through wars and peace, through flood and drought,
She rocks the seasons in and out.
Queens never held their thrones so fair
As she, her rhythmic rocking chair.

Ere motor cars had hummed their way
Up village streets, once hills of hay.

She rocked. And even now she rocks,
Still unperturbed by time and clocks!

The N. Y. Evening Telegram

Morris Abel Beer

THE ATHLETE

The jeweled words of poets were to him
Rosetta stones too cryptic for slow wit;
His mind was native metal, crude and dim,
Without a flash of stars to temper it.

He visioned Shakespeare as an empty name.
Tunney and Tilden, — how his eyes would gleam!
Yet on the gridiron he won laureled fame,
Scoring a touchdown for a shattered team!

Voices

Morris Abel Beer

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

He has an air compounded subtly well
Of certain attributes possessing fame,
As having graced the practices and name
Of all the better Medici. The fell
Deceits of scoffers never quite dispel
His almost perfect patience with their game,
While savory triumphs in his look proclaim
Foreknowledge of their just and certain hell.

Men tell two stories of the thing that lies
Secure behind the azure of his gaze.
A few insist on splendors — bright, and gold —
Like secret stars that move in sunlit skies;
But more will smile and say the sapphire blaze
Of skies but masks a waste of arid cold.

The Yale Review

Henry Bellamann

ASPIRATION

Her dreams she folded, smoothed, and packed with care,
Then closed the lid and turned the heavy key.
Her fingers lingered wistfully, while she
Said half aloud, "Some day and I shall dare
To turn this lock again. Then I shall wear
These dreams of mine—but now it cannot be,
And I must wait. How he would laugh at me
And at my dreams! No one will find them there."

Upon the chest the idle years shed dust,
And over it fat spiders plied their trade.
One day she climbed the stair. From near her heart
She drew the key. The hinges groaned with rust.
She took her dreams, now bold and unafraid;
But at her touch they crumbled all apart.

The Commonweal

Gertrude Ryder Bennett

SONG

I am weaving a song of waters,
Shaken from firm, brown limbs,
Or heads thrown back in irreverent mirth
My song has the lush sweetness
Of moist, dark lips
Where hymns keep company
With old forgotten banjo songs
Abandon tells you
That I sing the heart of a race
While sadness whispers
That I am the cry of a soul . . .

A-shoutin', in de ole camp-meetin' place,
A-strummin' o' the ole banjo.
Singin' in de moonlight,
Sobbin' in de dark.
Singin', sobbin', strummin' slow . . .
Singin' slow; sobbin' low.
Strummin', strummin', strummin' slow . . .

Words are bright bugles
That make the shining for my song,
And mothers hold brown babes
To dark, warm breasts
To make my singing sad.

A dancing girl with swaying hips
Sets mad the queen in a harlot's eye.
 Praying slave
 Jazz-band after
 Breaking heart
 To the time of laughter . . .
Clinking chains and minstrelsy
Are welded fast with melody.
 A praying slave
 With a jazz-band after . . .
 Singin' slow, sobbin' low.
Sun-baked lips will kiss the earth.
Throats of bronze will burst with mirth.
 Sing a little faster,
 Sing a little faster,
 Sing!

Opportunity

Gwendolyn Bennett

MOON TONIGHT

Moon tonight,
Beloved
When twilight
Has gathered together
The ends
Of her soft robe
And the last bird-call
Has died.
Moon tonight —
Cool as a forgotten dream,
Dearer than lost twilights
Among trees where birds sing
No more.

The Gypsy

Gwendolyn Bennett

IDYL

The older people say,
"Ah, he has much to learn!"
But I shall go his way
Where hot sands burn —
Thirsty and choked with dust,
Blind from the sun's glare,
That the little pool of my trust
May cool him there.

I shall follow his tracks
Over long snows —
Horizon after horizon
Where nothing grows —
Pathless in the night,
With hands too numb to grope,
That he may find warmth
At the little fire of my hope.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Mildred Bowers

STRANGE

Strange, to grow up and not be different —
Not beautiful, or even very wise;
No winging-out the way of butterflies,
No sudden blindfold-lifting from the eyes.

Strange, to grow up and still be wondering —
Reverent at petals and snow;
Still holding breath, still often tiptoe,
Questioning dew and stars, wanting to know!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Mildred Bowers

MAYBE

Do you think the same god
Who made our elm-tree
And the still, cool fern,
Had a hand in me?

Maybe a god made heaven,
Elms, and ferns — and you;
But I, and the rest of creation,
Helter-skelter grew!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Mildred Bowers

SAILOR

I heard a sailor on the quay
Mumbling words of mystery.

Speech burnt from him like the flare
Of flame on altars of despair.

His yarn was all of seamen's laughters
Crashing amid the dusty rafters

Of ocean inns and women veiled. . .
And golden barges satin-sailed. . .

Of bitter clamor and hot words. . .
Of moonlight flashing on white swords. . .

Of startled night-birds the keen breath
Of dawn down beaches dark with death. . .

His voice was an over-song of hate
Down windy corridors of fate!

He ceased — like harvest-heavy bins
His eyes were heaped with secret sins —

And the moon above the harbor bar
Was a blood dripping scimitar.

The Beaverton (Oregon) Review

Verne Bright

SEA LURE

I who have known the beauty of tall ships
Flashing bright-sailed down the windy sea,

May not be bound again by woman's lips,
The home-hearth and the hill-trail's witchery.
I who have known the Ports of Hundred Isles
And felt the wind's cool hands in my tangled hair,
May not be lured again by woman's smiles,
May not be held again by woman's prayer.

O the sea's soft voices call and I am going
Where waves foam white and silver seagulls cry.
The sea's insistent urge is past man's knowing,
But it works in my heart its age-old alchemy. . .
Over my heart there surges a shivering fire —
The sea's insatiable, divine desire.

The Beaverton (Oregon) Review

Verne Bright

MANILA

Noon, like a golden orchid,
Blooms above the town;
Along the cobbled roadways
The carts jolt up and down.

Behind brown wall and bastion
That burn with slow decay,
The city, a golden dragon-fly,
Dreams by the golden bay.

The Beaverton (Oregon) Review

Verne Bright

THE FAIRY WIFE

She was all red and gold —
A laughing creature.
We farm lads left the fold,
Running to reach her.

All the lads fell behind,
Only I caught her.
(How my old mother pined
With her for daughter!)

She was so sweet and young,
Like a straight willow.
Golden her long hair hung
Over my pillow.

Sometimes she sang at first,
Skimming my cream;
Scouring my hearth it burst —
Music like dream.

Sometimes her feet would dance
Ere winter froze her;
Then I must pause to glance,
Glad that I chose her.

But with the early dawn
And the long waking,
All her wild whims have gone,
Her beauty taking.

I might have picked a score,
Thicker and stronger,
Who would have labored more
And lasted longer.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Carol Ryrie Brink

PRODIGAL

I am content to walk the plains,
And feel the dust beneath my feet,
For I have climbed the mountain crest
And found the climbing sweet.

I am content to take the road
That white and hard goes east and west.
I have known valleys green and gold
With love against my breast.

But they who see my plodding steps
Will nod, approve, philosophize,

They cannot know the heights and depths
That curve behind my eyes.

The Will-o'-The-Wisp

May Brinkley

WHEN DE SAINTS GO MA'CHING HOME

*(To Big Boy Davis, Friend) In Memories of Days Before
He Was Chased Out of Town for Vagrancy.*

1

He'd play, after the bawdy songs and blues,
After the weary complaints
Of "Trouble, Trouble deep down in muh soul,"
Always one song in which he'd lose the role
Of entertainer to the boys. He'd say
"My mother's favorite." And we knew
That what was coming was his chant of saints
"When de Saints go ma'chin home . . ."
And that would end his concert for the day.

Carefully as an old maid over needlework,
Oh, as some black deacon, over his Bible, lovingly,
He'd tune up specially for this. There'd be
No chatter now, no patting of the feet.
After a few slow chords, knelling and sweet—
Oh when de saints go ma'chin home
Oh when de sayaints goa ma'chin home . . .
He would forget

The quieted bunch, his dimming cigarette
Stuck into a splintered edge of the guitar.
Sorrow deep hidden in his voice, a far
And soft light in his strange brown eyes;
Alone with his masterchords, his memories . . .

Lawd I wanna be one in nummer

When de saints go ma'chin home.

Deep the bass would rumble while the treble scattered
high

For all the world like heavy feet a trompin' toward the
sky.

With shrillvoiced women getting 'happy'
All to celestial tunes.

The chap's few speeches helped me understand
The reason why he gazed so fixedly
Upon the burnished strings.
For he would see
A gorgeous procession to 'de Beulah Land'
Of Saints — his friends — '*a climbin' fo' deir wings.*'
Oh when de saints go ma'chin home
Lawd I wanna be one o' dat nummer
When de saints goa ma'chin home . . .

There'd be — so ran his dream
"Old Deacon Zachary
With de asthmy in his chest,
A puffin' an' a wheezin'
Up de golden stair;
Wid de badges of his lodges
Strung acrost his heavin' breast
An' de hoggrease jest shinin'
In his coal black hair . . .

An' ole Sis Joe
In huh big straw hat
An' huh wrapper flappin'
Flappin' in de heavenly win'
An' huh thinsoled easy walkers
Goin' pitty pitty pat
Lawd she'd have to ease her corns
When she got in!"

Oh when de saints go ma'chin home.

"Ole Elder Peter Johnson
Wid his corncob jes a puffin'
And de smoke a rollin'
Like stormclouds out behin'
Crossin' de cloud mountains
Widout slowin' up fo' nuffin'
Steamin' up de grade
Lak Wes' bound No. 9.

An' de little brownskinne chillen
Wid deir skinny legs a dancin'
Jes' a kickin' up ridic'lous
To de heavenly band
Lookin' at de Great Drum Major

On a white hoss jes' a prancin'
Wid a gold and silver drumstick
A waggin' in his han'.
Oh when de sun refuse to shine
Oh when de mo-on goes down

In Blood

"Old Maumee Annie
Wid huh washin' done
An' huh las' piece o' laundry
In de renchin' tub,
A wavin' sof' pink han's
To de much obligin' sun
An' her feet a moverin' now
To a swif' rub a dub;

And old Grampa Eli
Wid his wrinkled old haid
A puzzlin' over summut
He ain' understood
Intendin' to ask Peter
Pervidin' he ain't skyaid
'Jes what mought be de meanin'
Of de moon in blood? . . .

When de saints go ma'chin home . . .

3

'Whuffolks, he dreams, *will have to stay outside*
Being so onery.' But what is he to do
With that red brakemen who once let him ride
An empty, going home? Or with that kindfaced man
Who paid his songs with board and drink and bed?
Or with the Yankee Cap'n who left a leg
At Vicksburg? 'Mought be a place, he said,
Mought be another mansion for' white saints
A smaller one than hisn' . . . not so gran'
As for the rest . . . oh let them howl and beg.
Hell would be good enough, if big enough
Widout no shade trees, lawd, widout no rain
Whuffolks sho to bring nigger out behin'
Excep' — wen de saints go ma'chin home.

4

Sportin' Legs would not be there — nor lucky Sam
Nor Smitty, nor Hambone, nor Hardrock Gene

An' not too many guzzlin', cuttin' shines
Nor bootleggers to keep his pockets clean.
An' Sophie wid de sof' smile on her face,
Her foolin' voice, her strappin' body, brown
Lak coffee doused wid milk — she had been good
To him, wid lovin', money and wid food. —
But saints and heaven didn't seem to fit
Jes rite wid Sophy's Beauty — nary bit —
She mought stir trouble, somehow, in dat peaceful
place
Mought be some dressed up dudes in dat fair town.

5

*Ise got a dear ole modder
She is in hebben I know*

He sees

Mammy
L'il mammy — wrinkled face
Her brown eyes, quick to tears — to joy
With such happy pride in her
Guitar plunkin' boy.
Oh kain't I be one in nummer?

Mammy
With deep religion defeating the grief
Life piled so closely about her
Ise so glad trouble doan last 'alway'
And her dogged belief
That some fine day
She'd go a ma'chin
When de saints go ma'chin home.

He sees her ma'chin home, ma'chin along,
Her perky joy shining in her furrowed face,
Her weak and quavering voice singing her song —
The best chair set apart for her worn out body
In that restful place . . .

*I pray to de Lawd I'll meet her
When de saints go ma'chin home.*

6

He'd shuffle off from us, always, at that, —
His face a brown study beneath his torn brimmed hat
His broad shoulders slouching, his old box strung

Around his neck; — he'd go where we
Never could follow him — to Sophie probably,
Or to his dances in old Tinbridge flat.

Opportunity

Sterling A. Brown

PRODIGAL

There must be one love
A little, little fickle.
There must be one sheaf
Tough to the sickle.

There must be one song
Without rhyme or metre.
There must be YOU for me,
And for Christ — Peter.

The Bookman

Marion Francis Brown

DISH-WASHER

You think because I wash your dishes clean,
And keep your kettle singing, and the pans
Scoured and bright, and scald your dairy cans,
Humming a song the while, that this must mean
I am contented with domestic life.
I, who was born with sea-mists in my eyes
And sea-wind in my ears for lullabies,
And in my heart, the tugging tides of strife.

How can I hope to make you understand
That not a toiling hour of the day,
But that some freighter bound for foreign land
Has towed my spirit half a world away,
And that the while I bake, and steep your tea,
My soul lies sunning on a salty quay!

The Step Ladder

Marion Francis Brown

TERRY

Terry dueled with Broderick,
Frowned as the Northern statesman died,
Saying, "Nearly lost that trick —
Shot a little to the side."

Terry marched through Texas where,
A boy, he'd bowied Mexico;
Fought the North like a grizzly bear
Till the slave lords' overthrow.

Terry of the Chivalry
Came back home and settled down;
Fell in love at sixty-three —
Died for a woman of the town.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Robert Louis Burgess

TIN PAN ELEGY

*My love for her I shall celebrate with this tin pan I clash
when bees are swarming.*

Bees follow their queen, and buzz:
"To what pale blooms?
Tell us, tell us,
That we may get their honey for thee,
Honey for thee,
That we may die for thee,
Die for thee!"

Clash, clash, clash, tin pan.
Tell her: "I crave her no more —
The sting is drawn from my heart."
Tell her: "My heart has hived that honey she is,
Honey she is."
Tell her: "My heart has hived her,
This heart that is now once more my own,
My own."

Deep in my dripping cells — deep, deep, tin pan —

I nourish babes she bred in me.
I wander through my hive's dark unctuous corridors
Where the smell of honey is sweet,
Her honey is sweet,
Is sweet.

Tin pan, hush.
Tin pan, hush.
Your fair queen bee is dead, tin pan,
And her daughters, full-nourished, are flown away.
Behold, they are followed by swarms that buzz:
"Tell us, tell us,
That we may gain new honey for thee,
Honey for thee,
And die for thee,
Die for thee,"
Tin pan.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Robert Louis Burgess*

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER

How different, and yet the same, this place
Hidden by hedges that the frost has licked
With scorching, scarlet tongue. 'Tis here were picked
The first faint May-buds. In the selfsame space
Now zinnias sway, and the pale tentative
Narcissus-blooms have yielded place to phlox
In purple hosts. The marigold now mocks
The tawny dahlia that must flaunt to live.

So once with her. Her earliest buds were white
And timorous fragrance shook from their frail folds.
Midsummer's sun wrought havoc with them all . . .
Now her heart knows its season to be fall,
And, recklessly, no longer she withholds
Color or ardor in this last delight.

The Commonweal

Jessie Storrs Butler

WHAT OTHER SHIELD?

What other shield but this against the gods,
Those early gods erected of iron stone,
Those gods with cat's-eyes on a river-bank
Watching a queen believe her beauty her own,
Those gods of golden height among lacquer beams,
Those gods of implements and swollen faces,
Those gods of tablets and baptismal streams,
Gods of all the lands and all the races,
What other shield but this against the gods
Lest they might conquer us and bear us down?
Laughter, laughter, nothing but human laughter,
Till all the gods are gone!

The New Republic

Witter Bynner

ON A NAKED HILL

"Dare to go naked once, and never again
Will you cover your face with clothes and be afraid."
Believing him, I took off even the sun
From my shoulders and from my waist even the shade
That had made of my walking another willow-bough.
On an empty hill I stripped me of the dark
And threw it aside; so that I must go now
Unashamedly naked, undisguisedly stark.
He was right in his wisdom, in his lordly advice
To go naked, to rise alive, magnificent
Out of the shadows, to be born twice.
But I should like to have asked him, before he went,
How to recall shyness, how to cover
My terrified eyes from the lightning of a lover.

Yes, I have been appeased with nakedness:
I am seen and seeing now, beyond desire.
Needing no love, what have my lips to confess,
What have my hands to do with the human fire?
If I kindle a sacrifice, passion obscures
Not only heaven's nakedness but mine.
When was there ever a passion that endures
Save as the pouring of an ancient wine?

And wine that brightens eyes will darken them too:
Eyes are not naked that are blurred with drinking.
When I beg you to say words, to let me look at you,
To cover my heart-beat with yours, away from thinking,
Your breast and mine are only the naked, wide
And darkening breast I always lie beside.

Saturday Review of Literature

Witter Bynner

THE STORM-DRAGON

A water-snake, trailing the lily-bulbs,
Or a rattler slowly scaling Tunapec —
But where was the winged serpent all this while? —
Had he coiled his spirit away on pyramids?
With the oxen and burros, we hid our frightened eyes —
We had seen him coming through a gap of hills,
Throwing a horseman down, overturning a boat,
His horizontal plumage stiff with rain.

He huddled us aside out of his way,
He breathed on us, he drowned us with his breath,
He burned our eyes with his, he clapped his wings
Over our heads. Longer than a mountain,
He passed and passed, miles of him in the wind.
And afterwards the dragging of his tail
Had slashed the roadway to a yellow froth
And spun the meadows whirling at their trees.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Witter Bynner

LA FRANCESA

Selling her candies at a corner booth
To spend the profit on prisoners in jail,
The little old Frenchwoman would watch the beach
From under the white halo of her hair.
She told me once, "I have three ages, different:
My hair, they are white, they are one hundred years;
My body, it is fifty-six; but my heart
Only fifteen, because never have I loved."

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Witter Bynner

HELL-PLANTING

It would have been a mighty thing to do,
To give her share of living to Em Grue.
Em was no flapper, she was thirty-three,
Not young, but still quite beautiful to see —
She had not only looks, she had a mind,
A combination difficult to find.
One never saw Em holding up a wall,
Although she had no man whom she might call
Her own—Em could too easily see through
The men—a thing no women ought to do.
The wisest women cuddle up and purr,
Demand their stroking just as if they were
Pet kittens, blind and helpless.—Em had been
One of eight children—she came in between.
If one must share in any family
Better choose either end with certainty
Of birthright—in between lies pasture sown
With everybody's need except one's own.
So Em tilled at her soul and built a fence
Around her mind—folks called it common sense.
Em knew it was not but she did not tell
Her neighbors that those pickets fenced in Hell.
Nor did she say the only fruitage there
Was loneliness and struggle and despair.
No need to tell the world the seed there blown
Was all she ever had that was her own.
Yes, Em was independent, stiff and cold,
No neighbor ever gained the least foothold
In Em's plot—men preferred to stay outside,
It was the women though who peered and pried.
Then when Slim Hawkins one day moved among
The neighbors Em was not exactly young.
An only son whose mother looked askance
At one like Em and shrewdly saw a chance
Of losing Slim—which thing would never do—
Slim earned no more than just enough for two,
Herself and him—his father had been free
With money in his lifetime and now she
Must live with sparing hand—but not alone,
For Slim was hers and she would keep her own,
And so she laid her plans—but meanwhile Slim

And Em had mounted to the dizzying rim
Of Em's world — Slim had cleared her fence without
The slightest hesitation, without doubt
Of finding there the field he fitted in —
Em had let down the bars — some called it sin.
Oh, Eden never held what those two found
Of understanding in that holy ground
Ploughed by their worship — in that world where day
Rose dawn eternal, where the skies would stray
Into their eyes and wash their vision clean
Until they saw what never had been seen
By any stuffy neighbors with their whining —
Where night was glorious with too much shining!
They thought to keep their Eden — to be married —
And then Slim's mother, having grown quite harried,
And sensing the one argument which he
Might listen to, told Slim he was not free.
She had no means of livelihood save him —
Besides this love was but a passing whim —
And Em was old, why she was thirty-five
Or older and she looked it, lands alive!
His mother was no sort to live alone,
And would he turn her out upon her own?
Em could not live with her nor she with Em,
So he must choose now either one of them.
What could Slim do against the grim defense
His mother trumped up coupled with his sense
Of duty toward her — so one day he went
To Em with all their happiness. — Unbent,
She took it back, a woman in a spell,
Built a new fence and planted it in Hell.
She planted every hour that they once knew,
And dawns came up in trumpet flowers that blew
Wan music down each white day — and a night
Of wonder they once kept, instead of blight,
Bloomed passion flowers that sang in every wind,
Tossing and swaying, mad, undisciplined.
All four winds caught up Em's hell-planted song
To fiddle through the world. — When life seemed long
To Slim thereafter he would sternly click
His mind shut yet his ears could not but prick
Like faun's ears tuned to an uncanny air
Not heard by anybody anywhere.

And Em's hell-planting earned a curious name,
Those prying neighbors blandly mentioned fame.
How could they hear what echoed in a breeze
Through the white petals of their orchard trees?
"Oh, Em was queer," they wagged, "no queerer one,
Slim was well rid of her — a fine, good son!"
How could they know Slim listened to a sound
Like cloven hoof-beats upon barren ground?

Voices

Gertrude Callaghan

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL

The lily, perfect in its hour,
Meets quick destruction in a shower.

The flower of stone will please us longer,
But at the last will prove no stronger.

All that is beautiful under the sun
Is nothing when the day is done.

Then if I dreamed I held your head
Upon my breast, and you were dead,

This is as true as flower or stone;
I held you there and you were gone.

Be kind. Deny this if you will —
My breast must bear the burden still.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Gladys Campbell

NEVER SILENCE

I have searched always, but never have I found
A silence wherein my mind could lie, for sound
Can follow the most quiet one, and fill
Even the most clear, most silent air, until
An empty room or a daisy field will shout.

I thought that silence gathered close about
The cores of hills, and flowered on their peaks.
But now I know that even a mountain speaks.

Through glass I have watched the gardens of the sea
Where gold or purple fish move quietly
Among wide leaves that bend in tides so slow
That days are measured as they come and go.

Perhaps at last these gentle aisles will take me,
Use me, changing me, until they make me
Quiet as the empty shells that lie
Deep in the sand. No one will know that I
Who shrank from sound to sleep among the dumb,
Waited forever for a sound that did not come.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Gladys Campbell

FOR ONE DEFENCELESS

Pride is a broad shield and a spear.
A woman, deserted, need not fear
The lonely path no one can share
If she has spear and shield to bear.
For if the shield is dragged to dust
The spear is good for one sharp thrust,
And pain is sweet to give for one
With pride, when sweets of love are gone.

But pity her who has no pride
When she must walk that path beside
A shadow, where she walked with one
Whose very presence was the sun.
She is the prey of bird and flower,
The sport of any random shower
That smells of spring. She finds no rest
Until the snow is on her breast.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Gladys Campbell

THE SERVANT BOY

A servant lad am I
Indentured by decree,
And prenticed to the trade of Him
Who fashioned me.

From yielded echolings
I brought my lilts about,
Who yet shall turn a marvel when
My time runs out.

For though I've failed to word
The wonder in my kit,
When I become the journey-man
Who'll master it,

I'll make a rounded song
Or spoil a crooked moon,
While cobbling at Sir Patrick Spens'
Sea-weathered shoon.

America

Francis Carlin

UNDER AN IRISH LARK

When, jars unsealed
And trumpet pealed,
We stir at heaven's quake
To even wake;

And, grade by grade,
We've all obeyed
Our apperceiving past,
As each the blast;

What rapturous
Delight for us,
O bird elect, to be
Love's choice like thee!

To soar on high,
Spurn nether sky,

And laud the Orient
In His descent:

To meet the Slain,
Dawn-red; to gain
The Lover's Side, O lark,
And so Its Mark!

As even thou
But visioned now
Of sun, for having swooned
In Dayspring's Wound.

America

Francis Carlin

THE POOL IN THE CITY PARK

I am like this pool
Into whose depths many pebbles are cast,
Over whose surface many breezes play,
This pool that is never still.

Broken images are mirrored here,
Fragments of beauty —
The shattered silver of a far-off moon,
A drifting rose, wind-scattered all too soon.

Endless ripples make a jarring sound,
Faint and hurting,
Like the half-strangled voice
Of a woman who weeps,
With her cold hand pressed hard
Against her mouth.

The Harp

Ellen M. Carroll

MY DAUGHTER

I have no daughter,
but if I had,
I would think of her

as a peach bloom
in the silverness of dawn.

As the amber flame
of a candle
put by priestly hands
upon a high altar.

As a young wind
blowing over new snow,
gathering nothing
save whiteness.

I have no daughter,
but if I had,
perhaps she would be
just an ordinary woman
like her mother.

The Carolina Magazine

Ellen M. Carroll

AFTER THE DEATH OF ONE BELOVED

In the chill garden of my heart
There is no flower growing,
Lifeless lie the scattered seeds
Of my fair April sowing,
And underneath a broken bridge
Are swift black waters flowing.

In the chill garden of my heart
A bleak sharp wind is blowing,
Sudden brittle ice is there
And a great white snowing:
But Love lies still with folded hands,
Unknowing unknowing!

The Wayfarer

Ellen M. Carroll

FINALITY

When I have softly closed The Door
I shall not crave remembrance, any more.

Against my spirit lips will press
No cup of bitter loneliness.

I shall not want the blossoms
You did not bring today:
Heap them not in my pale hands
Nor words of softness say.

Kneel not in agony of love
You never spoke before —
I shall not turn to look or care,
When I have closed The Door.

The Will-o'-The-Wisp

Ellen M. Carroll

DARK FORCES

As in a friend we look not for perfection,
Mindful that even virtue has its flaws —
A white untruth may aid a noble cause,
And truth itself hold honor in subjection —
So in our mighty Union, if correction
Be requisite to her existing laws,
Let ballots govern; not the stealthy claws
Of greedy wolves whose fangs drip insurrection.
In loyal breasts the guns of Concord sound,
And olden valor blazons Bunker Hill;
Let knaves beware! Above and underground —
Antietam, Gettysburg, or Chancellorsville;
Belleau, Soissons, Chateau Thierry — abound
The indomitable legions, never still!

Pan, Poetry and Youth

Robert Cary

LINCOLN

Anne Rutledge saw him as I see him now,
The gallant lover, stalwart through and through;
His homely features beautiful with true
Chivalry, wit and grace; in his lined brow
Wisdom, rock-ribbed; in his rough palms the prow

Of ships that sail unfathomed seas, no crew
Or helmsman in the master's steadfast view
Save God and self — a lone and tragic vow.
I gaze upon a hill whose lofty head
Has known all weathers — time's imperious stains;
Last night it wore for its benignant dead
A star above contending hurricanes,
To pierce blind shrouds! This morning, be it said,
Suns sweep the mountain, yet the star remains.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press

Robert Cary

TO EDNA, POINTING OUT PICTURES

This Maxfield Parrish *Daybreak* dream
Is of high art the golden cream,
But in the deep pools of your eyes
Brood nameless prints of Paradise.
What treasure for a soul to know
The witchery of old Corot,
But — May enchantment never cease!
I follow you — my masterpiece.
I note your comments on Landseer,
Who for lost dogs will start a tear,
But no art ever, anywhere,
Could snatch the luster of your hair.
Raphael, Turner — matchless twain!
You voice the splendor of their reign,
Though artist proud nor gravely meek
May solve the tinting of your cheek.
"You know this one, *The Angelus*;
In humbleness how glorious!
"Twere worship just to glimpse Millet."
I whisper: "Even now I pray."
"*The Vampire*! How it does distil
A menace meet to ruin, kill!"
You do not linger long at it —
Babes, angels, mastiffs are more fit.
Sargent has made his *Prophets* speak,
Or almost, to the minds that seek,
But you, with not a sentence stirred,
Express the gallery's last word.

You pause before a Remington,
With prairie magic wildly spun,
While I—I halt before a girl
Whose glory sets my pulse a-whirl.
They peer down at me from their frames—
Cherubs, madonnas, old men, dames.
Spellbound I mark the flight of art
The while a twitching thralls my heart.
Perhaps I should be circumspect.
Your wisdom seems to say, "Reflect,
O man, reflect, and thus renew!"
I do so, Edna—but of you.

The Lyric West

Will Chamberlain

OUTSIDE OF THE WORLD

Once for a moment I stood outside of the world;
It was firm under my feet, nothing whirled
Past me, but only a sense that here, on the grass,
I stood beside time, and the world, and watched them pass;
Knew that the seasons and turn of the long year
Were one with each other, as clear as the dawn is clear;
That Spring was a windy day, Summer a breath,
Autumn a flaming sky, and Winter a death,
The white still magic of death, death like the snow
That changes and does not change.— Above and below
There was nothing to see or feel, nothing there,
Only the hedge and the road, and the clear air,
And little ruts in the road where the dust curled,
When once for a moment I stood outside of the world.

The Yale Review

Katherine Garrison Chapin

LIFE

Life is a street car
Where all are comfortably seated
But the poets.
Strange creatures—

They wobble in a more or less uncertain manner,
Strap-hanging to the moon and stars.

The Lyric West

Porter Myron Chaffee

IN A NEGLECTED GRAVEYARD

Hard by the little village
Two generous fields are spread:
The fertile one for tillage,
The fallow for the dead.

Over the gray stones tilting
To youward in the brush,
The cat bird perches liltng
In contest with the thrush.

There when the sun is sinking
And light clouds idle by,
The walker pauses, thinking
He heard a sleeper sigh.

So fallow, old and crowded! —
'Tis said they've dug up bones
And laid the newly shrouded
Down with forgotten ones.

—*Lie over further, brother,
An inch or two will do,
For soon shall come another
To go to bed with you.*

Voices

W. W. Christman

PEOPLE

All people are made alike.
They are made of bones, flesh and dinners.
Only the dinners are different.

The World Tomorrow

*Gertrude Louise Cheyney
(Aged nine)*

PORTRAIT OF A FOOL

Affirming "Yes" to every "Yes",
Asserting "No" to every "No",
He credits more than he can guess,
Gives heed to all the winds that blow.

Often he will tally up
As gain what is most clearly loss.
He drops an alms in every cup
And says, "I kneel before each cross."

The Greenwich Village Quill

Ralph Cheyney

SOCIETY MAN

His walk is benediction and
His lifted hat a formal grace.
Why need we seek to understand
The crucifixion in his face?

Voices

Ralph Cheyney

POET TO HIS DAUGHTER

Our lives are troubled, daughter.
Bird-like, whitecaps fly.
Only quiet water
Can reflect the sky.

Yet water always flowing
Preserves a give-and-take.
We'll find what's past the knowing
And dance when mountains quake.
Tho heaven shake.

Voices

Ralph Cheyney

PARABLE

Four sure kisses my love gave me,
One on the brow for constancy,
One on each eye no tears now blur
That all I see may tell of her;

And one she pressed on my thirsting mouth.
My heart need dread no further drouth.
Then lest I fear I dreamt delight
My love gave me a warm sharp bite!

The Harp

Ralph Cheyney

COMRADE JESUS

I tramped the pavement, cursing God,
When there beside me Jesus trod!

Now we shall walk, my Friend and I,
Across the earth, the sea, the sky.

I do not know what He may be;
I only know he walks with me.

From Eden barred and Paradise,
Too wisely sad, too sadly wise!

Oh, lonely feet! Oh, bleeding feet!
In step with mine on the city street!

The World Tomorrow

Ralph Cheyney

MOUNTAIN MOOD

The lupins spread their bluebird wings to meet
The baneberries' toy balloons, all neatly clustered.
The silver gnats of baby's-breath are flustered,
While flecked with cinnamon is meadow-sweet.

Sharp spikes of spruce, soft sprays of fir bespatter
The cool cathedral aisles up which we mount.
This trembling shadowed pool will serve as fount.
Here breathes a living faith no force can shatter.

Foot Prints

Ralph Cheyney

SECOND EPITHALAMIUM

Now I am wholly lifted up,
I am a cloud that forms a cup.
I that was ebb-tide turned to flood;
The sun stooped down for earth's cool blood.
I shall quicken the soil that is arid now.
Rich, dark ripples at touch of plow!

Now I make peace with my body once more,
Home to it, one with it, savor its lore.
All the old wonder and new delight
Now pulse through my roots and flood me with light.
The roots drink sun and feed the sod;
Groping with roots I reach to God.

"Male and female created He them"
That through each other they touch His hem.
A kiss is man's sincerest prayer
When God of God becomes aware;
For "God is love" and God is sex.
The act shows clear where the creeds perplex.

You move with the moon, dear, breathe with the tide
In fellowship to me denied;
And while I fret staccato measures
You taste of delicate, suffused pleasures.
But, sleeping beauty, you wait my waking
For God must be born from the shell of our breaking.

Contemporary Verse

Ralph Cheyney

AWAKE TOO SOON

The night has been
Like a ringing in my ears.
I have heard all night the piercing purr
Of the dynamos of time,
While the city has slept—
Junk-heap of a thousand years.

And bright as the eyes of the dying
I have seen

Star after star
Peer down in amazed awe upon her
And set.

Yet they go down singing
Because they know their prison of rhythm is absurd,
Now that I get,
As pat as rhyme relaying rhyme,
The wave-length of time.

But the city,
Drugged with miasmas of its own decay,
Sleeps
In the huge four-poster
Of eternal laws,
Though the skies are undermined
And doddering saints chant
Exultet and Magnificat in vain,
Thumbing with smutty thumbs
Ultramarine and gold Graduels
Of a disintegrated god.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Frederick Mortimer Clapp

DOMUS DOMINI

At Saint Germain D'Auxerrois
Boys' sexless voices fluttered and were wreathed,
Shrill and thin,
Round pulsating pyramids of candles
Ablaze.

Easter. The gold-emblazoned backs
Of priests in chasubles —
Bowling embroidered backs in threes
On the altar-steps;
And censers gasping smoke
At liturgies in folio.

Then a voice, fiercely exultant,
A piercing jarring voice,
Cracking through the shudder and hum of the organ:
"*Exultat, domine, cor meum!*"

I was shaken —
Agnostic me shaken,
Taken on my weak side.
The columns trembled like living things,
Swaying upward.
The roof rustled;
While high, high up,
A cry bruised the hooks of its skinny wings,
And my heart shook in the candles.

And I wanted to throw myself
Flat on my face,
Flat and hard on my face on the floor —
To be exorcised,
To be forgiven,
To be burned alive to a crisp
In the rush and flame of angels.

An Englishwoman,
Her pince-nez hanging askew,
Said: "Isn't it striking!
Only hadn't we better be getting on?"
But a Japanese,
Delicate as a miniature
In a Fujiwara prayer-roll,
Sat on politely enthralled.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Frederick Mortimer Clapp

THE OLD FREIGHTER COMES BACK IN A FORD

*With drum of motor and droning tire,
Rattle of bridges and culvert's jar,
An old man is headed for Heart's Desire
(His son at the wheel of a new Ford car) —
A man who had loyally held apart
The way of his feet from the way of his heart.*

I

Missouri's a good state—I'm no traitor;
Anna loved it and I loved Anna.

She couldn't bear to have me a freighter,
And that's how it was I left Montana.
But it came to seem I couldn't die
Till I'd been back once to say good-bye.

People caution me there'll be changes —
Antelope gone from the plowed-up prairies.
Maybe! . . . God hasn't moved the ranges,
I'll take a chance on old St. Mary's!
Spanish Peaks will smile in the sun,
Telling me things that are never done.

I know Sun River still comes hurrying
Out of its canyons, spinning and prancing
Over the shallows. I'm not worrying
About government projects and road-house dancing!
Some of the rollickers do not dream
How much like earlier folks they seem.

II

We're having fun at the tourist camps —
Humanest people, just like the rest;
Some of them honest and some of them scamps,
But half of them sighing, "It's not the West.
Montana isn't the West any more!"
I smile — at something I've heard before.

My father was one of the forty-niners,
Down by the Isthmus and back by the Horn,
But when he landed, part of the miners
Were getting restless, and saying forlorn,
"Too many pilgrims here for me;
It isn't the West like it used to be!"

The West! Each sun-pressed pine distils
Aroma. August snows remote
Look down. The fervor of blue hills
Stings in my eyes, and stabs my throat.
I wonder if to find the West
A man must carry it in his breast.

III

I've been studying changes — great
Enough to set a man's heart on fire!
A motor pulling a mile-long freight
By just one finger touching the wire!
Where I lurched and swung with a ten-mule team,
Men have seen a vision and dreamed a dream.

Such a miracle is a star
That sets the whole sky right for me.
The East says, *This is the way things are*,
But the West is singing of things to be;
And that is what holds her children true
To her timeless will, that of old was new.

Doubts recede in the faith that rises.
Power carriers, striding the hill,
Quicken our hearts with far surmises
Of what shall be when our hearts are still.

.
.

We're going back, now, just as we planned it;
Missouri's a *good* state — I can stand it.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Grace Stone Coates

THE ARISTOCRATS AND JOSEPHINE

Out of a date or two, a place, a name,
A portrait painted in a Grecian gown,
Scandals once whispered through a rustling town,
Letters that went to war, and the hot flame
Reflected on one face, we make our game,
Build with such straws an effigy of renown,
And crown its forehead with an imperial crown,
Adjusting the long purple robe of fame.

Stately enough, yet twitch this effigy —
What of the prison of the Carmelites
And the sad scorn with which the women see
Madame de Beauharnais sobbing through the nights,

And turning cards all days with eyes still wet
To find if fate will let her through the net?

Voices

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

THE CARTER

Four great haunches rhythmically moving,
Two tails swaying like stiff cascades
Hung between rocks that fluctuate, balance,
Shift heavy weights, glint lights and shades.

Beyond that motion — ears, manes, shoulders,
And a long highway of narrowing light,
And blaring automobiles hugely enlarging
And hugely diminishing and snapping out of sight.

But always four haunches rhythmically moving,
And the beat of eight hoofs stately and slow,
In an unstable world of flicking trees and houses
And bead-headed people slip-slipping in a row.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

IT IS NOT EASY

It is not easy, the harvest of the ocean,
Not like wheat to be reaped in a long hot day
With cider under the hedge, not like potatoes
To be dug for leaning down to finger the clay,
Not like apples or almonds with ladders leaning
Against the fruit-filled boughs, not like milk and cream
Drumming into a pail at dawn and evening,
Not like watercress gathered in the current of a stream —

No, for fishing a man must be stout armed and hearted,
Dawn and dark he must harness the wind, he must rein
The unbroken wind to his plow and his furrow
Over his own head may close rolling again.
Rain and sleet he must bear blinded and rocking,

He must fight through long nights when the winds cut
like flails,
Haul at the lines and hold to the tiller
And struggle half frozen with storm-maddened sails.

It is not easy, the harvest of the ocean.
A hard life have its gleaners and one often cut short,
But they reap without sowing which is sweet to wild
natures
And it is as conquerors that they storm into port—
A hard life but not dull like the life of the farmyard,
The rutted long struggle with niggardly ground.
The sailors go out to the curve of the ocean
And their field has no hedge and their road has no bound!

The Bookman

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

THE UNPROFITABLE VOYAGER

Folded neatly in his brain
(Like a magic walnut shell)
He had the bare roads of Spain
And the castles of Rochelle.

There the shaven yellow priests
Of Siam begged with their bowls
And by night the eyes of beasts
Shone by African water-holes.

And the sounds appropriate!
And the poignancy of smell!
All lay without form or weight
In the fairy walnut shell.

Fool! he never opened it
In the hours of disaster,
Till it shrivelled bit by bit
Pocketed by such a master.

Voices

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

LIFE

Life is an archer, fashioning an arrow
With anxious care, for in it life must trust;
A single flight across the earthly spaces
Straight to the throat of death — one conquering thrust!

The Christian Century

Catherine Cate Coblentz

THE MOTHER OF ISCARIOT

I will not listen to you, Peter,
Shame for telling lies like these,
He, my Judas, loved the Saviour,
Told me so beneath these trees.

And you tell me Judas sold him
In the garden, after prayer,
Where were you, then, sleeping, Peter,
Why were you not watching there?

I will not listen to you, Peter,
I'm his mother, and I know,
Sooner would my son deny him,
Simon Peter, why weep so?

The Churchman

Catherine Cate Coblentz

IMMUNE

Strange that no wounds are opened when you speak,
Not arrows now — but snowstars in the night,
And morning sun shall find a mountain peak —
A cold, sharp rock, above soft drifts of white.

The Lyric

Catherine Cate Coblentz

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROCKIES

Mighty they stand and majestic, calmly waiting, silent,
untamed and enduring.

Wild beasts lurking, threatening and treacherous.
Rich is vast treasure, and poised in their grandeur.
Ignoring, indifferent,—haughty and towering unconquered.

The Lariat

Katherine Hunter Coe

BRIDGE

The engineer stands in the moonlight
Surveying his achievement:
A lithe span of steel,
Rhythmic as a poem,
Between two points of reality.

Across it he walks:
No longer a dream. . .

Contemporary Verse

Le Baron Cooke

WRECKAGE

I built a little House o' Dreams
For you;
I built it out of the timbers of my song,
And I shingled it with the stars;
But the wind came,
And the rain descended;
Now my house is a mass of debris:
Even love perished in the storm.

The Spur

Le Baron Cooke

DISASTER

Clouds race with the vigor
Of breakers
Across the sky;
Of a sudden,
The wind
Shifts with caprice,

Causing the racers
To crash on the moon.

Town and Country

Le Baron Cooke

AUTUMNAL MUSIC

Perhaps you do not know
That in the falling of the leaves
There's music sweeter than the song of garnerers
Bringing in their sheaves;
And in the wind's sigh
A note more plaintive than the cry
Of gulls cleaving a silent sky.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Le Baron Cooke

INTERNAL SUTURE

Ah, do not care.
You will discover
Earth a more rare,
More lasting lover.

If she was sweet,
She was sweet only.
Go for your meat
Over the lonely

Pastures of soil.
Earth will give endless
Hot, savage toil.
Earth will be friendless.

Leave her warm bed,
Leave her soft wheedle;
Here is the thread,
Here is the needle.

Saturday Review of Literature

S. Bert Cooksley

AGITATOR

That subtle mockery might charm the few
Who gathered nightly in his cellar-place;
It left me cold with wanting dawn and dew
And roses looking down a garden's face.

That rapid speaking might bestir a crowd
To silly oddity and dazed arrest;
It left me thinking of a purple shroud
And slim hands nailed upon a maple's breast.

The Midland

S. Bert Cooksley

THE LONELY

Old man Thimbly with your greenish high hat,
Old lady Martin with your stale grey shawl,
Old parson Steiber, following your cat,
And you old Peters, who will die next fall —
All of you, each of you, where do you go
Over the road's back, poking in the mist,
Down through the alleys where the spiders grow;
Whither off? Whither to? Who'd want to tryst

Half an hour, whole hour — any time with you? . . .
Hist! I know something, something I've found,
Something about you, about what you do
When the grey morning is spread on the ground
And the frogs run off — I know why you sneak
Off down the back road and talk to the creek!

The Bookman

S. Bert Cooksley

THE RETURN

There are wild goats here, and a loneliness
That is unkind . . . Once she flung herself down
With a fierceness at his feet, her coarse dress
Crumpled beneath her, sobbing in her brown
Hair . . . Desolate loneliness where they led

The black Simon and the white Christ; where they
Gathered them in and stared at the pale head
And took great gulps of rich wine from the clay

Jugs at their feet . . . Out across a gaunt sky
Are bald clouds; grasses start them nervously
From the mute earth; westward the sun's eye,
Sick with weariness, trembles listlessly . . .
Waiting . . . Much as you and I that long night
Waited . . . one at his left, one at his right.

The Commonweal

S. Bert Cooksley

WEST INDIES

I

Down the Sea

Now I have come a long way down the sea
Toward the Guianas and the deep Brazils
That hid Manoa: where they say the hills
Have cores of silver, where a man might be
A lifetime on one river, hopelessly
Caught in its python coils; where thunder spills
Fierce rain along the jungle's tarnished sills,
They are forbidden. They escape from me
And baffle me with islands. I shall find
Sea-urchin sands and palm trees and a white
Smother of reef. Distance will thicken soon
Into a wan and crinkled melon-rind
Of coast to round and ripen in the light
As though a Line storm had blown down the moon.

II

Splintered Jewels

These are the Indies flung like a bright dust
Of splintered jewels over the vast shoulder
That shrugs the North aside. I know them older
Than any human paradox: they must
Have shattered the sea's logic when they thrust

Their seething cones against the sky to smoulder,
More savage and more passionate than those colder
Volcanoes piercing the Andean crust.
Why should my dream demand a continent
When any crater in a ring of reef
Can call the lyric lightning down whereon
Vision depends, an island only meant
As life is, for a sonnet tense and brief?
Death will unroll the epic Amazon.

III

Desert Island

There is one island like a sleepy rose.
The waves have worn it down and left no scars.
You might confuse it with the thick drowned stars,
So clear the shore, so white the surf that snows!
Nobody lives there. Only the gull goes
Cruising along the wind above the bars
Of mirror-sand his pale reflection mars
In passing. But it's little the gull knows
Of such a place, and I know less than he.
The heel of a hurricane could soon erase
This beauty and submerge it in the sea.
I saw it from the ship and shall not cease
To think of its sphered calm, its remote peace,
And how it made me crave your stormy face.

The Commonweal

Grace Hazard Conkling

WALLED OUT

I knock on the door of self to find
I am unanswered as the wind.

I pick at the keyhole futilly;
Only my picking answers me.

Inside there is a rhythmic stir;
Outside I am a trafficker.

Answer! Answer! self, and sell
Divining mind your citadel.

Give facts to conscience that demands
The heart released to the body's hands.

Break down the wall and let me be
Mind's and body's entity.

Let this subconscious self be wide
That mind and body be satisfied,

And not be knocking, knocking — you,
On a wall that I cannot enter through. . .

I knock again . . . and again the wind
Blows . . . and the wind and I are blind.

(For this is the truth we hold in doubt:
Who is walled in is also walled out.)

Voices

Howard McKinley Corning

HAY HARVEST

In the circle of noon,
On the last load in,
I cannot cease thinking how very soon
Harvest is on us and over and gone
Almost before we begin.
Only this dawn
The field was troubled alike with waves,
Where late I windrowed the placid sea.
Now half of the field lies nakedly
Under the wind's caves.

All afternoon now
I will be coming back
To load and mow
To the last fugitive shock,
That the mow won't lack
And the door lock; —

Out to this field,
Where the wheels going over
Stone and rut won't let me forget
What a stony yield
Sleep will be bringing me back to yet and yet.

And I can't help thinking
How the ravelling bee
Won't have a place in my mow-stored clover,
Lost from his principality,
That I feed out through the wintry cover.

And the sun will be sinking
And I'll like as not
Halt the team by the last haycock,
To marvel at the harvest I have got.
Sleep will be what I will mostly want.

But I'll not dare
To lie down with only the wind to knock
And nobody there.
There'll be a long wagon jaunt
Back to a real enough solid sleep,
And a harvest of more than hay to keep.

So I'll pitch the last doodle on
And rein up my team
And be gone;
Lapsing into some jostling, intransitive dream:
How one dead-branched tree
At the field's far end,
Which should have been cut down these months ago,
Now catches the red sun's washing gleam,
Like Neptune come out of his evening sea
And no waves to tend.

•
Last,
There will be,
With the hot toil past,
An horizon for me
That the darkness won't show —
And rest like a friend —
And a long sleep to go.

WARM STONE WOMAN

Stones that reach from water
Are warmed by kindly sun
That has swift hands for reaching
Where waters run.

But stones that under water
Are not cooled all day through
Leave alone, my brother,
And come not back thereto.

Like women who are taken
With unrest not their own
The warm stone is uncooling
Stone of mother stone.

Leave stones alone, my brother,
And contemplate the pools
If hands of woman taken
No breast of water cools.

The Nation

Howard McKinley Corning

FLAME AND WATER

She said she would never marry any man
To let him go to sea. Her mother knew
Too much of that heartache, but rather than
Deny her husband, did as he willed to do.
But Abbie could not nurture peace that way:
There was no consecration of the flame.
She had best remain the cenotaph of clay
Her body was. . . . Then dark Peter came
And talked so much of quiet farms inland
That Abbie let the sea dim into space,
And wondered why she could not understand
The strange dark fire which burned in Peter's face.
She married him and let the question be.
The flame burned high . . . and Peter stayed from sea.

But he grew hard time, and flame was hot;
Till Abbie took to frequenting the piers

And gazing out to sea, and wished she had got
A sailor, though at cost of anxious tears.
The flesh alone was cool, and she could wait
Much longer than her husband could; now she
Must yield her body's burning, high and late—
If only Peter would go away to sea! . . .
One day dark Peter said he had bought a ship.
It wakened life to rapture in her heart.

She said goodbye, she stood to watch him slip
Out with the tide, and reassumed her part,
Knowing the truth with every seaman's daughter—
How love comes like a flame and goes like water.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Howard McKinley Corning

MOUNTAIN MEN

They bear mountains easily;
They strap on their backs
The sky's sea
And the torrent's cataracts.
Free,
They hound the wind's tracks.

They are never still;
They are inebriates,
Drinking space as they will.
Their memory relates
No trail without a hill
Where another waits.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Howard McKinley Corning

GOAL

My words shall drip
Like molten lava
From the towering black volcano,
On the sleeping town
'Neath its summit.

My thoughts shall be
Hot ashes
Burning all in its path.

I shall not stop
Because critics sneer,
Nor stoop to fawning
At man's mere fancy.

I shall breathe
A clearer freer air
For I shall see the sun
Above the crowd.

I shall not blush
And make excuse
When a son of Adam,
Who calls himself
"God's Layman,"
Slashes with scorn
A thing born from
Truth's womb and nursed
By beauty. It will not
Matter who stoops
To cast the first stone.
Does not my spirit
Soar above these feeble
Minds? thoughts born
From prejudice's womb
And nursed by tradition?

I will shatter the wall
Of darkness that rises
From gleaming day
And seeks to hide the sun.
I will turn this wall of
Darkness (that is night)
Into a thing of beauty.

I will take from the hearts
Of black men —
Prayers their lips
Are 'fraid to utter.

And turn their coarseness
Into a beauty of the jungle
Whence they came.

The lava from the black volcano
Shall be words — the ashes — thoughts
Of all men.

Black Opals

Mae V. Cowdery

ENCOUNTERS

Lazily loitering in a dim grove
Seeking for nothing, I came across Love;
Faithfully toiling, early and late
In the glare of a desert, I came upon Hate.

The Harp

Jasper Barnett Cowdin

BETRAYED

Love is destroyed for her, love's brightness past;
Unhallowed hearts aflame with wild desire
And swept along in chariots of fire
No tears from Heaven may cool. With eyes downcast
She sits in reverie,
And muses if her babe in Heaven can be.

Her twisted fancy pictures some abode
Remote from rapturous hymns and holy light —
Far from the spot where families unite
Beneath the smile of an approving God —
Some quiet lullaby goal
Where angels mother many a tiny soul.

It seems a place of pity more than love,
Where blameless waifs of sin in peace abide.
From Earth no mothers come with arms spread wide
To clasp again their darlings . . . So they move
With shadowy surmise —
The dreams that pass in Hazel's lonely eyes.

The Lyric West

Jasper Barnett Cowdin

TO EMILY DICKINSON

You who desired so much—in vain to ask—
Yet fed your hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest—
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,

Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!
O sweet, dead Silencer, most suddenly clear
When singing that Eternity possessed
And plundered momentarily in every breast;

—Truly no flower yet withers in your hand.
The harvest you descried and understand
Takes more than wit to gather, love to bind.
Some reconciliation of remotest mind—

Leaves Ormus rubyless, and Ophir chill.
Else tears heap all within one clay-cold hill.

The Nation

Hart Crane

SONNET TO A SCORNFUL LADY

Like some grim gladiator who has fought
Men loving life as lustily as he,
And with red wounds and blood has dearly bought
A forced reprieve from those who came to see
Him die,—A suppliant on gory knees
Like him—lean with my passion's hunger, I
Lay bare the bruises of my heart, with these
Imploring, "Love me, Lady, or I die."

But unlike him I hear no populace
Enamoured of a brave bout, crying, "Grace!"
Scorn rules your eyes as silence does your mouth;
No golden sceptre raises me from where
I kneel unfavored, finding you still fair
Though both your regal thumbs are pointed south.

Opportunity

Countee Cullen

THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH

"Live like the wind," he said, "unfettered,
And love me while you can;
And when you will, and can be bettered,
Go to the better man.
For you'll grow weary, maybe, sleeping
So long a time with me:
Like this there'll be no cause for weeping —
The wind is always free."
"Go when you please," he would be saying,
His mouth hard on her own:
That's why she stayed and loved the staying,
Contented to the bone.
And now he's dust, and him but twenty,
Frost that was like a flame.
Her kisses on the head death bent, he
Gave answer to his name.
And now he's dust and with dust lying
In sullen arrogance:
Death found it hard, for all his trying,
To shatter such a lance.
She laid him out as fine as any
That had a priest and ring;
She never spared a silver penny
For cost of anything.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Countee Cullen

THE POET PUTS HIS HEART TO SCHOOL

Our love has dwindled down to this:
With proper care and emphasis
To crown a given exercise;
Those lips, that bearing, those great eyes
I once was wont to praise, I trade
Now for technic and for a grade.
That sun in which I used to bask
Now glorifies a schoolboy's task.
Priest am I now for wisdom's pay,
And half a priest's task is to slay;
Nor raise one far-remembering cry,

Though with the slain the slayer die.
Aloft the sacred knife is curved:
The gods of knowledge must be served.

Harper's Magazine

Countee Cullen

LAND LOVE

The Indian Speaks:

Me love great rocks
Where spruces sigh;
Me love cool lakes
Where herons fly.
A moon ago
The White Man came;
Now crag and lake
They not the same.
He all alone;
Still Indian know
That White Man come
Mean Indian go.
The hills and crags,
The cool lakes, too —
Guard well my loves
O, Manitou!

The First White Man Speaks:

The ground I tread,
The sky I see —
Have somehow made
A man of me.
A month ago
The trapper came;
Now earth and sky
Are not the same.
O, I might share
His firelight's glow;
But he shall stay
And I — must go.
The hills I love,
The trees, the sod —

Hold to Thy breast,
All Mighty God!

The Trapper Speaks:

I've come to luf
Ze blood-red gloam.
I mos' forgot
Zis ees not 'ome.
Ze othaire day
A settlaire came;
Ze birds zey do
Not sing ze same.
He ees my frien'.
But Life is so!
Seence he ees come —
Zen, I mus' go.
Ze only lan'
Zat luf' me true —
Geeve eet thy luf,
O Bon Pere Dieu!

The Settler Speaks:

The boy loved those
Great fir trees tall;
My wife, these brooks;
I loved it all.
A year ago,
They broke my dream
With monsters made
Of rushing steam.
Great steamboats stem
My rivers' flow,
Well, — they may stay
But I shall go.
Guard ev'ry path
My loved ones trod.
Keep them in Peace,
O Father God!

L'Envoi

"The Land Is Great."
Loud rings the praise

Of glories won
In these, our days.
Still, there's a love
That's lost, somehow;
Few mortal men
May know it — now.
This love, the hills
And crags still know;
Of men who loved —
But turned to go.

The Echo

Samuel R. Davenport

MARTHA AND SHADOW

Martha said, Shadow is little, Shadow is not
Able as I when world is gold in the sun.
She walked in the dew of the clover, and Martha forgot
That the day had only begun.

Martha said, Shadow is weak, Shadow will fly
Wherever I come in the dew and clover of morning.
Shadow was smaller at noon but would not die.
Shadow, not Martha, had a long time for growing.

Shadow said, Martha is little, Martha is not
Able as I in evening, and evening is last.
Martha said, Shadow is all. I know thee, O Shadow!
I will come into Shadow and rest.

The Nation

Donald Davidson

PENNY SHOW

I like my breathlessness the best
Of all the things I am:
I like the warring in my breast
Of lion and of lamb.

The storms that tear me make me seem
Attractive to my friends;

And on my heart, that's learned to dream,
My livelihood depends.

For I was made to make men glad,
And since they're glad to see
The splendor of each fresh new day
That trembles so in me,

The wistful bubbles that I blow
Through pipes of might have been —
Ah, well, my heart's a penny show,
Come in, my friends, come in!

The New Cow

Mary Carolyn Davies

CONSORT

The lovely moon, who has the world to roam in,
The world of sky without a trail or track.
The lovely moon still finds herself at home, in
The little pool beside our cedar shack.

O moon, who puts away the earth's far splendor,
O moon who thrusts aside the heaven's charms!
The great and starry worlds that would befriend her
She waves away, to lie within the arms

Of this, the humble mountain pool, unshining
Save with her whiteness, as she runs to lay
Her face against him, all her bright hair twining
About his bosom, till the sound of day.

O moon, who gives the world, and gains in losing,
A shelter for your greatness for awhile,
I know, I know the reason for your choosing.
I, only I, quite understand your smile.

The Commonweal

Mary Carolyn Davies

THE GASOLINE AGE

A motor throbbing through the night,
Like beat of waves upon a shore,

And, while I listen in affright,
The shriek of brakes before my door.

And that is you! The frantic need —
Not yours alone, but, oh, mine too! —
For speed and speed and speed, more speed!
A pace dead lovers never knew.

Lovers, in ancient centuries
Whose stories live to stir us still,
Had never feelings sharp as these —
A great car bending to one's will.

And engine throbbing 'neath the hand,
While overhead boughs interlace.
We laugh and kiss and laugh again
While with unpitying death we race.

Yes, love was pleasant once, no doubt,
On snow-white steeds in forest places;
But, oh, to watch the stars go out
And feel the wind upon our faces!

Ah, when the young Queen Guinevere
With Lancelot rode, she never knew —
Because our joy is fraught with fear —
The hot, wild pride I have for you.

Your sinewy hand upon the wheel —
The moonlight pricks its freckles red —
Can make my very senses reel,
And as you watch the curve ahead,

And with your eyes still on it, find
And snatch, in deviltry, a kiss,
I see, who till tonight was blind.
I know that life was made for this.

And I thank God for bolt and tire,
For tricky curve and treacherous road.
The cut-out sharpens our desire,
The foot-feed is love's sternest goad.

JOHN

W'en de Lawd chose his 'ciples Peter wuz de fus',
Den he pick up Andrew too;
Jeems an' John wuz a-settin' close by,
An' he says to 'em, "I needs you."
Philip an' 'Tholomew he done call,
An' de Jeems dat wuz Alph'us' son,
Oh, dey wuz de goodes' men dere wuz —
But John wuz de likeliest one.

*Oh, de Lawd love John de bes' of all,
John wuz de likeliest one.*

Peter wuz heavy-built, Andrew wuz spar',
An' Jeems wuz in between.
Matthew wuz de one dat carried mos' weight,
Philip wuz good an' lean.
Oh, Thomas had a straight back, Jude he wuz tall,
Dey wuz good ter look upon;
But John wuz jes' like a picter in a book,
John wuz de likeliest one.

*Oh, de Lawd love John de bes' of all,
John wuz de likeliest one.*

Peter wuz de rock fo' ter buil' de church,
Andrew wuz one of de beams,
Matthew an' 'Tholomew dey wuz j'ists,
So wuz Philip an' Jeems.
Thomas an' Simon an' Jude wuz de walls,
An' de seats fo' ter set upon,
But John wuz de winder whar de light come in,
John wuz de likeliest one.

*Oh, de Lawd love John de bes' of all,
John wuz de likeliest one.*

THE GARNET RING

Just down the high road
Was Greenwich Town,
And there lived the Dorings
And old Mrs. Brown.
The Leaches and the Flemmings,
And Widow Chew,
The Squire and Mrs. Hawkins
And Jenny, too.

Jenny was the girl
Who came to scrub,
And sand the floors,
And help to rub
All of the pewter
And the plate and the brass,
And Jenny was a simple
And an honest lass.

Now old Mrs. Doring
Had a sealskin coat,
And young Mrs. Flemming
Had a fur for her throat,
The Widow Chew
Had a Paisley shawl . . .
And Jenny wore an old cape,
Much too small.

But Jenny didn't want
A sealskin coat,
And Jenny didn't want
A fur for her throat.
She didn't even want
A Paisley shawl,
Jenny didn't want
These things at all.

For Jenny dreamed
Of just one thing,
And that was a ten-shilling
Garnet ring.

"If I was a-milking,"
Jenny said,
"I'd see that garnet
Shining red.
Or if I was a-churning,
There it would be,
Right on my finger
For me to see."

Well, if wishes were horses
All could ride,
Jenny knew that
And more beside.
And yet she kept thinking
Of just one thing,
"Suppose I was a-wearing
A garnet ring."

.
Jenny washed the dishes
One Wednesday night,
For she'd finished the milking
While it was light.
She scrubbed the pans
Till they all were gleaming,
Then drew up a stool,
And sat there dreaming.

The bell rang for meeting,
And they all went down,
Old Dr. Doring,
And old Mrs. Brown,
The Leaches and the Flemmings,
And Widow Chew,
The Squire and Mrs. Hawkins,
And Jenny, too.

When the others were settled
One and all,
Jenny took the last seat,
By the wall.

The parson called the hymns
And they sang them through,

And Jenny joined in
From the back seat too.
Then the parson said,
"Before we pray,
I'll read from the lesson
For today."

He read from the Scripture,
And every word
That the parson uttered
Jenny heard.
And what was he saying?
"If ye believe,
Whatever ye ask for
Ye shall receive."

He closed the book
And they all knelt down,
Careful not to rumple
A fresh turned gown,
Or resting on a hassock
Lest a knee get sore,
But Jenny knelt there
On the hard pine floor.

She whispered softly
What she had heard,
Over and over
She whispered each word.
"Oh ye of little faith!
If ye believe,
Whatever ye ask for
Ye shall receive."

When the praying was over
The parson spoke,
"I ask each one of you
Good church folk
To stand up and tell us
The prayer you made."
Then old Dr. Doring
Coughed and said,

"I asked the good Lord
To cure each ill,
So no one would need
Either powder or pill."

Then stout Farmer Flemming
Said piously,
"I asked the good Lord
To prosper me,
So that my tithing
Larger would be."

Everyone spoke,
Even old Mrs. Brown,
Who feared that the world
Was turning upside down.
Then they all looked at Jenny
On the very last seat,
And Jenny turned red
And got to her feet.

"I'm afraid, sir, I prayed
For a foolish thing,
I asked the good Lord
For a garnet ring."

Old Dr. Doring
Turned quite gray,
Even Farmer Flemming
Found nothing to say.
And there Squire Hawkins
And Apothecary Leache
Sat like dummies
Bereft of speech.

Then the parson said
With a terrible frown,
"Huzzy, do you think
That rings come down
Like a shower of rain
Upon the town?"

"It's not just a foolish,
It's a blasphemous thing,
To ask the good Lord
For a garnet ring!"

"Amen!" said the Doctor
And the Squire,
"Amen!" said the four people
In the choir.
"Amen," said the Flemmings
And old Mrs. Brown,
"Amen," said everyone,
And Jenny sat down.

They sang the last hymn,
And they made the last prayer,
And they all left Jenny
Sitting there.
And just as the moon
Above the tree tops showed,
Jenny walked alone
Down the Meeting House road.

She hurried along
For the night was chill,
And then she saw a man
At the top of the hill.
He turned around
And waited for her,
And Jenny came up
With "Good evening, sir."

He wore no hat
And his feet were bare,
With only sandals
In that frosty air,
And he had no cloak
Or cape to wear.

He was a stranger
Jenny could see,
And yet he was as gentle
As gentle could be,

And Jenny forgot
The cold and chill
As she walked with him there
On Meeting House hill.

They walked till the road
Passed Jenny's lane,
And the stranger unfastened
The old gate chain,
And picking up something
That she did not see,
Put it in her hand there
Silently.

When Jenny lit her candle,
What a strange thing, —
There in her hand
Lay a garnet ring.

The Lyric

Julia Johnson Davis

WHIM

Once I got up early while the cold stars clustered
High in the sky before the silver of the dawn,
I gathered all the little sad thoughts I had fostered,
Climbed to the wind's clean flank and was gone
Over lane and lawn.

There where the meadow grass hugged the gaunt hollow
And the mist lay folded in a pile upon the ground,
I tipped them out suddenly, so they couldn't follow,
All my wistful wonderings, and quickly turned around
And left without a sound.

"Now, I am free," I said. "That part is ended.
Well rid am I of the trouble-making brood.
No rebellious murmurs to be argued with and tended,
Maybe I can think a bit of friendship and food,
And dwell in quietude."

But ere I reached home on the wind's back flitting,
I knew it would be desolate without the thoughts I had,
And so, when I beheld them on the doorstep sitting,
(There's nothing like your own thoughts, be they sweet
or sad)
Ah, but I was glad.

The Harp

Grace Strickler Dawson

MELTING SNOW

Across this open space where, frayed and tattered,
Lies Winter's drabbed shawl in disarray,
Discarded hastily, as though it mattered
Nothing at all since Winter could not stay —

Some one walks daintily in cool green sandals,
Wearing a scarf of filmy yellow light
Tangled with mist, some one who deftly handles
With coaxing finger-tips the ragged white
Fringes, and brushing all of them from sight,
Lights one by one the dandelion candles.

The Century

Grace Strickler Dawson

ONLY THIS COUNSEL

Save your wisdom, since your friend
In love and hunger, thought and pain,
Will too easily attain
Wisdom himself, and at the end,
When his heart and hands and eyes
Are very tired, he will need
A comrade who is wise indeed,
To comfort him for being wise!

The Commonweal

Marie de L. Welch

SERENADER

I have no thing that is mine sure
To give you, I am born so poor.

Whatever I have was given me:
The earth, the air, the sun, the sea.

If I have anything to give
Made surely of the life I live,

It is a song that I have made.
Now in your keeping it is laid.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

George H. Dillon

SELF-PORTRAIT

For words men strive till they are dead,
And for a glamorous word they die.
This man has also dared and bled,
And beauty was his cry.

Behold his wounds — the soul, sad lover
Of wind and star, of sea and city;
The body, given over and over
In lust or pity;

The heart whose gladness is forgot
Wherein spring rankles like a sword —
And see how all this ruin was wrought
For the sake of a word.

Voices

George Dillon

LOVE LIKE FEAR

I hear no sound but my heart's sound,
Since love has come like fear, and bound
The earth in her soft spell, and drowned
In dreadful stillness sea and sky.

Now everything that dreams will die.

She sets her curious calm upon
Star and blossom, bird and stone,

And sighs, and suddenly everything
Is wild and still, and the pale spring
In terrible silence trembles and blooms
Like many peacocks lifting their plumes.

Who dreamed that love would come like fear?

This is that quiet, sick and clear,
Before a thunderstorm. I hear
Only my heart beat in the hush
Ere the wind roar, the rain rush.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

George H. Dillon

EN ROUTE

Companioned by long loneliness
I go to meet my true mistress.

With loneliness too large to suffer
You go to meet your true lover.

Mistress or lover, Death must be
Vouchsafed our certain constancy.

Yet since we go one journey, and
Go toward a terribly dark land,
Let us go therefore hand in hand.

If out of loneliness we kiss,
Our honor is not hurt by this.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

George H. Dillon

FALL OF STARS

The snow came down like stars tonight
Over the city silently.
The air, like a great glittering tree,
Bloomed noiselessly with light.

I thought, it is the snow I see
Like stars. And it was long ago
That ever I saw the stars like snow.

And I thought of a boy, a long time dead,
Who dreamed such beauty out of pain
That music moved within his brain,
And the stars stormed about his head.

His ghost is like the wind, I said,
That cries into the crystal gloom,
And wanders where the white clouds blow.

And I shall hear his song, I know,
Wherever the boughs of silence bloom
With snow like stars or stars like snow.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

George H. Dillon

TO LOSERS

Let loneliness be mute. Accuse
Only the wind for what you lose.
Only the wind has ever known
Where anything you lost has gone.
It is the wind whose breath shall come
To quench tall-flaming trees and numb
The narrow bones of birds. It is
The wind whose dissipating kiss
Disbands the soft-assembled rose.
It is the wordless wind that knows
Where every kind of beauty goes.

And if you lose love in the end
Say it was taken by the wind.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

George H. Dillon

I LIKE A REVERENT TOWN

I like a town that sees
The sacredness of trees,

Acknowledging their right
To whisper half the night
And all the day to talk
Above a shaded walk.

I like a reverent town
That hews no tree-trunk down,
But lets it stand to know
Sidewalks around can go,
As if: "I comprehend.
You were here first, my friend!"

The Commonwealth

Charles Divine

ADVENTURE

Why should I seek adventure in strange places
Or countries far away
When I know what adventure matches paces
With my own every day?

If I but leave you, dear, and pass that curtain
To find a pipe or pen,
I know that I can never be quite certain
I shall return again.

If I permit my glance from yours to sever
What time the eyelids fall
I cannot surely know that I shall ever
See you again at all.

I cannot raise my hand to fondle simply
Your hand or cheek or hair
But it may fall beside my body limply
And never reach you there.

I cannot speak one word however aimless
That I can surely tell
(God grant my words to you be ever blameless!)
'Tis not our last farewell.

Why should I seek adventure in strange places
Or countries far away
When I know what adventure matches paces
With my own every day?

The Commonweal

Maurice Dooling

NOW THE SKY

How long have standing men — by such a stone
As this I watch from on this windless night —
Beheld Arcturus, golden and alone,
Guiding Antares and the Snake aright.

The Scales were up when not an Arab walked
On sand that soon was paved with names of stars;
Bootes herded, and the Giant stalked
Past the curved Dragon, contemplating wars.

How many an open eye, bedight with dew,
Over the sleeping flowers has drawn them down —
Andromeda, and Berenice's few
Dim tresses that shall ever flee the Crown.

From such a rock whence graybeards long ago,
Forgetting it beneath them, heard the Lyre,
I watch. But there is something now we know
Confusing all they saw with misty fire.

For them a hundred pictures on a slate.
For us no slate, and not a hand that draws.
For them a pasture-dome wherefrom the gate
Of Cancer led the Lion through its claws;

For them a frosty window, painted over,
Nightly, with flower faces in a ring —
Daisies dancing up, and clouds of clover
Scenting the after way, and phlox to fling

Thin petals left and right till morning lifted.
For us no shapely flame in all the dark;

For us a million embers that have drifted
Since the first fire, and not a sign to mark

Where anything shall end, or which shall go
With which until they both shall die to gray.
For watchers once a changeless face to know;
For us cold eyes that turn henceforth away.

They saw each constellation take its hour
Of triumph overhead, before it started
Down the broad West, whereon the death of power
Was written by the Ram, and nightly charted.

The Eagle and the Swan, that sailed so long,
Floating upon white wings the Arrow missed,
Tilted at midnight, plunging with a song
Earthward, and — as they sank — deep Hydra hissed.

Leo had long been growling in his lair
When Pegasus neighed softly in the East,
Rising upon a wind that blew his hair
Freshly, until Aquarius increased

The stream he aimed against the Fish's mouth,
And all the stars were wet with silent rain.
The Hyades came weeping, and the South
Sent mist to soothe the Sisters in their pain.

These things they witnessed, and Orion, climbing
Fiercely with those two Dogs announcing Fall;
Then Winter, with Aldebaran loud-chiming,
Baiting the frozen Bull, that turned to call

The Bears to warm his anger. These they knew
And knew the seasons with them, Spring and Spring —
Counting the dozen signs the finger drew
That swung the inconstant Sun around the Ring.

Slow Jupiter proceeded as they planned,
Lingering among the twelve in stately turn;
They touched the breasts of Venus where the hand
Of Mars's fiery love had been to burn.

The sky was then a room, with people going
Faithfully to and fro, and beasts enchained.
The sky was then a midnight wastrel, throwing
Riches away; and still the purse remained.

But now the sky is broken, door by door.
Strangers in the room obscure the hosts.
The meadow is not guarded any more
By watchers coming lonely to their posts.

The animals are never to be named
That swarm beyond our company of old —
Stragglers from the herd, that we had tamed
Unknowing the recesses of the fold.

Those were no heroes whom we once addressed —
Hercules, Orion, and the Twins.
Unwounded, they were running from the rest
Far there where only now the war begins.

There is a game for players still to play,
Pretending that the board was never lost.
But still the painted counters will decay,
And knowledge sit along to count the cost.

The Nation

Mark Van Doren

HANDS

I can remember hands almost better than faces;
Their speech is more to be trusted than that of tongues.

The pitiful lisping
Of women's hands indolent and futile,
Pink-palmed, covered with jewels,
Restless and clamoring, seeking they know not what,
Crying aloud for fulfilment,
Toying with feathers and fine gold chains,
Fluttering among pillows, pink ribbons, and laces,
Like small birds quarreling over crumbs.

And other women's hands
That lie calm at evening,

Adequate, at ease, unafraid,
Like winged steeds with golden pinions folded,
Or bronzed young warriors resting on their spears;

The suave and oily hands
Of men who have trodden on their fellows for success,
No fine care nor studied ease can disguise their garbled
speech;

The hands of men who toil at heavy tasks,
Disfigured by drudgery,
Pulpy, powerful, hoarse-voiced,
Intimate with stone and steel,
That tremble holding a flower;
Black hands that know no other bent than slaving.
That are silent, not daring to speak above a whisper;

The hands of great artists,
Of painters, sculptors, musicians, poets,
Creators and translators of beauty,
Flexible, sensitive, sonorous hands,
Full-throated, singing a glorious chant;

And beyond all these a vision
Of firm, friendly hands unlike all others,
Whose voice is shaken with sorrow, —
The healing hands of Christ.

The Lyric West

Margaret Duncan Dravo

A WAVE OF ROSES

A wave of roses broke against a wall
And on its crest the bees were jeweled spray,
And in me one voice said, "The wave will fall,
The spray be lost in air — the wall will stay."
Then said another softer voice in me,
"Roots feeding upward to the bloom have grown
Too deep — and someone watching here shall see
A wave of roses hide the fallen stone."

Then I remembered cities now so long
The dust where wild bloom's drifting pollen goes,

And some age living only in its song
That dipped the dew from some antique red rose,
And ships of which we keep in legend now
The wreath of rainbows that survived the prow.

The Commonweal

Glenn Ward Dresbach

AFTER THE RAIN

After the rain in the upland pastures
I found flowers sprung from the treasures of bees
Dropped when they fled for their dead-wood castle.
I bring you a handful of these!

A soft wind washed in the rain was sunning
Its wings where a little hillside dips
Like a jeweled wing against the distance.
Here's but its touch on my lips!

There's a valley full of the golden flowers,
There's a hillside spread to the golden weather;
And all I have brought is enough of a reason
We should hasten back — together!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Glenn Ward Dresbach*

THE BOUQUET

Because three little girls had roamed away
From heated village streets to lanes where grew
Wild flowers that they picked, then chose to play
At making calls, they did more than they knew.
The shaded cottage at the edge of town
Was always still, with drawn blinds and an air
Of secrecy, and mothers wore a frown
When passing near, and never entered there.

The little girls who tripped up steps, with sun
Caught in their dresses, lost the fluent speech
Rehearsed for calls. Before them stood someone
With questioning eyes, quite near enough to reach

The offered blooms that wilted on the way —
Crushed to her face, dew shone on that bouquet.

Voices

Glenn Ward Dresbach

THIS HERESY

Sodom City's flaring wrath
Cast long shadows on the path.
Lot with all his retinue
Left his rents and taxes due;
Mindful of the last command
Hid his eyes beneath his hand,
Marshalling on his trembling band
Without more ado.

Lot's wife lingered for a time,
Stooped and plucked a sprig of thyme;
Turned her head a bit aside,
Frankly turned about and spied:
Saw the crumbling city wall,
Saw the soundless towers fall;
Stared a moment, then was all
Mineral petrified.

She was salt of earth and quite
Human in my biased sight.
Breath had been a futile thing
If we never learned to sing,
If we shrugging-shoulderwise
Took what men and gods devise, —
With deception on our eyes
Ceased all wondering.

Voices

H. C. Barrowes-Donald

ANNABEL

Where Amos found his bride no one could say;
Her curls were jessamine yellow, and her eyes
Wore wonderment like first blue butterflies

That springtime brings and summer takes away.
"She used to roam the fields humming a tune
Born of the elfin wind —" grandmother said,
"So gay it was — I can't think of her — dead,
Yet she's been missing since that far-off June!"

Her story fades like some uncaptured sonnet
Set to lost music. Little can be told
Save fragments that dour Amos chose to tell —
Of how he found her morning-glory bonnet
Hymned by a humming bird, where lillies hold
The creeping marsh — nothing — of Annabel —

Chicago Daily News

Leslie Dykstra

LOVE FOR THE LOWLANDS

Mountains looking at the sky,
Craggs that scowl across the sea,
Twisted trees, and winds that cry —
What are these to me?

I would rather little hills —
Clustered hills that seem to say,
"Where my leafy pathway spills
Over, lies Cathay."

And a river, deep and wide,
Cannot crook a friendly finger
With its ever-urging tide,
Bidding me to linger.

I would follow little streams —
Bubbly streams, where morning long
Redwings weave like eager dreams,
Filling reeds with song.

The Saturday Evening Post

Leslie Dykstra

THE SLAYER

I have seen love that laughed aloud at blows —
Disdaining hardships and discomforts with high courage —
That even grew in strength under rebuffs and coldness.

But not once have I known love
To live and grow and flourish
When the hand of disillusion touched the eyes of its victim.

The Harp

Katherine Edelman

BALLAD OF TIMOTHY WARE

The white-topped wagon is loaded and waiting,
The oxen stand shod in the stalls;
There is gold to be dug at the sunset's rim —
O, Betsy Marsh, it calls, it calls!

"The way is slow and dreary to go,
And red men are prowling there.
Are you willing to share the hazards and hopes?
I love you," said Timothy Ware.

She fingered her stiff, flowered skirt; across
Her bosom lay one bright curl.
He was the gallantest youth in the town
And she, the prettiest girl.

"O Timmy, I've told you!" she chided. "Look,
My hands are as white as milk —
Too soft and little for work — and my body
Is used to the touch of silk.

"Hardship and homespun quickly would gray me —
I was made for a sheltered life.
The plodding, the prairies, the dullness — O lad,
I'd not make a pioneer's wife!

"Now, if I were stout like Mehitable Reed —
If I also could bake and brew —
Why, Tim, at your side I would gladly ride;
Then I would go with you."

"If you had the stout heart of Mehitable Reed,
I'd not be faring alone.
But it's you, Betsy Marsh, it's you I want."
Warm were his eyes as his tone.

"Then why go at all?" she poutingly parried,
Tossing her satiny head;
"There's wealth in the making right here for your taking."
"You don't understand," he said.

"Then alone you must quest for gold in the west
Against the day of our mating;
But when you are rich turn homeward to me:
I shall be eagerly waiting."

"It's honey the hummingbird loves," he mused.
"Perhaps you're right — and I'm wrong.
Ah Betsy, the days will be many and weary —
I fear you'll be waiting long."

She returned his bold kiss. "Come back tomorrow,"
She laughed, "and another you'll find."
Then she watched him go and she murmured low,
"A woman may change her mind."

But he came not back to his love on the morrow,
Nor yet on the morrow after.
On the following day the caravan left
At dawn with weeping and laughter.

The long gray caravan left for the west
With Timothy Ware in the lead;
And brimming with pride on the seat at his side,
Rode happy Mehitable Reed.

American Poetry Magazine

Mary J. Elmendorf

SINGING

There is a certain singing that
I hope will never pass me by,
The melodies of rosy dawns
The songs I hear . . . and do not try.

Low music on the garden path
Upon a drowsy summer's day,
The sound of waterfalls at night
Remotely murmuring far away.

I hope I shall not lose the softness
Of midday and the twilight hours
And that I shall remember always
To know the songs in April showers.

I'd have my heart forever listen
To soft winds that make glad the air,
Whatever else I miss, oh, may
It be no music anywhere.

The Gypsy

George Elliston

COLOR OF AIR

Sometimes the air is blue, so blue
And once I saw it vivid red,
Sometimes it is as grey as age
Or white as pale words lightly said.

I love it best when it is gold
With sunbeams laughing in the light,
But oh, I hate it bitterly
When it is black, I fear the night.

I like it when it's lavender
And often when it is bright green,
And I can always dream in it
When it has glow and joy and sheen.

When air is full of fairy tints
It always seems so strange to me
That there are those who will maintain
Air is but thin transparency!

The Voice

George Elliston

GOING TO SLEEP

And if I do not go to sleep
I watch a picture on the wall

And sometimes hear soft voices
Call and call.

The picture is a meadowland;
Old trees, . . . dark mystics whisper there . . .
Beneath them spring is blowing
So very fair. . . .

And then before I am quite sure
I step into the gilded frame
I'm someone else . . . and can . . .
Not find . . . my name. . . .

The Harp

George Elliston

SILENCE

Silence is very beautiful —
Death wears it for a crown,
And life mad with desire of it
Goes searching up and down.

Seeking its magic in blue dark
Ghosts in the shallow moon;
Woodlands and water and still small paths —
All, things that end too soon.

Silence is far more beautiful
Than sound could ever be —
But it is Death's; Life asks in vain
Of wind, or cloud, or sea.

The Will-o'-The-Wisp

George Elliston

THIS FOREMAN

"What did you see when the girders rose?"

"A house of steel, a net."

"What else?"

"Men in their working clothes,
Men with their foreheads wet;

I saw them sway on the high steel beams,
But I knew their heads were wet."

"Did you see a workman slip and fall dead?"

"I saw one leave the steel;
I heard what some of the others said,
And I saw the swallows wheel
Round the foreman with the twisted head,
Whose foot was half a heel."

"When the man fell, what did this foreman do?"

"He sang, he sang like a swan
Of how two naked lovers loved
In a cage of steel till dawn;
He sang — and his mouth was a slit of dark —
Of a sword that could be drawn."

"You say you heard this foreman *sing*,"

"I heard him sing like a swan."

"You say this foreman stopped to *sing*
When a man had fallen down?

(*He says he heard this foreman sing
Like a swan when a man fell down.*)"

"You heard this formen testify?"

"I heard each word he said."

"Now briefly what did the witness say?"

"He said when the man fell dead,
He slid like a flash to the dead man's side
And gave the dead first aid."

"All right, now what did this foreman do?"

"I heard him sing like a swan
About two naked lovers trapped
In a web of steel till dawn."

"You swear to God you heard him *sing*?"

"By God, that man's the one."

"Court please, I'll ask the witness more,
Court please, I wish to show,
Court please, the witness on the stand,
Court please, is trying to
Make light of what he saw and mock

The State, Court please, and you."
"Do you affirm that this foreman *sang*?"
"I affirm that he's the one."

Now the bailiff hammers a terrible din,
But nobody shouts: Tin, tin, come in!
Because they all stare at the foreman instead,
Who licks the slit in his crooked head.

"You stayed there after twilight came?"
"The twilight did not come;
The steel net shone like a russet flame
At the touch of the watchman's thumb;
The men went home and the watchman walked
His rounds slowly and dumb."

"All right, the twilight did not come;
You stayed, what happened then?"

"I saw the foreman stealing back,
He climbed to the top again,
He moved in the misty girder net
And he sang like many men."

"Court please, I'll ask the witness more:
What did this foreman sing?"

"He sang the strength of steel and steel
In days past measuring;
He tapped the beams with a monkey wrench;
I could feel the high crane ring."

"You're sure it was a monkey wrench?"

"He sang of a snare for love;
He called to the silver hounds of love
In the wooded moon above,
And I heard him cry 'The hounds are dead,
What am I dreaming of?'"

"Go on, you heard this foreman sing?"

"I heard him sing like a ghost,
How a man gone down was a man to lead
The van of a falling host:

'Let my green steel stiffen in the frost
To snare what men love most!'"

"What men love most? He sang of that?"

"I did not understand,
For he sang of the living lives of men
As if the steel had spanned
Their lives with something true and cold
That nobody had planned."

"Did your family know that you were there?"

"Your honor, I object!"

"Sustained!"

"That's all."

"Go down the hall to the last door and collect
Your fee . . . the last door on the right."

"Poor chap, his mind is wrecked."

Two figures loitered down the hall,
And each signed for its fee.

"I could not understand your song,
Explain the hounds to me."

"Not here, fool! Climb the steel tonight,
The moon goes down at three!"

The Nation

Thomas Hornsby Ferril

POET'S CHILD

Marcia's not a girl, you guess —
No, a flower. You found her
In a pretty dress
Of petals all around her.

"Watch Marcia dance," she says —
"That box will sing!"

A wind of music shakes the tiny thing.

Sway east, sway west, dream-eyed,
Feeling no stir
Except the swinging rhythm moving her.

"Marcia's caught a flower that flew
Right by the door."

She lays a crumpled amber wing upon the floor.

"Let Marcia write a letter: Marcia wants to say"—

Follow mysterious pass-words
Of a secret way.

"See the Night look at Marcia —
See its eyes!
See the round white face
Over Marcia!" Marcia cries.
"Marcia want 'wee-dear!'"

Frightened fingers creep
To clasp a torn old cloth
Against her cheek.

She sleeps.
Ah, David, look you to your crag! —
But Marcia has found God within a rag.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Sara Bard Field

SPINSTER

As one who does not show
Her mortal sickness
Spits unseen blood on snow,
She drops a crimson word
On frozen speech, instantly blurred
By her drab usual phrase.
They say, "How colorlessly cold her ways!"

Sometimes her apathetic eyes
Are lightning-struck by pain:
Never a thunder-clap; no rain —
A wounded doe that cries
With a look. No more:
Her eyes are as before.

Her habit so precise!
"Easy to grasp her style,"

They say, "or make a nice
Sketch of her." Meanwhile,
Firm surfaces apart,
Crumbles her acid-bitten heart.

When dead, her face will hide
Pain's mordant sketch below.
Mannerly she'll go;
Nothing revealed beside
Her name, her birthday and the day she died.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Sara Bard Field

TO KAY

A shy deep stream of sombre water,
Little daughter, little daughter;
Not the surface-skimming brook
Running where all others look,
Or frankly spilling out your soul
Into the overflowing bowl.

No! for you a darker gliding
Through cavern gloom,
Under fossil foliage hiding
Where buried gardens bloom
And ancient roots in wide-coiled rings
Multiply your wanderings.

By what veiled lips were you taught
The muffled music of your thought—
Murmurous musing half-aloud,
A star that wanders under cloud
With a softly humming sound
Of running shadow underground?

Often, though close, I lay my ear
Against the earth I cannot hear—
Where the waters disappear.
All is silence. None is meant
To know the ultimate descent

Reaching with inaudible tone
Secret strata all their own.

See! a silver-bladed spray,
Flashing upward, cuts the day,
And falls back to a quiet pool
Medicinal and sweet and cool.

Dust-dry, salt-eyed, I found it there,
With nightshade fringed and maidenhair.

I drank the healing of the water,
Little daughter, little daughter.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Sara Bard Field

SONNETS TO AN IMAGINARY MADONNA

I.

This life, Madonna, is a juggernaut
With sightless eyes and blood upon its hand;
Its brain as purposeless as flying sand,
Or vapor rising from a boiling pot.
And what at last may be its destined lot,
By whom conceived or by what power planned
Will find no answer till we understand
Why roses bloom a day and fall and rot.

It matters not what wisdom or what wit,
Or other hopeless folly of the mind
May set a shining goal for human kind,
And prove its fallacy by holy writ;
We only know that blind we come, and blind
We go where blindness is the end of it.

II.

It is not, pray believe me, that I doubt
That good is good or that a sin is sin;
Or that the gods were all Olympian

Until they caught mortality and gout.
Nor has it ever been my way to flout
The fight that we are losing and may win,
And I still hope that there is purpose in
The universe, or somewhere roundabout.

Nor do I doubt that diligent endeavor
Can make a heaven of our pantomime,
Or that evangelism is a lever
To pry away the incubus of crime;
Or that if you and I should live forever
Our love would smoothly synchronize with time!

III.

I have loved life and love it, but I know
How ruthless it can be with those too weak
To find unerringly the path they seek,
And give adversity a blow for blow.
And I have seen the strong as blindly go
As any where the grimmest struggles wreak
Their pitiless passion till the wretched meek
Yield cravenly before an unseen foe.

Yes, I love life, but I do not devise
A veil to hide what faith cannot redeem.
I'd rather rise in anger and blaspheme
The ugly part of it than moralize
As millions do, whose small myopic eyes
Peer out from some preadolescent dream.

IV.

You must walk fearlessly and straight ahead
If you would go with me, for I have been
Too long delayed by those who stop to win
A heaven and who find a hell instead.
You must abjure the sentimental dread
Of those who fence off righteousness from sin,
Nor must you ever look behind to spin
A halo from the ashes of the dead.

And unbelievers though we be, we'll go
Into the grave with unreluctant feet,
And leaving all the bitterness, the sweet,
We'll step into death's quiet undertow
And trust that all the racket underground
Will not awake us when the trumpets sound.

V.

But we are here and somehow should be glad
Because we can be very sure of that;
We may not be much wiser than the bat,
And not one half as happy as the shad.
And yet there is no reason to be sad.
What though our hopes may be a trifle flat,
For we've more baffling things to wonder at
Than any our forefathers ever had.

These are the interests that keep all men
From setting out to suicide *en masse*;
The glory and the mystery would pass
If words set down by any mortal's pen
Showed wide highways to God; and I, alas,
Would lose them all that I might seek again.

VI.

Such is the scanty little I believe,
And 'tis not, as you must have clearly seen,
The sort of thing that keeps the myrtle green.
Nor does it labor bravely to retrieve
The sad misfortune of the sinful Eve;
It is not even, as it might have been
From many other pens, a rosy lien
On heaven, or from hell a brief reprieve.

But in its way, I trust, it has deplored
Our tragic waste of effort and the kink
In every destiny; nor does it shrink
From what its feeble vision can afford
Of truth; nor will it hesitate to wink
At death when it shall feel the naked sword.

VII.

The pious and the impious both frown
Upon the other's way of life, and stir
Their wits to make them seem as vile as were
Those ancients ere Jehovah bade them drown.
And though they win ephemeral renown
As piety's or as evil's pensioner,
They are with zeal the same chronologer
Of all the errors not yet written down.

And we, no less; so let us now adjust
Our purpose more serenely to the sum
Of what we shall be when the end has come:
A giant's handful of forgotten dust
To which time will consign, because it must,
The empire and the hope of Christendom.

VIII.

It is the optimism of the fool
That mouths such words as only hope can spell,
And struts triumphant with its bagatelle
Of faith that dares not put itself to school.
Its votaries who spurn truth's ridicule
May prove by apathy that all is well,
As one might prove the depth that Adam fell
By riding into heaven on a mule.

It is an easy way by which they blink
The anguish here and reap the profit there.
So very few, there are, who dare to drink
The cup of pain apportioned as their share;
And there is none who ever learned to think
Until he found the bedrock of despair.

IX.

I cannot say what moods will not retrieve me
From this infatuation with your graces,
Or what unhappy longings will deceive me

To promises of love on other faces,
I dare say that somewhere in open spaces
Of other hearts some unpossessed emotions
Will shake me deeply as the storms the oceans,
And show white sails in strange and far off places.

But I shall be as faithful as the bees are,
And everything that draws its life to beauty;
Nor dare to let an artificial duty
Hide from my eyes what Nature's stern decrees are;
And you shall be both lark and rose as long
As you are lovelier than flowers and song!

X.

And if the continuity of madness
Called birth and death may round my cycle ere you
Have reached your noon, my parting will endear you
To a small brief efficiency of sadness,
And for a summer's length you will assure me
With daily sacrifices to forgetfulness,
And turn at last, forgiving in regretfulness,
From darkness and the silence that allure me.

But God will give you mercy like a jewel,
And after years have gone you'll understand then
His secrets clearly and his deepest ways well;
And when you look upon my picture, you'll
Murmur, *Oh, my love! my lover!* and then:
I wonder if his eyes were blue or hazel!

Voices

Vardis Fisher

ADOPTED SON

He has put on, as if it were a coat,
The look of his surroundings. Towers and lands
Are at his back; the tiny boat
He plays with is a yacht;
His talk runs pleasantly of sea and sands.
A steady dominant tot,

With something quite his own
In the faun-tilted eyes that have forgot
A grim dark house of stone,
Beneath whose narrow door
He, weeping, had been led,
Wearing his stained and dirty pinafore —
One boy of many, with a shaven head.

The lady he calls "mother" wished a son,
And searching, found him in uncouth disguise,
Knowing at sight the one
Who should make fast the ties
Between herself and living;
Fill vacant rooms and halls,
Become a part — a fancy that took weight —
Of what was in her giving:
Wide acres and the orchards and gray walls,
Houses and books and porcelains centuries old,
A name more than accustomed to its state,
The sleeping power that's gold.

He had the bearing — something in his stride —
That gave her strength to bring him boldly in
(A foundling strange, faun-eyed),
And say, "My heir!" —
A woman with white fingers long and thin,
Remote, unreal and lovely in her chair.

So they were son and mother till it seemed
This must be true.
She was not one who dreamed
Half fearfully, sounding the shadowed depths;
But found life new,
Took pleasure in his laughter, voice, demands,
The tumbling cascade of staccato steps,
His head beneath her hands.

And yet, if he should storm, as he could do,
Stiffen his legs, grow passionate and dark,
She'd look at him, look through,
Seeing on him the mark
Of skulking guests she had invited in,
Strangers who ply the currents of his blood,

Who yet might grip him — win:
Sullen-eyed men, women of senseless grin,
Plunderers toiling deep in fire and flood,
Scarred folk with twisted neck and sideward leer,
Stained with the gutter's mud;
Brawlers who slink to walls when steps sound near,
And fauns with shaggy skin —
These on her hearth beneath
The staff in stone crowned with the laurel wreath.

But she was staunch, however fast might run
The mists before her face,
Taking him for her son,
Her very son,
And for his race? —
There was a tale from which she had spun
A legend of bright grace:
A tale of two, who ran to climb a hill,
Lean clinging silhouettes on a velvet sky,
Exiles with proud sweet words from some far place —
Two shadows running upward, of one will,
When the moon was high —
Two in the night, when earth and star were still
And the wind went by.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Hortense Flexner

THE MINOR BIRD

I have wished a bird would fly away
And not sing by my house all day;
Have clapped my hands at him from the door
When it seemed as if I could bear no more.
The fault may partly have been in me.
The bird was not to blame for his key.
And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song.

The Yale Review

Robert Frost

TREE AT MY WINDOW

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on,
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream-head lifted out of the gro
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed
And if you have seen me when I slept
You have seen me when I was taken and
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her;
Your head so much concerned with outer
Mine with inner weather.

The Yale Review

Robert Frost

THE TIMES TABLE

More than half way up the pass
Was a spring and a broken drinking glass.
And whether the farmer drank or not
His mare was sure to observe the spot
By cramping the wheel on a water-bar
Turning her forehead with a star
And straining her ribs for a monster sigh.
To which the farmer would make reply:
"A sigh for every so many breath
And for every so many sigh a death.
That's what I always tell my wife
Is the multiplication table of life."
The saying may be ever so true,
But it's not the kind of thing that you,
Or I, or anyone else may say,

Unless our purpose is doing harm,
And then I know of no better way
To close a road, abandon a farm,
Reduce the births of the human race,
And bring back nature in peoples' place.

The New Republic

Robert Frost

THE COCOON

As far as I can see this autumn haze,
That spreading in the evening air both ways,
Makes the new moon look anything but new,
And pours the elm-tree meadow full of blue,
Is all the smoke from one poor house alone
With but a chimney it can call its own;
So close it will not light an early light,
Keeping its life so close and out of sight,
No one for hours has set a foot out doors
So much as to take care of evening chores.
The inmates may be lonely women folk.
I long to tell them that with all this smoke
They prudently are spinning their cocoon
And anchoring it to an earth and moon
From which no winter wind can hope to blow it —
Spinning their own cocoon, did they but know it.

The New Republic

Robert Frost

THE COMMON FATE

Dust always blowing about the town
Except when sea-fog laid it down.
And I was one of the children told
Some of the blowing dust was gold.

All the dust the wind blew high
Appeared like gold in the sunset sky.
But I was one of the children told
Some of the dust was really gold.

Such was life in the Golden Gate:
Gold dusted all we drank and ate.
And I was one of the children told
We all must eat our peck of gold.

The Yale Review

Robert Frost

MOUNTAINS TALK

Mountains talk!

Lesser mountains speak the folk-tongue of forests
Wherein the shrill sweet tones of green heights
Commingle strangely with the deep gutturals of canyons;
An ancient tongue rich with idioms of wind and rain
and snow,
Poignant with the frail pink of rhododendrons,
Sibilant with rustling leaves and running water,
Bitter with the tang of cedar and fir,
Accented with the precision of sword ferns,
Punctuated by falling cones and blue wings;
Its quaint and ordered forms
Older than runes,
Lovelier than psalms,
More potent than benizons of priests.

Mountains talk!

Young mountains have tongues of fire.
They harangue at length on death
Preaching a doctrine of destruction.
They make a cult of flame,
And dramatize their mad convictions
In cataclysmic rumblings, horrific upheavals and molten
rivers.

Mountains talk;

But old white mountains
Have learned the wisdom of repression,
The effectiveness of silence,
The eloquence of slow and awful gestures.
Uplifted palms may support the heavens,
May cup the thunders;
An extended finger may shred a cloud,

Shatter a moon-flask,
Pierce a dawn, —
Blood of a young day on snow is crimson,
Of a dying day, purple, —
A clenched fist may bruise the sun,
The shadow of a white mountain across the world
Is the measure of forever.

Mountains talk;
The loftiest mountains, still cowed in mystery,
Commune with the prophets and interrogate the stars.

Mountains talk!
Their language is a composite of all peoples, of all lands,
 of all ages,
Of all planets, of all sease.
Its fundamentals are beauty.

I am studying the language of mountains.

The American Mercury

Ethel Romig Fuller

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Beneath his linen duster, sagged and bent,
Day out, day in for fifty years or more,
Up the red clay hills, and down, he went,
His black, square case upon the buggy floor.
I've heard his horses pounding down the lanes
Lashed to desperate lather and to foam;
I've seen him give the weary team the reins
And worn out, sleep, the while they ambled home.
His eyes were set in crinkled lines of mirth,
Cheer was prescribed with pills of calomel,
He was the arbiter of death and birth,
The go-between of heaven and of hell.
Tender as woman, steadfast as a rock,
Small wonder all the hill-folk loved "Old Doc"!

The Commonweal

Ethel Romig Fuller

Her daddy was a gentleman,
 White, ah, white;
 Her mammy a comely wench,
 But black, quite.

She, the sweet of either,
 Was palest honey-brown;
 They stood her on an auction block
 And sized her up and down.

They wrenched her mobile lips apart
 And felt her slender thighs,
 Appraised her hair for its straight length,
 Her creamy lidded eyes.

Bids furiously running
 The gamut of her charms —
 Gold-budded breasts, patrician throat,
 Her ankles and her arms.

And all the quivering grace of her
 Slim as a willow bole;
 "Going, going, going, gone!"
 And Heaven rest her soul!

The Forge

Ethel Romig Fuller

MY SONG

If sun and orb could tell to me,
 Could tell to me,
 If sun and orb could well to me,
 Could well to me
 The magic of their moving world,
 I would then bring to earth unfurled,
 To earth unfurled,
 The song of peace for all the world,
 For all the world.

If moon and star could sing to me,
 Could sing to me,
If moon and star could wing to me,
 Could wing to me
The songs of their celestial spheres,
I would rid the world of loads of cares,
 Of loads of cares,
In fairest songs of mighty years,
 Of mighty years.

If mountains could throw out to me,
 Throw out to me,
If mountains could blow out to me,
 Blow out to me
The essence of their very soul,
I would proclaim to sweeping skies,
 To sweeping skies
The deathless song of mountains old,
 Of mountains old.

If tiny flower could send to me,
 Could send to me,
If tiny flower could lend to me,
 Could lend to me
The wonder of its budding bloom,
I would then calm the spirits of men,
 Spirits of men,
With wonder-song of youth a-bloom,
 Of youth a-bloom.

If wee child could reveal to me,
 Reveal to me,
If wee child could unseal to me,
 Unseal to me
The secret of his birth after birth,
I would fill ends of this fair earth,
 Of this fair earth
With glad songs of triumphant birth,
 Triumphant birth.

If fish that swim could teach to me,
 Could teach to me,
If fish that swim could preach to me,

Could preach to me
Of world beneath the fleetest wave,
Then I would sing of wonder-things,
Of wonder-things
That move beneath this madding wave,
This madding wave.

If earth and sky and master sea,
And master sea,
If earth and sky and jasper sea,
And jasper sea
Could give their secrets up to me,
I would proclaim to universe,
To universe
The mighty things that are to be,
That are to be.

The Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine

H. H. Fuson

MIRACLE

Kezia sat in an apple tree crotch,
Kezia was only seven,
But she was thinking grown-up thoughts
Of men and of gods and heaven.

Kezia thought a mighty thought
That crinkled her forehead fine,
And she cried through the leaves of the apple tree,
"If you're there, God, give a sign!"

Kezia shut tight her sea-green eyes,
And lo, a wind from heaven
Dropped the reddest apple in her lap.
Kezia was only seven.

The Midland

V. Valerie Gates

FOR ONE LEAVING THE BRIGHT ISLANDS

You will remember the shadowy rose of evening
And swift hibiscus-blossoming flood of dawn;
You will remember the breathless lift of surf,
The wide pure curve of ocean slanting up
To meet the clear downcurving slant of sky . . .
Be glad now while I can feel your gladness
Here where the frail hau blossoms deepen and glow
Pale yellow at morning to rich red in the mellow
Gold of late afternoon, along the level sand.
For you will remember and miss these nights of moons
Incredibly vast, piercingly beautiful;
You will remember, in strange cold dusks and dim,
The chant of surf under the wizard moon,
And in sad winter sunshine, empty-bright,
The warm embrace of sun, the welcoming clasp
Of sun-warmed sand, the smooth caress of sea.

Sing then, remembering, a song of islands
Burnt to deep red with passion, loved of sea and sky;
Sing then a song of the deep love-flowering moon
Petaling down through lace of bamboo, feathery pattern
of palm,
Remembering the throb, the urge and yearning
Of ukuleles drifting toward the dawn
And soft guitars and dark throats singing of love
Between the coil and hiss of saxophones
Wandering in haunted moonlight—
Sing, Shadowy Rose, and remembering,
Dance gravely, as waves dance on the crisp sand,
Dancing a hymn to the sea . . .

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

Clifford Gessler

NOR ANY MAN'S

You were not meant to be mine, or any man's;
You were fashioned thus beautiful for swift freedom,
To be a banner afar, and a glad allure . . .

I saw a bird circling against the sunrise
Over dawn-tinted marshes toward the awakening sea;
I saw a bird balance on clean free wings and slowly
circle

And rise full into the morning, rhythmic and beautiful.
You were not made to be mine, or any man's . . .
Rise, bright bird, and be free and beautiful in the sun-
light,
Rise and fly, circling rhythmically, lovely . . . alone.

The Southwest Review

Clifford Gessler

PANEL OF LEAVES

The leaves are never still . . .
Whether they be long, ragged fronds of coco palms
aslant like sails, thrust into the wind like windmill
paddles,
Whether they be dusky priest-fingers of breadfruit
foliage,
Dark green of mango or lighter stars of kukui leaves —
they are always astir.
The leaves are never still.

So the fantastic jungles of the brain
Are never without motion.
Even in sleep the strange variegated foliage stirs;
Tendrils coil and grip, and the restless mutation goes
on.
There, too, the dead leaves loosen and fall,
But are not forgotten.
Each engraves its scar on the stem; they are not
forgotten.

The leaves are never still.

The Gypsy

Clifford Gessler

GO THEN

Go then with Marko, who can give you pleasures,
Orchids and dancing, brightly clustered hours —
For I can bring you only the broken flowers
Of thought, only the sombre music
Of sea nights, only the solemn dance
Of stars above windy beaches. . . . Yet, and yet —

You will remember, nights when the noisy towers
Of surf topple and crash, and the clouds prance
Drunkenly down the dark lanes of the wind;
You will remember the whine of the wind whipping
The hau-leaves, the circling and dim skipping
Of foam-rings that insisiently advance,
Retreat and sally further along the wet
Beach sand. . . . And you will remember, pinned
Close under the sea wall, in the salty lee,
Shelter of arms on the narrow sand. And yet . . .
Go then with Marko . . . I can give you only
The sand and the night wind, and the lonely sea!
Go then with Marko, and—if you can—forget!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Clifford Gessler

SPRING IN KENTUCKY

I allers find a heap o' joy in spring;
Somethin' about it makes me want to sing.
At other times my voice would scare a linnet,
But in the spring, — Caruso isn't in it
'Longside o' me; there's somethin' sweet and strong
Keeps bubblin' up, to overflow in song.

My brother Bill, sarcastic-like, an' wise,
Keeps lookin' at me with a mild surprise;
He sez to me, "Ef I wuz you, by jing,
I'd jine a choir o'larks an he'p 'em sing!"
But I ain't keerin' none what Bill may think;
I jine right in with lark or bobolink.

I don't know what your dreams o' heaven may be;
Spring in Kentucky's good enuf fer me.
With winter's gloom an' chill all passed away,
The hull world growin' sweeter ev'ry day;
An' when the redbird whistles, sweet and clear,
I stop my plowin', jest to stand an' hear.

Fust sign o' spring, the robin redbreast comes
A-hoppin' round my kitchen-door fer crumbs.
It seems to me he sez, as sure as sin,
"Hello, ole pal, you see I'm back agin!"

I bid him welcome home; bimeby I see
The sassy feller in my cherry tree.
He's settled down an' built his purty nest;
When cherries come, he's welcome to the best.

I love the months, from winter round through fall,
But, in Kentucky, May's the queen of all!
Dressed like a bride in garments wondrous fair,
With bridal wreaths upon her shinin' hair.
Kentucky meadows, starred with blossoms sweet,
Make emerald carpets fer her royal feet.

Blue flags, in gorgeous robes, are on parade,
Shy valley-lilies blossom in the shade.
Tulips, like ladies with their heads held high.
Nod friendly greetin's when the breeze goes by.
Wee Johnny-jump-ups, hidin' in the grass
Like merry children, charm me when I pass.
I step aside, fer fear my clumsy feet
Might trample on 'em, smilin' there so sweet,

Along the river's bank the redbud gay
Flaunts all her beauty when I pass that way,
Invitin' me to linger. Dogwood white
Gleams from the hillside, sure a purty sight.
The distant hills are wrapped in purple haze;
Down in the pasture, where the cattle graze,
As if it has a secret no one knows,
The little brook is singin' as it flows.

There's somethin' 'bout it all jest grips my heart,
An' sometimes, spite o' me, the tear-drops start;
They're only tears o' joy an' thankfulness.
A sign o' things no words can quite express,
A lovin' Father's lavish gifts to men
In ole Kentucky, when it's spring again.

If, old and feeble, sittin' by my door,
I watch an' see the spring come back once more,
Acrost my heart will steal a heavenly thrill,
Spring in Kentucky, an' I'm livin' still!

Birdena Cooper Gilman

The Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine

AFTER SLEET

Glazed and paved with Heaven, lie
Streets enameled with the sky.
Dawn finds sunset prisoned still,
Bright in many an icicle. . . .
And on lawns of splintered glass,
Glitters brittle, vitreous grass;
Every twig of strange device,
Glisters, jacketed in ice.
There a hillside's glacial glow
Holds a crystal lava's flow.
Ice and fire, ice and fire,
Pausing in their ancient duel,
Brothers now in one desire,
Fuse the city to a jewel! . . .

The Commonweal

Louis Ginsberg

HYMN TO EVIL

Heavenly Evil, holy One,
You whose work is never done,
Any visage, any name
Cannot cloak your single aim.
Watch a leaf in autumn flit—
Resurrection flames from it.
Death, as anybody knows,
Feeds the root of any rose.
Gasping of an insect scales
Into notes of nightingales.
Crushing agonies alone
Melt into the diamond-stone
Till some earthquake lets us see
Long-imprisoned jewels free.
Motes of dust, in catching rays,
Comb a sunset from the blaze.
Rills will run to meet your shocks,
Sucking melody from rocks.
Darkness, beating on your bars,
Brightens into foam of stars.

Any visage, any name
Cannot cloak your single aim;
Anywhere in matter hide,
You are still the spirit's guide.
Fire or prism, mire or stone,
All are you and you alone.
Blest and mighty Evil, you —
Holy is the deed you do.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Louis Ginsberg

GRAPES

A Fable for Poets

(For F. F. V.)

My vines this year were fine to see:
I pruned and mulched them carefully;
I numbered the clusters, every one,
Rose and amber in the sun.
When the grapes were ripe I cut some down,
Packed them, and carried them to town.

Strange, the things that folks will eat,
Costly, exotic, piquant, sweet:
Truffles, snails, and nectarines,
Cashews, palm-hearts, madelines;
Pies of squash, mince, custard, apple;
Haggis; Philadelphia scrapple;
Syrupy kumquats stewed in crocks;
Bonbons from a tinselled box —
Sugared violets, nougat, divinity,
Hand-dipped chocolates to infinity!
Ripe olives, blutwurst, marzipan,
Sweet potatoes out of a can;
Anchovies, reed-birds, Camembert,
Stuffed celery, alligator-pear,
Rainbow ices in fancy shapes. . . .

Nobody seems to care for grapes,
And it isn't the price they're asked to pay
I'm delighted to give my fruit away

I'd market my grapes across the sea,
But the ships are full as they can be:
Ukuleles, motor-cars,
Pickles, perfumes, movie-stars,
Chinese tiles and Japanese prints,
Brocaded chiffon, parrakeet chintz,
Foreign lecturers, side-show freaks,
Alarm-clocks, amulets, new antiques,
Mouse-traps, lingerie, painted missals,
Large brass gongs and small tin whistles,
Rosaries, gazing-balls, phylacteries,
Heathen idols from Christian factories;
Bombs; diplomats; Dutch daffodils;
Synthetic pearls, cathartic pills;
Peacocks, ivories and apes.
How could there be any room for grapes?

I'm trampling my grapes of amber and rose,
The smooth skins burst and the cool must flows;
I'll rack this, and fine it; and after it clears
I'll store it for years and years and years. . . .
Some day the buyers will throng my gate —
Cunarders clamor to carry my freight;
But I shall be wealthy, I shall be old,
I shall tell them, *This wine is not to be sold!*
No, I will not part with a single keg,
No matter how hard the wretches beg.

I'll lock the door, take a jug from the shelf,
Mix me a posset, and smile to myself.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Ellen Glines

VAMPIRE

She trembled as you touched the strings —
Oh, she was white; oh, she was mute!
For her delight bright Zamiel sings
To scarlet horn and brazen flute.

She, flouted, broken by taunt and slander,
Bitterly did herself to death;

Now lamia, ghou!, and salamander
Obey her lightest breath.

You are but ash on the wind to her,
You whom she set her heart upon;
For she has looked on Lucifer,
And she has loved Apollyon.

So — you seem haggard now, and white!
What will the leeches say to this?
She'll be a rose aflame tonight
Under Asmodeus' kiss!

To her it matters not at all
Into whose grave they drive a stake,
Throned in the rhadamanthine hall
Beside the Eternal Snake.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Ellen Glines

TAPESTRY

The sky, tarnished to the lustre of old
Pewter, is stitched to the silver river's rim
By wind-spun clouds. Shadows are sewed on the fold
In strange grotesque patterns. Static lights trim
The dull background with a bright broken line.
Ferries, brilliant shuttles, glide through the woof
Of the river, webbing a vanishing design.
A star pricks the dusk, and gleams aloof
In the pewter sky. A siren shrieks through the grey,
A restless needle, trailing a livid thread
That scars the faded tones; the pompous bray
Of tugs stains the sky. The clouds are laid
On the horizon's edge like painted bars.
Calm night limns old myths with a thread of stars.

Voices

Gloria Goddard

FAILURE

Weak words — a thin parade across the page —
Make fat and blatant blocks on what was white

And fair, like torn old lace that hid the age
Of some grim queen, forgotten, save in might
Of horror. Only these — but through them I
Am judged by svelt groomed men who prate of plot,
And style — “And this is just too slight — say, why

Not write of love, or golf?” — Oh, I forgot
How men have scorned before, and hoped they they
Had grown more wise in truth and faith in things
Too deep for telling. Poor weak words, you say
Too little — or too much — of all that sings
 Within my soul, so we must fail, we two,
 Who show men what they dare not know as true.

Voices

Gloria Goddard

LAPIDARY

Within his shop he hammered jewels, and then
Impaled them on a scaffolding of beryl.
Yet some had been serene as sea is when
Young stars come out in search of virgin pearl.
A Java conch-shell whispered tales anew
Of opal hemispheres and ravished jet,
While others — turquoise torn from suns, ghost-blue —
Were leaning on a splintered amulet.

Among his ruins he was counting tears,
For sacrifice upon his nacre pyres,
As he recalled with terror all the years
That he had spent in feeding gems to fires.
Is it small wonder that his heart became
An ever-bleeding pendant in a flame?

Voices

Gladys Wilmot Graham

STEREOTYPE

I have not been by love's immodesty
 Made unaware that I am only one

Of untold millions who have bent the knee
Before the shrine of Eros. All have done

As I have done, winding the same strange mazes
Of lovers' labyrinths, the same absurd
Songs on their lips, the same poor fevered phrases,
Identical down to the very word . . .

I would be done with uniformity.
I seek the phrase that never yet has been,
The song that will be sung only by me,
New chains of words to bind my lover in . . .

Threefold discoverer am I; and one
Discovery some wise man made before:
That there is nothing new beneath the sun,
Nor songs of love, nor words, nor phrases, nor

Aught else . . . And second I discovered what?
For me this very love for women meant
A lesser power for words, if it be not
That I have always been incompetent . . .

And this not least discovery is third:
That once again I know not how to sever
My love from other loves . . . for this new word
All lovers have been looking far forever.

The Greenwich Village Quill

Philip Gray

AFTER EARTH'S NIGHT

Over the waves of the broad blue sea
Scatter my ashes and let them float —
Carry my soul in a fairy-boat —
Far away from the world of care,
Over the waves, through the upper air.
Do not shed sorrowful tears for me.

I was a pilgrim and far from home.
Think of this when my earth-life's done,
When I have watched my last day's sun

Slowly sink in the glowing west,
When I have lain me down to rest.
After earth's night new light will come.

Attic Salt (The Williamsport, Pa., Sun)

Belle Willey Gue

MOUNTAIN WIND

Watchful, in a canyon resting,
For a crevice outlet questing;
Hoping for exciting changes —
Whistling to the stars.
Spying cleft — you split asunder
Trees and rocks with crash of thunder;
Climb the mighty, giant ranges,
Bursting all your bars.
Raging through the massive mountains,
Flirting with cascading fountains
Under far-flung skies.
Wreaking then your strength Satanic,
On the spires that tower titanic,
Far from human eyes.
Rampant to the sky a-flinging,
Booming, swirling, madly singing
Through immensity.
Plunging down from higher levels,
Shrieking as a thousand devils,
Hurtling to the sea.

Pasque Petals

Gertrude B. Gunderson

RHEIMS

I

Still towering upward into cool gray skies,
Still soaring upward with the rush of wings
Archangels spread when shaking earth-dust off
To smite through empty air to Purity;
Stained gray and rose and ash of rose by flame —

(Ah, Joan, the glory of that martyrdom)
Stained to the color of flayed human flesh
In which the unconquerable spirit still lives on,
Rheims, love-word of a people, still you stand,
Splendid and bare against the winter skies
Of mourning France that bows no head to weep,
Of France that smiles above her milloned dead,
And raises unforgetting eyes to you,
Rheims!

II

Verdun and Arras, these are names of blood
That thundered louder than the preying guns;
But Rheims, the love of France is shrined in you,
In each cathedral tower, in arch and nave,
Bared by the flames and blasted by the shells,
You stand the loveliest martyr of all time,
Unconquered and unforgotten eternally.

III

"They came this far," so said a little priest,
Black-robed and shy, "and there our city lies."
They came! They came! — that two such words could veil
The mighty pageantry played on this field;
Where little priests and little farming men,
And little clerks from murmurous city shops
Met them with courage like Joan's very own,
And paid the score in little, precious lives,
Each one of which had known the mothering womb,
The mothering travail, and the mothering arms.
And Rheims still stands, the flower of love and faith,
No longer stone and mortar, but a soul —
The love-soul of a people, splendid, bare,
Unconquered and forever unconquerable!

Good Counsel

Alice Rogers Hager

LOST BEAUTY

The sampan coolie is a dim blue figure in the river mist;
His wide hat glistens with dew from the weeping skies;
Over his shoulders his straw coat huddles grotesquely;
He crouches like a duck with ruffled feathers on the stern
of his boat.

High in the heavens he knows that Fuji hangs,
A luminous pearl that has been shut within a coffer of
mist.

She is too precious now for any but the red eyes of the
gods.

River and boatman are silent, dreaming of the hour of
her return.

The Gypsy

Alice Rogers Hager

THE SALE

Though fate foreclosed its mortgage here,
Yet all seemed in a hush.
One white hen, like a polka-dot,
Moved softly in the brush

Beneath the lilacs. In that month
Lilacs are understood
As miracles of scent and foam,
And not just leaves and wood.

The silver walls held dormant life.
It took the second rap
To rally someone to the door—
New England in a cap

And apron. "Yes, come in," she said,
Smiling, but nervous too.
"The sale ain't till tomorrow,
But there hev been quite a few

"Stopped by today. I tell them all,
'Go anywheres you please,
Though there's some things we aim to keep.'
Take care now when you squeeze

"By all these trunks — the passage-way
Is dretful dark and poky!
So chill this mornin' Jasper built
A fire — seems kinder smoky.

"Jasper's my son . . . I have to have
His say-so when I sell,
Lest somethin' of his Pa's should go —
Been dead now quite a spell,

"But he has never ceased to grieve.
It's kind of wore him down —
Thinks I, 'twould do him good to get
A nice job in the town

"With other young men of his age.
That's why we're breakin' up —
Because his health's begun to fail. . . .
Yes, that's a real old cup,

"But I don't set much store by them
That never had no handles!
The candle-sticks I'll let go too —
We've give up usin' candles.

"But 'bout the Boston rocker, well,
I'll have to ask before
I say. That may be Jasper now."
We sensed an open door,

And then a moody figure came,
The color of a shadow
And still as stone. Spring ached in him —
He'd just walked through the meadow,

And wrestled with its cruelty,
The thrust of flower and leaf.
Blue as his overalls his eyes,
His hair crow-black. His grief

Held me. I heard his mother say,
"They want to buy the rocker!"
And felt quick hatred like a gust
Of wind. A carven knocker

Shone at my feet. I picked it up
And blushed to be alive.
"But, Jasp," she whispered, guilty too,
"They've offered twenty-five!"

His silence weighed tremendously;
She shrank to meet the stern
Accusing eyes, and in their depths
We went to school to learn

Something of simple dignity.
"The rocker?" then he spoke.
"Have you forgot that it was Pa's?
D'you mean that for a joke?

"Leastways I'd rather call it that
Than think you could forget.
Suppose Pa should come back to us
And have no place to set!"

.

And when he'd gone: "Death's old to me"—
She smiled a pallid smile;
"But death is new to Jasper, seems
Like he cain't reconcile

"Himself to it. It's time we moved
If Pa is goin' to stay,
And he must always meet him by
The corn-crib or the hay.

"Yes, seven for the pewter bowl
And for the beaded purse. . . .
The change had ought to do him good—
If it don't make him worse."

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Amanda Benjamin Hall

THE VINTNER

His monstrous, tempting grapes hung high
Enough to foil the avid fox,

And like their tendrils, curling sly,
Were his own bacchanalian locks!

As dark as sin, his purple grapes,
His green grapes pale and fiery cool,
And blown to fine and subtle shapes
Like glass of some Venetian school.

He, jealous as a careful sire,
Would see their nectar stored and sealed
Among the spiders he would hire,
Small mercenaries of the field,

To guard his kingdom. Silver mold
Whitened those casks, as age his hair . . .
Men savored him as he grew old,
Finding him somehow wrong and rare,

A relish for sobriety,
With racy humor much esteemed!
But women, when he came to die,
Said he could never be redeemed,

Condemning as unsainted juice
That which with noble gesture he
Dispensed. They trafficked in abuse.
'Twas Autumn by the flaming tree

The day he went. In harvest time
At length the mellow tongue was mute,
But winds were running like a rhyme
To tattle of the unpicked fruit,

And men conceived the pagan plight
And splendor of his wasted vine,—
There hung his grapes, their jackets tight,
Their little bellies full of wine.

LINES AT THE HOME OF MARY MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

*The walls are old, the ceiling low,
But through the window lilacs blow
A phantom fragrance, to and fro . . .*

Her daughter's house is built of stone,
But she would rather live alone
And call this little roof her own.

And so, a great tree gently shakes
Soft sunlight that an old bough breaks,
And here she sews and sweeps and bakes.

"Oh, mercy me! I most forget,
Today he brings young Lafayette
And dinner is not ready yet."

*The walls are old, the ceiling low,
But through the window lilacs blow
A phantom fragrance, to and fro . . .*

The Virginia Quarterly Review Leigh Buckner Hanes

MOUNTAINS

God give me mountains
With hills at their knees,
Mountains too high
For the flutter of trees,

Mountains that know
The dark valleys of death,
That have kissed a pale star
And felt its last breath

And still, lift the dawn
In a golden rimmed cup —
God give me mountains,
And strength to climb up!

The Lyric

Leigh Buckner Hanes

All that was left
Was the mauve tint
Of an aster there,
Like a finger-print. . . .

The glint of the dew,
The flash of the sun,
The shudder of something
Frost treads upon.

And the folded hush
Of the leaves heaped high
When a spring goes dry,
When a spring goes dry.

Leigh Buckner Hanes

I.—FOR A MAN WHO WAS CONTINUOUSLY SICK

That he was thick is doubtful.
That he was sick is sure.
But he was not so thick to try
Cure after cure.

He lingered on in sickness
(Accepted it for certain)
And patiently kept waiting for
The final curtain.

His patience is rewarded.
And he is sick no more.
He died of grim bronchitis at
One hundred four.

He was a good poet;
And when he went to Heaven,

The Lord invited him
To give a weekly poetry recital
For the angels.

III.—FOR A HERO

The wind is always kind above this grave.
Sometimes it rains, but very gently — save
On afternoons when strange admirers place
A wreath of flowers on his sightless face.
Even the snow falls gently here. No sound
Is ever heard at midnight on the ground.
It was upon a ghastly midnight when
He died in saving other men.

The Harp

Henry Harrison

EPITAPH

FOR A DOG WHO LOVED TO CHASE BALLS

When God is in the mood, He lets a star
Leap through the heavens, that this dog
May chase it wide and far!

The New Leader

Henry Harrison

THE LONE WHITE GULL

I feel so lonely here tonight. It's cold,
Too. Being watchman of a ship is not
A pleasant job for one who likes a cot
At midnight. Well, I guess that I can hold
Myself together one more bell till told
That I may leave . . . God! Look at that! Look what
Goes dashing through the sky, just like a shot! —
A lone white gull, returning to her fold.

I swear I've never seen so beautiful
A sight. And don't they look like foamy waves —
Those wings of hers! Speed on, you flashing gull!
Let's see your smoke! Those wings are willing slaves!

Ah, bird, I wish you'd carry me to town.
It's time . . . All right there, Jim, I'm coming down.

The Jewish Daily Forward

Henry Harrison

"SHE CAN'T BAKE BREAD"

When I sold a poem
My mother-in-law said:
"Maybe she can write verses
But she can't
Bake bread."

So I learned to season onions
And to bake bread —
By that time my muse was lost
And my mother-in-law
Dead.

The Harp

Victoria Adelaide Harvey

THE CONTRACT

You may have my garden if you will give to me
The first pink blossom from its wild apple tree.
You may have the harvest and you may have the toil
If you will let me stretch in the black warm soil.

And all that I can say to you or you can say to me
Is, see how wide the sky is now that I am free
To cultivate my garden or investigate my soul;
Then you may play the gardener and I will play the troll.

And when you're gnarled and broken this of you I'll tell:
He had the best melons ever raised to sell.
When I am ripe and sleepy you must speak of me
As smooth, bitter fruit from a wild-apple tree.

The Midland

James Hearst

THE REASON FOR STARS

I never wonder a lot about stars.
I'm much too busy with things of this earth
That show when a season of labor is done
Just what the labor's been worth.

Stars are all right to admire like flowers,
I like to see pretty things when I'm done
Working in fields, but what do I care
Whether a star is a stone?

There's plenty to learn in the ways of a seed.
Who do you help if you study the sky?
I'm greater for holding one fruit in my hand
Than a heaven of stars in my eye.

The Midland

James Hearst

AN EAST-SIDE FUNERAL

Death, with prancing polished steeds,
Glossy chariot, tossing plume —
Death, with splendor in his weeds,
Seeks a squalid room.

Children, curious, quit their game,
Wondering that the narrow door
Where but a beggar went and came
Should draw this emperor.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Daniel Henderson

PRAYER FOR THE HUNTED

When shall the panting fox
Discover its shield
In the bosom of man
From the baying field?

When shall the fowler turn
And rend his snare

As the meshed oriole
Utters its prayer?

Francis, gospeler
To the listening wood;
Cuthbert, whom petrels heard
And understood,

Cannot mercy live
In the hearts of men?
Speak through us with love
To the wild again!

The Commonweal

Daniel Henderson

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN A STORM

Onward to the sea,
Giant Mississippi,
Safely bear us on,
Through the ragings of the storm.

Once painted warriors, Sioux,
In graceful birch canoe,
Did o'er these waters ride,
Slaves to the whirling tide.

Now men in steamboats go,
To the Gulf of Mexico,
Cradled upon thy breast
River that knows no rets.

Indians, alas, have gone,
As leaves before the storm . . .
Soon we will vanish too,
Steamboats and birch canoe.

The Chronicle

Zoe Hobbs

THROUGH DOVER STRAITS

By unseen hands drawn to the railing,
I gaze across the waters, into the night . . .

The last pale light from the French coast
Swoons into the mist.
Vast phantoms, in the moonlight,
The cliffs of England stand revealed.
Hark!
In dim echoing distances,
Sounds surf on unseen shores . . .
Half mournfully, half wistfully,
Hear its eternal dirges.
Ah! long unspoken thoughts,
That lie too deep for tears,
Sea, sky and morning,
On the altars of your beauty
I lay the incense of my dreams,
My prayers . . .
The chrisms of my soul.

The Chronicle

Zoe Hobbs

NIGHT IN THE DESERT

Sand! Sand!! Sand!!!
Endless reaches of grey sand,
Smother me! Smother me!! Smother me!!!

Look! Look!! Look!!!
The stars . . . they are
Bright! Bright!! Bright!!!

Peace! Peace!! Peace!!!
On the breast of the world I
Sleep! Sleep!! Sleep!!!

The Sentinel

Zoe Hobbs

BEFORE THE STATUE OF BUDDAH AT NIKKO

Beloved idol!
Once, in reverence,
I bowed before thee.

Christian, am I,
In this incarnation,
So I may not worship thee,
Except in memory.

The Sentinel

Zoe Hobbs

THE TULIPS POINT THEIR COLORED FLAME AND MAY

The tulips point their colored flame and May
Outsweetens April; how shall I celebrate
That day . . . my garlands on the tree? relate
The hour to no one? sit at the feast and say
No word? reach my hands through nothing? dismay
The guest when our host seems to communicate
With a phantom? No, I shall keep my appropriate
Sphere and slumber heavily through the day.

Let only the tulip burn and then go out
Like shriveled smoke. Let the cherry and plum
Some night in May shake down upon the grass,
And I shall rise and walk and never doubt
That someone calls me in his sleep with numb
Lips, and dreams his sudden tears as I pass.

Voices

Ruth Langland Holberg

WHO SHALL INHERIT THE BODY OF MY LOVER?

Who shall inherit the body of my lover?
This one his passion, that one his mind? Here are
His moods, both bitter and sweet; who shall discover
Their ways, encourage and prod him after his star?
If any take him for passion and not love his mind,
I will be as a chill or ghost between;
If any love not his love, but prefer to find
Joy in his fame, I shall cloud it like a screen.

In my straight bed I will be blind and cold;
But there shall still be fires and shoes to warm

And hands to rub and lamps to light and old
Clothes to mend and garden-plots to farm;
Things will grow and seasons be the same,
And someone will inherit a certain name.

Voices

Ruth Langland Holberg

SONNETS TO SPEAK A NAME

I.

You have not met me with a blandishment,
Nor filled this shadowed edifice of brain
With troubled kneeling, nor with mentioned rain
Come to the dust in which my roots are bent.
You have not listened to my loose-tongued words
Nor offered them esteem, you have not said
Things which made much of the unvisited
Tree which my mind supposes to shield birds.
You have been honorable as true beauty is,
Clear as cool water taut across a shoal,
Silent in silence, gifted in control
Of undiminished furies. You are this.
I, being tortured man, am only a sound
Of pain from a body flung upon the ground.

II.

You are a young tree, and a flush of green
Breaks out upon your stature as in spring
The colors of the maple seem to bring
Significance to slopes. You too have been
Long with the stony roots and velvet mold
Of other seasons in their sheets of dust,
Yet, being beautiful, your branches thrust
New fingers through these ropes of windy gold.
What have you, what, to do with me, whose grasp
Is never loosened from the polished helve
Of the small axe man wields from twelve to twelve,
The weapon he flings downward with a gasp
At bleeding notches in those speechless trees
Which to his mind are fuel for certainties?

III.

Seeing you straight and tall and finely molded,
White as that pallor from which lilies pare
The green husk of their bodies; seeing your hair
Like gathered wisps of wind not bound nor folded
By any but their proper darknesses;
Seeing your hands, your forehead and your eyes,
I know that I could touch you and be wise
Beyond all want of other loves than these.
Yet all these elements are shadows only,
Over the being's water, of a flight
Of sea-bird woman, delicate and lonely,
Carrying a breath, a wit, a circling light,
A flash of colored mind from sea to star
In search of islands where no islands are.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Raymond Holden

WANDERERS IN SHADOW

In wind and shadow walk these lonely shapes,
Along the years of desolation borne;
They hear the wash of seas on windy capes,
The crumbled waves that on the reefs are torn.
They little mind the menace of the gale
Or leaden rains that darken out the moon.
No heed have they of time or outward ail
But lowly with their bitter thoughts commune.
The night is theirs, a hollow sounding space,
A dim retreat wherein the wounded brood;
The winding world a gloomy trammled maze.
They walk apart, with life an endless feud;
And from the piers they hear oblivion roar
Over a dream that flamed and came no more.

The Golden Quill

John Lee Higgins

APRIL MOTLEY

These are the days of being a little mad;
Light and shadow are shaken with crazy mirth;

The wind in the willows is mad;
The grass roots sing a madness under the earth;
The birch is whispering wildly beneath his bark,
And the broad hill swells with madness along his slow
gray arc.

It is not safe to walk with the earth today,
Then let us walk and be mad, and trade the dust
Of bodies for light today;
And blood for the sap of wind, and break the crust
Of this dream we live of slowness and shape and weight
And the spirit dis-spirited tugging forever its fleshly
freight.

We will walk now on the light of the April noon
As bees do, crystal-winged, or snakes of wind,
We will walk till the mad blue noon
Wears out at length in the west, and the dark is thinned
With stars, and mad words whispered are suddenly
Merged in the madness of night like birds in a cloudy
tree.

The New Republic

Frank Ernest Hill

THE ROCK WRESTLER

Matt Jersey was not daunted by the rocks:
He dug them from the ledge to make his house,
He plowed them up and filled his wagon box
And walled his pasture with them. When the cows

Needed a trough, he took it from the field
In rock on rock. When anyone would say
The soil was rocky: "Gives a better yield,"
Matt would reply. "The rocks break up the clay."

His neighbors fought the rocks and year by year,
Like men that thrust all day against a wall,
Wore thin and yellow. Matt was red with cheer,
And had a wrestler's love to lift and haul,

And throve on bruises. Let the soil be tough!
He whipped it harder, till at last the land

Seemed to give way, and knew it had enough,
And like a broken horse beneath his hand

Went tamely. . . . So for thirty years, and then,
Running to stop a team beside a wall,
Crowded upon the rocks, unbalanced when
The horses swerved, he toppled to a fall

And struck the road below him, thirty feet,
And never went again with horse or plow.
The old men whispered: "Well, he couldn't beat
The rocks at last—the rocks have got him now."

No word of answer could he say to that,
Yet from the grave they scooped against the hill
I think there would be laughter now if Matt
Could laugh. I think he never had his fill

Of rocks, but trading with them blow for blow
Above the earth, was more than satisfied
To get their dark companionship below.
I think their hardness pleased the rugged pride

That roused him to be brave where others shrank,
And leaves him now more life than will be found
Among the poor of heart who all but thank
The accident that put him underground.

The New Republic

Frank Ernest Hill

SIX PASTORALS

I

So soft in the hemlock wood
The phoenix sang his lullaby,
Shepherds drowsed where they stood,
Slumber felled each passer-by,
And lovers at their first caress
Slept in virgin loveliness.

Not for mortal eye to see
Naked life arise from embers;

Only the dark hemlock tree
Evergreen itself, remembers
How the Word came into being,
No man hearing, no man seeing.

From the taut bow of sleep
Shoots the phoenix toward the day,
Shepherds wake and call their sheep,
Wanderers go on their way.
Unaware how death went by
Lovers under the hemlocks lie.

II

August afternoon in a drowse,
No leaf moving on the boughs,
No ripple moving on the pool
Nor a thought in the mind of summer's fool
Who treads the shadow of delight;
Morning, afternoon, and night,
He treads the shadow of delight.

Tell him how the blackbirds flew
To form their flocks, two by two;
Warn him with the goldenrod
And brown seeds from the lily pod.
Stir the air with solemn warning
Afternoon, and night, and morning,
Till he heed your autumn warning.

Summer's fool will never heed
Though the whole earth go to seed.
Death will catch him unaware
With the vine leaves in his hair.
Leave him to his dream, for soon
Morning, night, or afternoon,
He will waken — all too soon!

III

Piping Anne and husky Paul
Once they swelled our madrigal,

It is the memory of one
Who at the rising of the sun
Went down the other road from mine.
It is a memory held too long;
Take thou the memory with the song.

VI

You cannot hear me, for my lute
Is old; the silver strings
Are almost mute
While rings
The blare of horn and clarion.
But song so noisily begun
Ends with the players' breath;
When they are done
And death
Scatters the final blast they dinned,
The lute still whispers in the wind.

The Independent

Robert Hilleyer

THE BALLAD OF THE DARK BROTHER

I

When you were only twelve or so
And I was scarcely older,
We'd bend our heads above a book,
Shoulder touching shoulder.

And my black hair would tumble down
And your gold hair would follow,
And there we'd huddle half the night
Until the hearth burned hollow.

And people seeing you would say,
"A brave lad and fleet;
And he is tall and golden
As any sheaf of wheat."

But "He is dark," they'd say of me,
"As any raven's wing.
It is apparent he will live
To do a dreadful thing."

When you were eighteen, more or less,
And I was maybe twenty,
My days and nights I spent alone,
But you had girls a-plenty.

And folks would say, "The chaste youth
Girls are in vain adoring,
While his dark brother skulks all day
And spends the night a-whoring."

And when we grew to manhood
The neighbors' brats would sing
Songs about a wheat ear
And a crow's wing.

II

Those who sang the loudest then
Find it hard believing
That my two feet are still on earth
While you hang high for thieving.

Tall brother, golden brother,
Let the brats sing;
It is certain I have lived
To do a dreadful thing.

I have risen in the night,
Having sworn a vow
To find you and to cut you down
From a gnarled bough.

I have carried you for miles —
Sticky shroud of pitch! —
Wrapped you in an old coat
And laid you in a ditch.

I have hidden you from sight
Of those who would be scorning;
Then I squatted on your grave
And cried until morning:

“Sing, gentle neighbors,
Dirty brats, sing
Of a wheat ear laid low
And a crow’s wing.”

The Bookman

Lindley Williams Hubbell

SINNER

I like a man who has sinned
In his youth — it is different
With those who have never known
How a strong will can be bent.

I like a man whom desire
Has blasted, riven and scarred.
He knows the road that others go,
Because his own was hard.

Better a man who has sinned
Than all the saints in the sod.
They have known peace,
But he knows God.

Lindley Williams Hubbell

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

MONA

She lived in sinful happiness
And died in pain,
But she danced in sunshine
And laughed in rain.

She went one summer morning
When flowers spread the plain,

But she told my mother
She was coming back again.

The old folks made a coffin
And hid her deep in earth.
Seems like she said: My body
Brings new birth.

For sure there grew flowers
And tall young trees
And sturdy weeds and grasses
To sway in the breeze.

And sure she lived in growing things
With no pain
And laughed in sunshine
And danced in rain.

Opportunity

Langston Hughe.

HE VISITS A HOSPITAL

Now why should I, who sneer and frown
With misanthropic hate,
Be, in this horizontal town,
Swiftly compassionate?

And curiously why should I
For all my lordly scorn
Shake at the knees to see men die
Oh hear them being born?

My coat of artificial rock
Externally is firm:
Inside, susceptible of shock,
And flabby as a worm,

Secretively there lurks, I think,
The kind of soul that crawls,
For otherwise, why should I shrink
At entering these walls?

Voices

Rolfe Humphries

CROQUIS

I

She likes little flames
Intimate and still —
Candle-light, stars at night
Fingering a hill.

Frail points of fire,
Twitching to a blur
In garnet-colored cups of glass,
Do strange things to her.

She likes lights in corners
Or high up on a shelf.
It would trouble her to know
The flame that is herself.

II

"Build a wall of laughter,"
She always said.
Who could know that vines would stain it
With such red?

"Build with jagged jests and
Chuckles between."
Who could know that moss would choke it
So with green?

"Let life dash against it,"
She would say.
Who could know the bitterness
In flying spray?

III

She may well miss joy
Who can bend words to a ring,

And wish herself a gold gown
Or trees or anything.

Pain can never weaken
Or hurt her overlong
Who catches it in cups of words
To toss away in song.

There is nothing left
For which she must be brave
Who has heard words falling
Like earth in a grave.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Hazel Collister Hutchison*

MYSTERIES

God was very good to me;
He made me graceful as a tree.
He gave me hair to match His night
With dusting from His swept starlight.
My eyes He matched with autumn's pool,
As brown and deep, as warm and cool.
My lips' crushed carmine from a rose
He took, with sweet His earth bestows.
My hand is lily's creamness dipped
With fingers pinkly-petaled tipped.
My body pregnated with joy
And essenced for a girl or boy.
A nameless something, too, He gave
That gently grasses for a grave.
So I believe, as you can see,
God was very good to me.

The Gypsy

Winifred Virginia Jackson

TALES OF WOMEN

I

SEVENSOMENESS

A cloud to her
Was a thing to ride

With reins of lightning
On either side.

And thunder was
But a silly note
Of jealousy
From a comet's throat.

And moons and stars
Were but sticks and stones
To brush from her path
Like old shank bones.

Heat and cold
Were a gay deceit
On the suns' light tongues
Of a tale grown sweet.

Night and day
Were but the ravel
Of time's long thread
On the coat of travel.

Rain and hail
Were no more than grace
Of sun-warmed mist
On Queen Anne's lace.

A cloud to her
Was her soul's desire.
Oh, stone . . . dust . . .
Water . . . fire . . .

II

CLAY THINGS

Never having had,
Never having known,
One bone is good
As any other bone.

Little bones look
Just about the same.
What care little bones
For a pretty name?

Little bones that lie
White in the sun
Are black as black
When light is done.

Little bones that lie
In a dark bed,
Never lift a foot,
Never turn a head,

Never pull a cover
Up, never try,
Nor care if weather
Be wet or dry.

So why should I,
At no small cost,
Trouble about bones
Either gained or lost?

*Never having had,
Never having known,
One bone is good
As any other bone.*

III

HEDGE-ROW AND SEA-WEED

She was a glad one —
A golden bloom
Of a candle light
In a darkened room.

She was a gay one,
And loved a boat,
Nor cared for holes
In her petticoat.

At a stitch in time
She made faces,
Twisting her mouth
In red grimaces.

*"Nobody cares,"
She laughing cried,
"For a hole in the sock
Of a beggar's child!"*

She loved to hear
Old sailors talk;
And watch young sailors
Roll in a walk.

She loved strange tales
Of deep-sea waters,
And round, sound oaths
Of mermen's daughters.

Of lots of things
As they ought to be
She never heard
From men on the quay.

So one dark night,
When a sailor came,
Her body blazed
In a curious flame;

The sailor being
That kind of a man,
She went with him
To Samboran.

As sometimes happens,
With an ocean rover,
The salt of the sea
Is salt for a lover;

So one day he said
Over his pipe,

His arm on her waist,
"Well, cherries are ripe!"

And being a man
With a pedigree,
He saved her soul
From jeopardy.

*She was a glad one —
A golden bloom
Of a candle light
In a darkened room.*

IV

PEAR SEEDS

She lit a lamp
And went up stairs,
Her long red pocket
Full of pears.

She put the lamp down
On the table's cloth
White, as the anger
Of a Goth.

Her eyes were stars
As she took a rocker,
And sat herself down
Like a scandal talker.

She rocked and rocked,
And the pears she ate; —
They were quite wrecked
At half-past eight.

On the white cloth
Lay the seeds in a row,
Like new, black kittens
Dropped in the snow.

"One, two, three, four,—
You are out!"

She counted them over
Not missing one,
Then said to herself,—
"Well, that is done!"

She put on her coat
And a ribbon bonnet,
Said a few words,
The last one— *hornet*,

Then climbed out the window,
And jumped to the ground:
The print of her heel
Was all they found.

Her father swore
And her mother cried;
But her old grandmother
Both smiled and sighed,

*Remembering a long,
Long ago desire,
And a young lad's mouth
As hot as fire,*

*Not forgetting
To wish she had
Climbed out the window
And gone with her lad.*

She smiled and sighed
And went to bed;
In the morning
She was dead;

But the smile was left
On her old face
Like a lovely lie
Held in place.

BIGBY'S BAR

She liked a story
But not too well
Ripened on the lips
Of a Damorel;

For a Damorel
Was the kind of a man
That tried his fat
In a frying-pan

And never put
A potato in it
To clear it up —
No, not for a minute!

And she was young;
She was sweet
Through fourteen hours
On her feet

At Bigby's Bar,
Where shore-leaves came
And blushed in their cups
Breathing her name,

Offering theirs,
Sprayed with the sea,
Salt with the wish
Of her on a knee.

So a Damorel,
Smelling of hay,
Needs must chink
A guinea for pay

In his cups or out,
And doff his hat,
Or she'd snap her fingers —
Just like that —

Right in his face,
Right over the bar,
And tell him to go
To Hellintar!

This Damorel,
When sobered up,
Knew she was sweet
As a bone to a pup;

And knew to a T
She would bite and scratch
At the uninvited
Lift of the latch.

So he figured it out,
And went to get her
With a new gold ring
And a promise to whet her

To the Parson's gate.
She liked a story
But not too ripe
On the lips of a Tory.

VI

SUSIE

Susie was proud
Of her small foot
As a great oak tree
Of its root.

Some there were
Who couldn't abide her;
Said she was worse
Than hard cider

For growing lads;
That she made the devil
Hold her hands
And walk her level.

Susie's hair
Was crowy black;
A yard or more
Hung down her back.

Susie's nose
Was tipped to smell
The smoke, they said,
Of fires in hell.

Susie's eyes
Were black as buttons
On a new shoe,
And they were gluttons

For young lads' eyes,
Wide with shine
Of admiration,
Red as wine.

She couldn't help it:
She was born
In her mother's side
Like a thorn

Hid in a rose,
When the moon
Stirred the night
Like a golden spoon.

Susie danced
Down at Bailey's —
Superbly as
The A. Borealis.

One fine night
To Bailey's came
Old Lord Tiffle
With a bag of game.

He set it down,
With a little cough,

And just about then
The cover blew off

His hot old heart,
And it boiled over
Lovely words
Cooked for a lover.

*Everyone knew
That Susie's toe
Kicked that cover
To Jericho*

He was foolish,
So everyone said,
For wedding her
Ere they went to bed.

He didn't agree,
Until the Queen
On seeing Susie,
Vented her spleen

Uncomfortably
And cut off his head.
"His," said Susie,
"Was a hard bed."

VII

WINGREEN HILL

Wingreen Hill
On a starry night
Was a sweet to her
And a warm delight.

And Johnny-a-Long
Was an added sweet
That a kiss or two
Could quite complete.

But Johnny-a-Long
Held Wingreen Hill

But a taste in his mouth
Of a sugar pill;

And he never meant
Half that he said,
Changing his loves
Like sheets on a bed

When they were wrinkled
And none too clean.
Johnny-a-Long
Was rather mean

When he blew out a wick,
And left it black,
With breathy words
As sharp as a tack.

She was sorry
And cried and cried
When her apron strings
Were longer tied;

And her father swore
A great, round oath,
Something to her,
And something to both

When properly phrased
To Johnny-a-Long,
For his ears burned black
As a poker's tong;

And he went with her
To the Parson's room,
Where he made her a bride
And himself a groom.

Wingreen Hill
Johnny remembers
With a chill in his spine
Like cold Decembers.

But his smile for her
Is bright as tin,
If his tongue is pricked
By a liar's pin;

And he tries to be
A good sort of mate;
He goes to bed
At half-past eight.

VIII

APPLES AND PEARS

She was afraid
Of cold and hunger;
Both quite easily
Tore her asunder.

She wanted a ring
And a prayer said over
The first red kiss
Of her mouth's first lover;

But times were bad
And days rolled under
The roof of her head
Like river thunder.

She wasn't one
To beat her breast
Like a Dorham drum
For a grave's rest.

Her hair was too black,
And her eyes too brown,
Not to find a mirror
In a crowded town;

So she stole a dress
And a yellow feather,
And went out smirking
In the fall weather.

And what were they for
If not for use,
With fingers cold
And shoestrings loose,

And a ha'penny bed
Soft for a shilling,
And three tall gentlemen
Merry and willing.

She was sorry,
But she was able
To eat three meals
At a pretty table,

And look as fresh
As a strawberry tart
Straight from the oven.
Oh, she was smart,

But she was afraid
Of cold and hunger;
Both quite easily
Tore her asunder.

IX

HER TONGUE WAS LONG

Her tongue was long
And hung in the middle,
Rolling at both ends
A high-diddle-diddle

Of words like thunder;
And words at best
But a hen's cackling
Off of a nest.

His ears were tuned
To the voice of God
And His whispers lisped
In the green sod.

So, her Willie this —
And her Willie that —
Were blinding as
Light to a bat;

And pricked his mind,
Like a briar
Hidden in words
From the tongue of a liar.

To end it all
He'd wind the clock
And beg of sleep
To bag her talk;

But that didn't work,
As he soon saw,
For his rest was hard
On the softest straw.

There was nothing left
But to hasten off
To a Lunnun gent,
With a troublesome cough,

Whose quill was black
With India ink
That ran on paper
All he could think.

*Here Willie grew
To man's estate,
His stout quill spreading
Love and hate,*

*And praise for a Queen,
Blame for a Lord,
Resurrecting
Out of the sod*

*Old wives' tales,
And old men's talk,*

*The while gold guineas
Stuffed his sock.*

If her tongue had been short,
And her body warm,
Undoubtedly
'Twould have been a harm.

The Maine Bulletin

Winifred Virginia Jackson

STUMPS

For forty years the northwest pasture lot
Had furnished ash and oak to feed the stoves
That ate them greedily. Then Epsom Groves,
Grown stump-sick watching slinking shadows caught
In sun-downs, where the stumps and seedlings fought
Grotesquely in the snow, munched blist-hot cloves
Till spring brought windless days for fire droves
To browse on shoots and stumps, gaunt-ribbed with rot.
Then years went on, one on another's heel,
With long days chained to fire and crowbar toll
Of stumps in Epsom's mind; the night's black peel
Of sleep was slit as by a knife for dole
Of roots in earth's cold bowels. Neighbors feel
That his was a strange end in that old stump hole.

Contemporary Verse

Winifred Virginia Jackson

WORDS UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away . . ."

I

Your heart is music from the hills,
A singing mouth of amethyst against dark walls,
The argent patter of shy song
From an old April rain. . . .

Walk bitterly beyond these streets,
And learn a quarrel for your grave:

Here is the jeweled grass, and here the falling sound
Of a pale leaf at dusk is spent.

II

Who has given you, lover, lover,
The wind's fingers?
Trembling, trembling, you startle the midnight;
Fiercely, you crumble the walls;
Strangely, you reach beyond the tiredness and old
Despair, beyond the mist and snow,
The smoke, tears, sweat and blood,
Beyond the unending hunger of the rain. . . .

O now and forever more beyond these stones,
Grasp for the touch of fervent noons,
And seek the fragile store of shadows cast
By the first golden trees of Spring!

III

Bid love come lonely to you; lonely, shy and young,
Within the twilight gently to your side,
As if upon a hushed, a bright-hooved steed.
You will have words at midnight, slow and still; a song
Murmured by leaves, or by her throat's white reed.
Then quiet, and the night all gone to rest,
And, like a small and silver-colored bird,
Sudden, the moonlight quivering on her breast.

IV

Silence shall come and be to you
A temple door beyond the sea,
A cool and hidden marble in a grove,

A slight tree trembling with delight of green,
An hour moving single as the black
Passage of lone unquiet ships. . . .

Silence shall come when all the words have died,
And the grim dawn has crept against the shore
Of brooding night, sharply with gaunt white prow. . . .

V

Return then quietly unto the sun,
That is a white stranger at each wall;
Nor beat your breast, nor bend too low
Your eyes that brood all night and day
On the slender moon, on her silver feet.

The night is over, and the sleep is done;
Now the old men do grow more tall
With the height of phylacteries on each brow . . .
Like weary limbs, by doors grown gray,
The hours move within this street.

Return, remembering how pass
Singing, the golden hooves and the crimson tread!
Nor ask, how strange is tiredness,
Nor for the sound of singers dead.

The Menorah Journal

Alexander Javitz

TIGER

Taut and poised,
Her golden skin
Scorns the gown
It's wrapped in.

Swift she moves
With a proud glitter,
Her voice a snarl
Of sweet and bitter.

And none can pierce
The jungle maze
That lurks behind
Her silken gaze.

Taunt her, perhaps,
But you will flee
Before her mind's
Bright savagery.

Books—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Oliver Jenkins

NEW HAMPSHIRE

this country with its quiet dreaming,
this place lost in a clear rigid pool
of complacent historical anecdotes,
wanders about in a daze of inquiry.
rows of question marks
 balanced
on mountain peaks
 dancing
on rocks on sands
 hooking
over limbs of maple trees
dropping out of clouds over
Contoocook Winnisquam Massabesic
with a people
curled up in the loops.

IV

how many years make a memory?
how many years until a proud country
croons itself to sleep
with a lilac blossom on its breast?

III

New Hampshire
is an old lady
with snow hair
hiding her feet
under a fluted skirt.

IV

roads in the mountains,
in the valleys,
crooked parchment roads
cutting the hearts
of little villages.

old wrinkled roads
unravelling
in a lake of birches.

V

tell me,
did the Hesperides
ever
have apples
such as these?

VI

"Lafayette stopped here."
have you tried
our special dollar
chicken dinner?

VII

when it thunders
in the mountains
of New Hampshire,
it is only an old
 drunken god
beating his fists
against the moon.

The American Mercury

Oliver Jenkins

MIRABILIA

Ever since Plato there have been a few,
Self-exiled in the world, who have divined
That Triple Name the Eleusinians knew,
Before whose glory even they stood blind.
They serve the Undemonstrable, perplexed
Neither by Paracelsus nor by those
Who preach confusion from a Gothic text,
With many a lesser Frater of the Rose.

Our eyes, not theirs, have lost the gift of sight;
No temple save our own has been defiled;
The garlands that we wove, the wine we poured,
Are gone with many another lovely rite;
And we forget how, trustful as a child,
Blake parleyed with the angels of the Lord.

The Commonweal

Leslie Nelson Jennings

SUMMER MATURES

Summer matures. Brilliant Scorpion
Appears. The pelican's thick pouch
Hangs heavily with perch and slugs.
The brilliant-bellied newt flashes
Its crimson crest in the white water.
In the lush meadow, by the river,
The yellow-freckled toad laughs
With a toothless gurgle at the white-necked stork
Standing asleep on one red reedy leg.
And here Pan dreams of slim stalks clean for piping,
And of a nightingale gone mad with freedom.
Come. I shall weave a bed of reeds
And willow limbs and pale night flowers.
I shall strip the roses of their petals,
And the white down from the swan's neck.
Come. Night is here. The air is drunk
With wild grape and sweet clover.
And by the sacred fount of Aganippe
Euterpe sings of love. Ah, the oodland creatures,
The doves in pairs, the wild sow and her shoats,
The stag searching the forest for a mate,
Know more of love than you, my callous Phaon.
The young moon is a curved white scimitar
Pierced through the swooning night.
Sweet Phaon. With Sappho sleep like the stars at dawn.
This night was born for love, my Phaon.
Come.

Opportunity

Helene Johnson

FINALITY

When love's triumphant day is done,
Go forward! leave me to the night
Beneath the coldly staring stars,
The waiting winter and its blight.

Seek other, fairer, lips, forget!
Forbid your lightest thought to stray
In simple kindliness or grief
Upon the closing backward way.

For I would never hold the heart
That mutely quivers to be free.
Unfurl your restless wings, away!
And leave the emptiness to me!

The Crisis

Georgia Douglas Johnson

WISHES

I'm tired of pacing the petty round of the ring of the
thing I know —

I want to stand on the daylight's edge and see where the
sunsets go.

I want to sail on a swallow's tail and peep through the
sky's blue glass.

I want to see if the dreams in me shall perish or come to
pass.

I want to look through the moon's pale crook and gaze on
the moon-man's face.

I want to keep all the tears I weep and sail to some un-
known place.

Crisis

Georgia Douglas Johnson

JUDE

John's mother said Jude lost her husband,
Him being shot one moonlight night;
Her eldest son was drowned; her youngest
Was snake-bit — he her heart's delight;

That all alone Jude stayed and lived there
Close by the mountain thundering down
Its loosened rocks through stunted hemlocks,
Where sun-seared August baked grass brown.

John's mother said that Dan's young brother
Went off and lost himself one day
While gunning white-tails, and he come on
Out by her corn and pole-stacked hay.

Raw partridge breast and trout that's tasteless
To even lost men, lacking salt,
And Dan's young brother said he shook so
That glad he was to make a halt.

He said she fed him out of the garden
But not a question asked she him
Of anyone, not even of the shooting
Of Paul done by Old George's Tim.

And Dan's young brother said the Valley
Set her no kith or kin to them,
For Paul, he got her from the city,
All highfaluting, root and stem.

When Dan's young brother showed me up there
I took some useful things along,
A feeling riled and pound-proud righteous
As Preacher Markham on ping-pong.

She met me social, bringing china,
As thin, and brewed a cup of tea;
And when I went she gave me, smiling,
A Plutach book to take with me.

John's mother said, upon the telling,
Slow stroking of her old black cat,
"She talked of Jenny Lind—and posies . . .
Some women, well, some *are* like that!"

THE LOGS THEY ROLL

*The logs they roll an' roll an' roll,
Stick on, By Golly!
An' roll an' roll an' roll an' roll,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*We've drivin' pitch, we've drivin' pitch,
Stick on, By Golly!
Yer peavey hitch, yer peavey hitch,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*Ez tends the sluice, Ez tends the sluice,
Stick on, By Golly!
Hell's Gut is loose, Hell's Gut is loose,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*The logs they buck, the logs they buck,
Stick on, By Golly!
Ol' Jonah's luck, Ol' Jonah's luck,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*Yuh Ho-o-o! A jam! Yuh Ho-o-o! A jam!
Stick on, By Golly!
At ol' Bog Dam, at ol' Bog Dam,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*Jean broke the jam, Jean broke the jam,
Stick on, By Golly!
Jean wuz a clam, Jean wuz a clam,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*Jean who is drown'? Jean who is drown'?
Stick on, By Golly!
Hell sogged him down, hell sogged him down,
Stick on, By Golly!*

*Our Jean wuz brave, our Jean wuz brave,
Stick on, By Golly!
O-o-h! dig his grave, O-o-h! dig his grave,
Stick on, By Golly!*

"Who-o e-e-e-e e-e-e-e o-o-o-h! Who-o e-e-e-e e-e-e-e o-o-o-h!"

Stick on, By Golly!

Grub, grub! Here's go! Grub, grub! Here's go!

Stick on, By Golly!

The logs they roll an' roll an' roll,

Stick on, By Golly!

An' roll an' roll an' roll an' roll,

Stick on, By Golly!

The Forester

Alexander Jones

FOUR SONNETS

I

RESURRECTION

The slender furrows turning green again

Once held the simple hope that men found fair,

And old Egyptian builders, brown and bare,

Carved on the tomb a sheaf of ripened grain;

The plowman sowing in the warm sweet rain,

While slow-paced oxen drew the gleaming share,

Saw lost Persephone rise golden there,

And drive her flame-wheeled car across the plain.

In fruitful valley, high wheat-crested hill,

And vineyard where the purple pigeons start,

Life waked to light and faith in life was born;

But earth's long winter lingered on until

Within the tear-sown meadow of man's heart

Christ stood among the rows of ripened corn.

II

HARVEST

Antiquity's dim prophets dreading dearth

In field and vineyard, by a shore forlorn

Heaped mystic sheaves that their wild god reborn

Should fill the Eleusinian caves with mirth;

But one who watched the seed return to earth

When Israel's ploughmen sowed the autumn corn

Beneath the fading Pleiades at morn,
Saw deeper miracles of death and birth.

Now, as in ages past, the mottled green
Mellows to gold upon the upland steep,
And by the yellow hay-rick laborers lean;
Yet richer harvests that no man may reap
Lie where flame-girded angels stoop to glean
From God's calm acre fruits of them that sleep.

III

CLONMACNOISE

No autumn woods have wreathed with deepest red
The god-like conquerors that sleep uncrowned
In riven tumulus and ruined mound,
Their mighty deeds by time discredited;
No vineyard pall of purpling gold is spread
Above the Fenian hunter and his hound,
Or saint who waits an angel's horn unwound
Across the lonely meadows of the dead.

But one last Hero holds the wasted field,
Whose fallen greatness makes all triumph vain
By memory of a sepulchre unsealed;
And still one reaper waits by Ciaran's plain
To take his tythe of sheaves, where shield on shield
Earth's golden kings are strewn like garnered grain.

IV

LINDISFARNE

Here rose the dream of centuries, held fast
In stones that breathed through nature's huge design
Of vaulted dome and columns' clustered line
The adoration of the ages past;
It lingers still, though time has overcast
The perishable walls, and shore-weeds twine

Down aisles which led by pageantries divine
From saint and prophet to Christ's Heart at last.

Here rolls the north wind's mighty orison,
Blending with chants of greater dreams to be
A requiem for deeds forever done;
And like the shadow of infinity,
Lit by the rising and the setting sun,
Beyond these ruined arches shines the sea.

The Sewanee Review

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

THE SNOW OF THE OKOBOJI

Now all brave Iowayans listen to me,
I'll tell of a dreadful massacre;
I know that it was long before
I went away to the Civil War. . . .

*Inkpaduty is wild and brown:
Up the hills, and over and down
He's rode away with a maiden fair
From the snow of the Okoboji!*

Oh, it was a cold and mournful night
When the settlers saw a hideous sight —
Those Indian fires against a sky
Coppery-red as the tongues leaped high —

Indian fingers picking at the door,
Indian drums down under the floor,
Indian teeth a-waiting outside —
And Indian feet like a catamount's glide . . .

I've heard tell how Harriott died:
Seven Sioux corpses lying at his side,
And his brave face set at a frozen grin
With his brains half out and his brains half in;

Doctor Harriott clung like the itch
To his rifle, busted across the breech.

No part of that gun was fit to save . . .
But his hands still grasp it in his grave!

*Inkpaduty is brown and wild;
He's rode away with a red-lipped child.
His teepees smoke on the plains so far
From the snow of the Okoboji!*

Gardners, Marbles, Mattocks and more —
Butchered and dragged from their humble door.
Oh, sad those winds on the northern hills
As Inkpaduty's war cry chills.

*Inkpaduty's uncle was
The chief Sidominadoty . . .
He's carried Abbie Gardner away
To the buffalo grass of Dakoty!*

All praise for the Pioneer Company —
For one of those rescuers was me!
And all this happened long before
I went away to the Civil War.

The Midland

MacKinlay Kantor

"THE BIG PARADE"

As you were, as you were!
In the din of the beat
Of a hundred thousand hammers
Born of bronze;
As you were, as you were!
Oh, we heard the hobnails eat
From the parade ground at Mills
To Chalons.

And some were country boys,
Gaudy-haired, bawdy-mouthed —
(And Nick sold ties in a store.)
And some were waiters, and some were plutes,
And some of the loots .
Never say, "As you were, as you were!"
Anymore.

Up and down from Ioway,
Alabama, N'York,
Chi—and from Ohio
Their bronze feet beat;
Marne—Meuse—Ourcq
Wallowed from their stinking banks
At the metal howl of Yanks . . .
“As you were, as you were!”

Up from out of hidden dust
From the cannons' buried lust:
“Yea bo, yea bo—
Soo-ven-eer!”
We hear their shady feet beat,
Feet beat, feet beat . . .
Christ! Wish you'd pound back
In the yowl of five-point-nines,
In the polished helmet lines,
Whir, whir, whir!

*Pound back, gang,
As you were . . . as you were . . .*

American Poetry Magazine

MacKinlay Kantor

THE WET BOY RUNNING

*. . . Drew him out of the blackness;
His leg was twisted string—
“Go, take him right home,”
The smooth trees said,
For they could feel him cold and dead—
“He's such a little thing!”*

But seven miles south of Stamford, he slid from out the
car
And went rough-riding over the corn, galloping so
far . . .
We knotted a cobweb lasso to snare his muddy head:
“Fie, fie,” the scented phlox folks sang,
“He is not dead.”

And up to the windmills' mutter, far faster than a brant
He flew and he whooped, "Come catch me. I am sure
you can't!"

All of our fingers had him — but he was as the air.

We hunted in the columbine . . .

"He is not there."

With every collie in farmyard yipping a view-halloo,
He coursed like a green-corn devil on hunted wings of
blue;

They say his dust was frosty-sweet over the roads and
sod . . .

"How can he fly across the sky?

He is not God!"

With horns and a silky laughter he pattered to the town:
"Rouse up and welcome, you sleepers! You never saw
me drown!"

There in the car we found him (that night was cloth-
damp)

Sleeping tight in his rubber skin,

His foot a cramp.

"Go, take him away —"

The trees were mean;

"He's tired, too, and just thirteen . . .

He's such a little thing."

Voices

MacKinlay Kantor

THE LEAVEN

I am the spirit restless.

Over the world with anxious haste I rush.

I know not always what I seek nor why.

Mine is the urge of pursuit resistless

I am the spirit hurried;

Of those who search for quick fame.

I am the laughing demon of the dancing

Dervishes of flying feet and heart beats flurried.

I am the urger on of the fighter
In the arena of the prize fight,
Where the shouting people applaud my power.
I am the king of the bitten and the biter.

I am in the laugh of the weary girls,
Pouring up from the subway,
Filled with the sweat of the factories,
Hurrying toward the night's gay whirls.

I am the presser on of the crowds
Among the bulls and bears of Wall Street
I press till the bullet ends the fight
And the mad brain bursts in humid clouds.

I am the spirit of the ravisher and thief.
I make their wild hearts beat the tune of hate
And blood and lust, while they murder and rape,
Till they land at last on the reef.

I am the spirit of eternal hurry
Created by whom I know not, nor do any.
By my power was evolution begun,
And man sent forth through storms and flurry.

I tear open the bowels of the earth
To tunnel a way for mad trains.
I rush the building of a great city.
I hurry the crowds to the halls of mirth.

I am the spirit resistless
Restless I urge on the good,
Striving to make the world over,
Hope working ever optimistic.

I am the spirit of the evangelist,
Striving to keep fundamentalism.
I am the scientist
Battering superstition with his naked fist.

I am the spirit of the great unknown,
The leaven which seethes in the bread.

In the peace of death I have no part,
I am life and life alone.

The Lariat

Lillian Sue Keech

THE ANSWER

(To Rudyard Kipling)

At your eleventh hour of blood and flame
We gave our answer to a thankless call
By setting our backs with yours against the wall —
Paid with your shameless, small, black words of blame,
True coinage of the ingrate, after all!

But let us build no more, in bickering rhyme,
Old, sick mendacities of Use and Time,
Nor with safe words our little hatreds wreak,
Skulking beneath the Literary Lie! . . .
Only the unspeaking Dead have right to speak —
Unless to live, through such times, is *to die!* . . .

Youth, born for life and song, we urged embark
Down to the songless, grim, un pitying Dark;
While in sure traps their shortened days were caught
We sang their battles, but we never fought!

Then, that such deaths of slaughtered youth may cease,
In Life's great name, let us make songs of peace!

The Nation

Harry Kemp

SURPRISE

When I hear words
I have uttered to you and forgotten,
They are like birds
That have flown in the autumn
To the south,

Returning in spring with youth in the heart
And song in the mouth!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Sally Bruce Kinsolving*

DEATH AND DANCING

Dancing, they talked of the dead girl Anna.
They were sad, thinking of Anna.
Dancing lightly, dancing gracefully, they were sad,
thinking of Anna.
Saxophone, violin, drum
Droned out a sweet waltz, a soft waltz, a slow waltz.
One two three, one two three, one two three, one.
The dead girl Anna had roses in her hair,
The dead girl Anna, God but she was fair.
One two three, one two three, one two three, one.
"Your hair is sweet, your body is fair,
Anna's body tonight is where?"
One two three, one two three, one two three, one two
three.
She was Anna's friend,
He was Anna's lover:
Will the dancing never end?
The earth is cold above her.
One two three, one two three, one two three, one two
three.
Lithe in his arms, warm in his arms,
She dances gracefully, thinking of death.
Strong in her arms, solid in her arms,
He dances lightly, thinking of death.
One two three, one two three, one two three, one two
three.
Death and dancing, dancing and death.
Death has taken Anna, Anna was a dancer,
Anna was a dancer and danced with death.
One two three, one two three, one two three, one two
three.
Pirouette sadly, fair friend of Anna,
Whirl around lightly, man who loved Anna,
Pirouette, whirl around, thinking of Anna,

Thinking of Anna, dancing, dancing, thinking of Anna,
thinking of death.

One two three, one two three, one two three, one two
three,

One two three, one two three, one two three, one two

The Nation

Donald Kirkley

THE MARKET

I have seen beautiful things in the marketplace:

Gold pyramids, curling leaves of lace

(Parsley they called it — sold it by the pound
To eager men and women crowding round).

I have seen all the graceful draperies

Of corn torn back to show the symmetries

Of rounded kernels set in perfect rows

(Strict-metred lines of verse that still are prose).

I have seen amber honey in a glare

Of autumn sunlight — poetry as rare

As any made by wild Hyblæan bee

Back in the golden age of poesie.

Gay things I have seen upon a market day —

The gayest, piled up lacquers on a tray;

Men bought them — peppers, yellow, green, and red —

And took them home. Men's bodies must be fed.

The Bookman

Ethel Louise Knox

ECONOMY

I had a little grief or two

Grown lonely for not telling,

I added on a joy or two

Until my heart was swelling.

I held them from my neighbors' ears

A month, with little danger,

But when I went to Durham Town

I told all to a stranger.

The Commonweal

Eleanor C. Koenig

HARDY'S JUDE

Dear praying lad upon the ladder rung,
If prayers are heard the heavy mist will clear,
The minutes pass and — Christminster is near,
Look, upon transparent air is hung
A roof, a dome, a vane, a topaz spire,
Beauty and learning, counted one by one,
Eternal City, shining in the sun,
Transfusion of explicable desire!

But — suddenly the picture is shut out,
Gone is the dream, the vane, the spire, the dome,
The Giants — Herne and Apollyn are about,
You see them as you fearfully run home —
Some deeper prescience sends you hurrying by,
For — *shadows greater still before you lie!*

Bronxville Review

Eleanor C. Koenig

A LOWBROW HEARS AMY LOWELL

Though Marchant was mixing with Joe Dundee
In a twelve-round bout at the Gayety,
Into Emmanuel Parish House,
On a nutty bet that I lost to Krause,
I strolled in order to call his bluff
And get a slant on this highbrow stuff.

Though the place was jammed, I found a seat,
Where I didn't belong, as I sensed Toot Sweet,
For folks were handing out knocks and praise
With a cultured drawl and with broadened "a's,"
And pale young fellows in horn-rimmed glasses
Were saying that folks, as a rule, are asses,
Till I felt like a fish that had tried to swim
In a place God never had planned for him.

Somehow I couldn't believe my eyes,
When I lamped Amy. To my surprise
She was real folks, a regular human,
A jolly, plump and gray-haired woman,

Who made me think of many another,
But all the while of a kindly mother.

She started reading. Her voice was low,
But I was thinking of Ted and Joe;
I was hearing the noisy gong,
Seeing the pugs and the watching throng,
Until a clatter of wild acclaim
Jolted me back to the Lowell dame.

She gave us some stuff that had to do
With three horses' heads, and I'm telling you,
Though others applauded what she had read,
It just went winging above my head;
When she read TEXAS, I sat and grinned,
For I have tasted the ginger-wind.
Evelyn Ray and the men of stone,
Who dream of her and of her alone
In the garden-close where the leaves are sighing
To the cat-bird's call, when the day is dying,
Left me as groggy as I could be,
For it had no sense that I could see.
Her PATTERNS caused me to choke a yawn
And wonder which way the bout had gone.
Her FOOL had to do with a crazy loon,
Who bragged he had slept with his Mistress Moon,
And I couldn't swallow such guff as that,
For all he was saying was through his hat.
Her LILACS got me and filled the room,
Before I knew it, with ghosts of bloom,
And I was seeing a garden-wall,
Where lilacs lifted so straight and tall
Above a lad who paused and listened
As through the dusk the pale stars glistened.
And, when she read of a chap named Keats,
Who went for a walk in Tynemouth streets,
Weary of mist and of falling rain,
Whose fingers drummed on his window-pane;
Hungry to glimpse the sun and hold
His hands outstretched to its warmth and gold;
Pausing to ask all within hearing
If they were seeing the skies were clearing:
Barber and doctor and hat-shop girls

With eyes of laughter and saucy curls —
Then, as I hung on each magic word,
Under my skin a strange thing stirred,
And I had forgotten the boxing-bee
And Ted Marchant and Joe Dundee.

The reading over, while folks talked loud,
I tiptoed away from that highbrow crowd,
And down the stairs to Cathedral Street
I beat it with wings upon my feet
To wander alone through the street-lamps' gleam
With the long-lost ghost of a long-dead dream.

Krause stares at me with a queer look yet,
When I say that I won, though I lost that bet.

Interludes

Edgar Daniel Kramer

THERE'S NOTHING TO HURRY ABOUT

Plow the ground and disk it;
Harrow it and drag it. If it's dry roll it.
From four in the morning to nine at night
Work — work; and get hoarse hurrying the colts.
There's nothing to hurry about.

Plant the corn and while you're waiting
Build a fence and shear your bleating sheep.
Then plow and plow, plow corn all day
And hurry through your chores at night.
There's nothing to hurry about.

Put up hay and harvest and thresh your oats.
Drive up with your loads of bundles from sun to sun
And drag through the milking at night.
You can't rest, can't rest — you haven't the time.
There's nothing to hurry about.

It's sunny today and rainy tomorrow.
It's still tonight and there'll be frost.
In the chilly November days go picking corn
Until your back's broke and your horses stumble.
There's nothing to hurry about.

There's frost tonight with sixty acres more to go.
Throw the ears against the shaky bang boards,
In time with your heart's uncertain beat,
Until you drop in the snow, frozen and dead.
There's nothing to hurry about — now!

The Forge: A Journal of Verse *Raymond Kresensky*

FOOTLOOSE AND FREE

I was always tied down, waiting on her —
Hand and foot, and she bent double
And as feeble as a forty-year-old mare.
I couldn't go any place as long as she was there
And I never married.
I'm footloose and free
And I don't care.

Her long bony hands couldn't break a stick
To beat me and if I was in another room
She couldn't come and get me.
I could go away and she couldn't get me back.
She couldn't whip me. But she had a whip
And she tied me to her bed.
I'm footloose and free
And I don't care.

She'd drop her glasses down her nose
And I'd do what she wanted me to.
She rubbed out my youth on her wrinkled forehead
And she broke my legs running to her.
I'm footloose and free
And I don't care.

She was eighty and a sight for an old maid —
White hairs on her chin and two yellow teeth
And one strand of stiff gray hair.
She'd have me that way,
Keeping me from the men and parties
And scolding me when I went out.
I'm footloose and free
And I don't care.

I'll get her a tall white marker
And I'll plant live-for-ever on the grave.
I'll get out that old wrapper,
Scarlet like sin, she said it was,
And I'll put it on and sit in her old wheel chair;
I'll kick my feet in the air and throw away
Her pillows and empty her sewing basket.
I'm footloose and free
And I don't care.

They could have sent her to an old folks' home
But she had a whip. I'll find that whip,
I'll find that whip and I'll break it in two.
I'm footloose and free
And I don't care.

Voices

Raymond Kresensky

ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

Saul was a red-headed Hebrew fire-eater,
Hated the Christians and couldn't stand their cant.
Got himself a search-warrant, issued by the high-priest,
And started out to get them—how Saul did rant!
Called them all the names in the Hebrew language,
Interpolated some, sounding worse, from the Greek,
Culled a few choicest of Phoenician and Syrian,
Rolled them on his tongue and spat them from his cheek.
Saul started out from the city of Tarsus
Armed like a deputy, threatening slaughter.
His red hair and beard were like bristling flame—
Woe to the Lord's children, son or daughter!
Saul went strutting down the road to Damascus
Sandy and burr-bitten, sun shining hot;
Saul was a little man and walked with a swagger—
Out of that noon-sky Saul got a shot!
Brighter than his red hair it glistened around him,
Blinded his eyes and thumped him on the head;
Burned up his egotistic cock-sure bravado,
Scared him like the crack-o'-doom, left him like dead. . . .
Saul came to on that road to Damascus,
Looked all around and not a soul in sight.

Saul cowered down shaking and trembling
And prayed to the Lord with all his might.

The Echo

Elisabeth Kuskulis

SONNET FOR AN EDUCATOR

For jut of jaw and craggy cast of brow
This face deserves a cap of hammered bronze,
Never the mortar-board which marks it now
As master in the fellowship of dons.
There's something plays the devil with my throat
When strength is tempered by its habitat
And, wool replacing leather in a coat,
The warrior becomes the diplomat.

The greatness of your task is undenied;
But I would see you free from petty cares,
Damning finance and parley, level-eyed.
I am a fool who fashions foolish prayers:
Oh! buckle on the corselet of a Mars
And I will follow, follow to the stars.

Voices

A. K. Laing

DIRGE FOR A SINGER

Carry her dust away;
She has forsaken us.
Pray that another day
Never shall waken us.

Woke we to hear, always,
Music go by with her.
What were the need of days,
Now song must die with her?

Fingers that held her sweet
Hands, now prepare the veil.
Weave in her winding sheet
Wings of the nightingale.

The Independent

A. K. Laing

DREAM IN APRIL

I think her eyes, observing me,
Were starlight on a quiet sea.

Inaudibly she spoke my name
Like wind across a candle-flame;

And then her words came stealing down
Like bells in some forgotten town,

The echo of a carillon
Lingering when the notes are gone.

She said, "*In all your voyages
You shall not find such hands as these,*

*These hands which might have soothed your pain
Better than petals wet with rain.*

*They are not beautiful; and yet
These hands you never shall forget."*

She said, "*No woman that you find
Will be as I have been, unkind;*

*Yet, do not hope for one more fair.
You shall find no-one lovelier;*

*For I, that am less fair than wise,
Have cast a magic on your eyes.*

*Though others may not think me fair,
You shall find no-one lovelier.*

*But never ask why this is so;
I do not know; I cannot know."*

The vision thinned to silver smoke
And put on darkness like a cloak.

SONG OF THE BELOVED

What does she now, whose ways are past my knowing?
What cool, dark lover's arm compels her now?
Does her hair mix with winds, when winds are blowing,
As once it did? Tell me, does she allow
Waves and the foam of waves upon the water
To frame her moving beauty, like a gull?
She, who was nearest to the sea's own daughter,
So coldly beautiful,
Turned with a homing gesture to the sea
Always, and gull wings were a part of her.
The sea beat strongly in the heart of her;
And green waves held her body jealously.

Can she have changed, my lost, my lovely one?
I am too far to know, too proud to learn,
Sitting despondently when day is done,
Watching low clouds along the skyline burn
And crumple into darkness. Night is here,
Full of the lonely wind, my roving brother.
I only know that she was very dear;
For me there is none other.
Her name was like the trembling of a bell!
Wind from the midnight places, blow to her;
Whisper that one who may not go to her
Wishes her well.

Palms

A. K. Laing

ARMAGEDDON

Death sows darkly. Who may know the sowing?
Rank green growth in a black-green pool,
Wind-vine writhing in an agony of growing,
And cypress roots in the heart of a fool.

Death sows darkly! There shall be a reaping
Ultimate and bitter of the things that be.
Ah, poor fool, look well to your weeping
When laced foam whitens your last black sea!

The Lyric West

C. T. Lanham

BLIND GIRL

If the light should fail
And I go blind,
With only the garden
That grows in my mind
I'm half afraid
Of what I'd find.

It's true I have given,
Spring by spring,
My heart to the rose,
But remembering
May be a very
Bitter thing.

I once knew a blind girl
Blond and lean,
Who spoke of the rose
She hadn't seen;
But hers was a garden
Evergreen.

The Lyric

Vivian Yeiser Laramore

THE GLOVE-WORKER

I love to dream of good Saint Anne.
She knitted gloves all day,
And she was called the knitting saint,
I've heard the glovers say.
She was a very holy saint,
Holier than any other,
Because she was of double grace,
Being mother of His Mother.
She never knew of tempered steel,
Of power-press, and never
Of trunk and die and overseam,
Of table-cut and lever.
But often, when I've worked as hard
As any human can,
I see her with a half-knit glove,

Moving her needles, and I love
To dream of good Saint Anne.

I dreamed so much of good Saint Anne
All Christmas night, I knew
It was herself, and not Christ's mother
Nearer and nearer drew.
She held her Grandchild in her arms,
And softly through the air
Shimmering flakes of snow came down
And sat upon His hair.

I tried to keep from going too near
Such holiness and brightness;
I tried to keep my calloused hands
From touching His star-whiteness.
Then good Saint Anne she turned to me!
More wonder — she was talking!
She said how far from home they were,
And would I hold the Child for her,
As she was tired from walking!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Agnes Lee

A MAN WALKS HOME

I am walking home to my beloved.
But is my beloved anywhere?
Were all my memories of love's secureness
Only a dream of air?

And what is distance's annihilation?
And what are steps, or what is any gesture?
Nothing gives answer, while the lake and shore
Put on their evening vesture.

Now on a curve of the shore mass giant buildings
Looming against the darkness wall on wall.
Glittering, unrevealing lights bestud them,
Far and impersonal.

Nearer. Nearer. Now the lights are windows;
Toy windows with toy images they are.
How can she be among those myriad puppets
Impersonal and far?

Now the windows with the lights grow larger,
Larger, human the shapes within,—yet these
Still daze a lonely walker with their numbers
And unrealities.

.

She is real, she is warm, she is in my arms at last,
Safe from uncertainties of dark and space.
Once more I know life's heavenliest proportion,—
One house, one room, one face!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Agnes Lee

THE FOX HUNT

God was a ghostly fox that fled;
But a hound can scent where fox has ranged:
"Before the green of the leaves has changed
I will cry God out of his mountain bed.

"Yea, he is cunning to hide his flight
In the shifting mists of nights and days;
But up and across his intricate ways
I will hound and halloo him into sight."

Certain of muzzle, and keen with strength,
He charged God down the silver spring;
And he halted nowhere for anything:
"I will surely lair the fox at length!"

Unswervingly the chase beat past,
Along the days that were vividly blue;
But never lifted the view halloo:
"Yet my speed shall bring me to God at last!"

The suns rose golden in the east,
The moons came up in silver wonder;
But still the noise of muffled thunder
And the heat of pursuing never ceased.

We called him when the stars came out,
And again when morning blossomed red;
But he would not turn his streaming head
From the wind that smelled of a fox in rout.

When gold leaves fluttered on every hill
He stormed at last the secret lair,
But he found the echoing cavern bare;
And the hollow of God was deathly still.

Baffled, he slowly raised his head
And sniffed at the crannies in his fright;
And his great eyes stupidly searched the night.
"Alas," he whimpered, "the quarry is dead!"

"Cheated I am of the burning chase
And a fox that rouses the countryside;
For now that the wraith of God has died
No fox may be started in any place!"

He doubled back toward the vanished sun.
"I will thunder across the fields," he said,
"And follow as though God were not dead,
But were charging the brush and pebbly run."

He sped the hills while the night was blue,
And harried the stars across the sky;
And along the valleys he raised a cry
As though he had seen God break in view.

He ran till the night had reached its noon
And he heard the great owls' ghostly call,
Then he suddenly saw God's shadow fall
Like a silver fox across the moon.

Wildly his glad heart made him run
Toward the golden highlands of the day;

And there he beheld God speed away,
A gaunt red fox before the sun!

The Virginia Quarterly Review

Lawrence Lee

THE VASSAR WALKS

Oh, once I knew a St. Anne's girl,
When St. Anne's smelt of spring;
And, though the lilacs had come out,
She seemed a lovely thing.

Now she is there, and I am here;
Virginia's far away;
And I don't doubt that she is out
With other men to-day.

But I have seen the Vassar walks
Since last I viewed St. Anne's;
And there I met as trim a girl
As mine or any man's.

When violets bloom along the lake,
And Vassar girls pass by,
He must be blind who cannot find
A blossom for his eye.

It is not far to Vassar lawns
From Chelsea or Times Square;
And now that lilacs should be out,
I'll pack and journey there!

The Century Magazine

Lawrence Lee

TO NERO

You who could sing and fiddle while the tall
Proud towers of Rome were crashing down in flame
Forever bear an execrated name.
Along the Tiber when the shadows fall,
Old memories whisper and old echoes call

Of mad, malicious music. This the fame
You won—men's scorn, men's anger at the shame
That out of ruin made a carnival.

Yet almost I could envy you the power
To look on human ravage, human woe,
And turn to twang a jovial fiddle bow.
O to have respite, respite for an hour!—
One cruel hour to stand aloof, apart,
Freed from the pity that so sears the heart!

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

PITY THE GREAT

Pity the great;—it is their doom to be
The champions of lost causes. Though they seem
To reach the heights that we may hold supreme,
There loom above them peaks we do not see.
Sadder the eyes of Lincoln than of Lee:
Although around him flags of triumph stream,
Still, still he hears the voices of his dream
Whisper amid the shouts of victory.

Christ, Galileo, Socrates, Descartes—
And all to whom the truth is law of laws;—
Seekers of truth, unmindful of the cost;—
Servants of truth, all other gods apart;—
They would not be "the great" were not the cause
They love so great that it must needs be lost!

The North American Review

Mary Sinton Leitch

DEFINITION

To you the sea means spindrift, it means the purple dis-
tance,
Sunsets on idle sands
Where the slow surf will wash you clean of sorrow;—
The tang of spray upon the cheek and sea-gulls crying—

Crying of stars entangled in the rigging,
Crying the joy of storm, of the wild dark.

The sea means to the sailor sweat and curses,
Torture of cold, of heat,
Torture of tropic wind that is not wind
But the hot breath of silence, and, of all
The worst, the torture of monotony.
These things the sea is to the sailor, borne
In sullenness for this:—
(O moon on shimmering water! O glad sea birds!) that
 when the voyage ends
Then he may drink—an hour—a day, may drown
All thought, all memory, of the sea, all knowledge
That the sea waits . . . waits . . . that evermore tomorrow
He must return to endure toil, sweat, monotony and curses
Till he can drink again!

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

SHEEP HERDERS

You too, of course, have counted sheep
Trying to put yourself to sleep?
If you should ever come to hate
That simple harmless opiate
And ask a subtler one instead,
More potent for a pounding head
Than mere monotony of number,
Try this formula for slumber:

Imagine men who earn their bread
By counting sheep, who for the sake
Of counting sheep must keep awake,
(Lie long and quiet in your bed)
Men who through endless lonely days
Follow the herd from crest to crest,
Yet scarcely dare to drop their gaze,
(Lie long and still) who cannot rest
From seeing sheep, who look across
Whole hills moving as if the moss

Moved on a stone.

Lie still. Suppose
That you yourself were one of those.

Think yourself slowly south and west
Across the night. . . . They will be there,
Mexicans mostly, scattered far
Through Texas, underneath the glow
Of moonlight in New Mexico,
Folded darkly under the shadow
Of mountain peaks in Colorado . . .
Twinkling fires . . . the men and sheep
Huddled among the hills for sleep.

Small wonder if they stare about
At dawn and think the country strange.
So many days they have been out,
So many nights upon the range,
It's easy for the hills to change
Places. When you've look so long
At sheep, and listened to the song
Of wind filled with the stupid cries
Of sheep, and watched along the sky's
Glimmering rim for sheep you've lost—
You're living in your sleep almost;
You see such things without surprise.

Small wonder if at times the older
Gaunter men stare at a bowlder
As if the stone were wool; or follow
Gray chamisa down a hollow
(Gray bushes that the wind stirred)
As if they'd wandered from the herd.

Small wonder, when they hear the beat
Of warm bells mingling with the bleat
Of lambs so long, long in the heat,
If the bright air becomes alive
And drones with noise, if the loud sun
Sends swarming from its brazen hive
Great luminous bees across the noon.

(They'd never tell you there were bees,
But in a country of no trees,

Where the noon sky's a blazing bell,
You'll understand what a frail shell
Preserves a brain's precarious night
From being shattered by the light.)

Sometimes a stranger on the trail
Will catch them in so deep a drowse,
So stupefied with sheep, they'll rouse
Long after they have heard his hail,
Or hearing, raise bewildered brows.

Shut as they are behind a curtain,
You'll understand why they're uncertain
Whether one man they vaguely eye
Trudging naked toward the sky
Appears before them in broad day,
Or while they're turned some other way.

He passes by without a sound,
Leaving behind him on the ground
Blood of his feet from the sharp stone.
His pale flesh bears the livid mark
Of lashes that have torn the skin.
His bloodshot eyes are deep within.
His bearded face is strangely dark
And meagre, strangely like their own.
They cross themselves when he is gone.

. . . Dusk is a kinder light, and softer.
After they munch their beans and bread
They'd raise their throats in raucous laughter,
Only that all their shouts would seem
Drowned in the enormous stream
Of air that's flying overhead.

They stretch for sleep. . . . But even then,
Even asleep, they can't begin
To ease the drowsiness they're in.
It would take more than human sleep
To ease that drowsiness of sheep.
All night they have to hear the thud
Of tiny hoofbeats in their blood,

All night they have to feel the wool
Crowding softly on the skull,
Pushing it downward, till they wake
Wildly for breath before it break. . . .

They stir uneasy in their bed.
Stars wheel across from range to range,
Covering silently with light
The troubled dreamers down below.
They are as simple and as mad,
They are as fabulous and strange,
As those who kept their flocks by night
On hills of Asia long ago.

Think of them slowly one by one
Till you are wakened by the sun.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Maurice Lesemann*

THE DEATH OF A HILL GIRL

New Mexico

I

In the clear still room the fierce eyes turned
Wall to whitewashed wall, and the red
Cheeks on the pillow burned,
And the black hair, tangled over the black eyes,
Stung down the white throat; the brown hands gathered
Coils of it in the fingers and let them fall.
And a girl's mouth muttered low laughter quietly
To an old woman in a black shawl.

Through the slow passing of the afternoon
Other old women came to sit silently down
On the wooden benches beside the whitewashed walls.
They stared at the bed from under their black shawls
And bobbed together their faces, parchment brown.
One by one they came to the door,
Gathered their shawls close and slipped into the room.

And because an old man, kneeling on the floor,
Raised under black hair the startled white and black
Of his eyes to the painted white and black
Of the eyes of a tall Christ crucified, on the wall,
There was a mumble and a click of beads in the gloom.

A long monotonous murmur . . . shuffling feet, the clicks
Of the beads: these and only one other sound.
Till dusk welled upward in the room and drowned
All stir under the crucifix,
And the bed's slow stirring was the only sound.
The bent old woman made no sound,
But waited little and lost, and never turned
From the dark eyes that lifted large through the shadow,
From the mouth muttering laughter and the cheeks that
burned.

And burned more bright, till dark eyes seemed to fill
With a slow presence of perplexing things,
That come in such a cloud, babbling over what it brings,
That eyes grow wearier and wearier . . .

Until

The woman by the bed turned with a faint moan
And the women by the walls, answering shrill,
Startled the darkened vigas with a wild crying.
For sunk without eyes and cold in the dusk was lying
A strange white thing they had not seen or known.
And the long stiff bed was still.

II

The hills are hushed where Epimenia played,
The stone give warmth into the evening air.
The stones lie silent where her feet have run,
Small feet, brown, bare.

And there are mountains lifting dark and lone
Over the hill paths where her feet have strayed,
Following the goats to their high morning pasture,
Treading up quietly in the green dawn.

III

And there were candles in the gloom, and three
Of the oldest women carried her with careful hands
Into a farther room where none could see.

And when they stripped her she seemed strangely long
And strangely white because the room was dim.
Upon her arms her breasts looked lonely where they hung.

They came again with cloths and bowls of water,
And moved with little sighs because they were old.
They jostled each other busily around the table,
And the water lingered cold

In the hollow of her breast and in the slim
Hollow of an upturned hand.
Their voices cried with a continual harsh sound,
But they were old, their hands forgot the limb

They washed, nor felt quite the dull aimless way
It slipped about the watery boards.
"Dios sabe mejor," they said, as if to say
God thinks it well. They echoed each other's words,

And sighed and sank back thoughtless, their deep red-
rimmed eyes
Too spent to fix upon fresh pain.
Water trickling from cold breasts, cold thighs,
Dripped on the earthen floor like a patter of rain.

Once again they sighed and muttered words
And made a rustling in the air:
They combed out long the dark sweep of her hair,
Crying in broken voices like deep chords.

IV

Has she sunk so deep,
This Epimenia,
Into some secret of her own?

Is remembrance hard to keep?

Is she there still,
Puzzling bewildered in the flesh and bone?

Does it seem strange
That this unfriendly thing must work its will?

Can she not creep,
This Epimenia,
Into some wide dark-blossoming sleep?

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Maurice Lesemann*

THE GRAPES ARE SOUR

Reynard, my brother, I too know the grape
That hangs alluring where the green vines drape.
I too have stood agape,

Watching through many a hunger-ravened hour
The pendent clusters in the high arched bower—
Yet could not think them sour.

Sore baffled fox—far happier than I!
With cunning skill you twist desire awry,
And bark your cynic cry.

Oh, for a phrase to make the heart replete!
Vine of my longing!—hour of my defeat!
Bitterly well I know the fruit is sweet.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *May Lewis*

MUSIC

A broken heart does not always give
A cracked sound—
There are some that spin a ragged tune,
Like a merry-go-round;

Or the tumbling trill that a hurdy-gurdy
Scatters and flings;
Merry-go-rounds and hurdy-gurdys
Are sad things.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

May Lewis

THE BUTLER

Pompous with self-complacency he comes,
In solemn entry from behind a screen,
Bearing a platter or a soup tureen,
As though it were a banner flanked with drums,
And managing with nicety his thumbs.
Beneath his chin Olympian, shaven clean,
Dinner progresses to the closing scene,
When owl-eyed, reverent, he sweeps the crumbs.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" — "Who is this
Neat, liveried phantom, answering to a bell?"
"This spirit in absurd paralysis?" —
Will questions simmer in the frying pan,
When there appears in dining halls of hell,
A soul that never knew itself a man?

Voices

May Lewis

I NEVER KNOWED

I never knowed whuther
To b'lieve her er not.
She had gold teeth,
An' a brown mole-spot

Up by the corner
Of one of her eyes —
But I never knowed whuther
She told me lies.

I met her one time
At a penny-arcade,

Sellin' see-gars
An' red lemonade,

An' tellin' fortunes
Wen business wuz pore.
She's said I'd marry
Wile I wuz ashore.

She ast wot ports
I'd us'ly been in —
Wen she talked her teeth
Was powerful winnin'.

I tole her about
The parrots an' jade
Thet I'd brung over
To sell er trade.

She wuz little an' thin,
An' lurin' an' wiry;
Her name wuz Rose,
Miss Rose Mulvirey.

Her hair wuz black
An' her eyes wuz yellor,
An' she sed thet I
Wuz her very fust feller.

I took a bunk
At her place right away,
An' moved the parrots-
An' jade nex' day;

But I never knowed whuther
To b'lieve her er not
Wen she sed someone
Stole the whole durn lot!

She wore red slippers
An' swell kimonas —
An' looked like a queen
On a box uv Cremonas.

But wen I went
To tell her good-bye
She wuz flashin' her teeth
At another guy!

An' it set me back
Fifty years er more —
For I shot her dead
On her parlor floor. . . .

Now I think of skies
With ships beneath,
An' about that woman's
Yeller teeth.

Er all day long
I'm wonderin' how
The sea'll look
Fifty . . . years from now.

Fifty . . . years
Wuz the term I got . . .
Cause I never knowed whuther
To b'lieve her er not.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Queene B. Lister

THREE PERSONS AND ONE

(To be Read Very Slowly)

Wind blows over the grave-yard,
Wind blows against my face —
Wild roses breathe near a mossy slab
And a cross holds up queen's lace. . . .

Ursula lies in a corner,
Hands folded upon her breast,
— Folded the way she'd want them to be
For a proper corpse at rest. . . .

Prudence is close to the willow.
Its roots have tilted her bed —
She lies one-sided as she used to lie
With a hand above her head.

And beneath a slanting head-stone
Near Ursula and Prue,
Deacon Berry's black toupeé
Is frightfully askew. . . .

Myrtle-vines creep over copings,
Snow-balls petal the grass,
The sexton's house by the fallen stile
Sinks under a briar morass.

Winds blow over the grave-yard,
Winds blow against my face;
But Prudence would love for another girl
To smile and pray in her place. . . .

Voices

Queene B. Lister

LEAVES

In April the leaves are in brown buds growing,
And in May, on the trees, there's pale green showing;
But summer brings the full, deep greenness out,
While birds sing, streams babble, and little boys shout.
Along in August, if the weather's dry
There's something in the leaves to catch the eye —
The dusty drooping, the parched veins,
In lieu to September winds and rains.
And then October, with her flames, takes hold
And leaves crimson, yellow, red and gold
Blaze triumphant to the riot-winds' call —
But in the winter there are no leaves at all!

Contemporary Verse.

Paul C. Littleton

A BELIEVER

"Down in the hollow by the swamp today
I see Satan and his imps at play."

"Aw, you're kiddin' us! Go 'long!"

"Well,
I did see the fires risin' out of Hell.
First a squeak when he raked the coals,
Then out rushed the embers from the burnin' souls —
Great black embers like birds in the sky,
And the blast from the fires kept 'em floatin' high."

"They *was* birds! I've seen 'em rise,
Flocks o' blackbirds, thick as flies —
Whir of wings and the reeds aquiver,
And a dark sky trail clean 'cross the river."

"Say they *was* blackbirds if you will,
But most of them embers *was* flamin' still —
Flamin' red where Satan's fires
Was consumin' the dross of their fleshly desires.
The gray moss hung from the limbs of trees,
And the fog floated in on the dawnin' breeze
Till the fog and the moss was tangled so
That the fog seemed to hang an' the moss to blow;
And watchin' the eastern sky turn red
And the swamp grass green, while overhead
The sky was lined with light like a shell,
And the mornin' star a great pearl — well,
I almost lost my grip on Hell!

For the love of God seemed so deep and wide
There wasn't any space outside;
And my mind was so full of heavenly things
I thought I heard stirrin' of angel wings —
Till I saw them embers. Grace Divine!
God showed me the blazin' pit for a sign!
Red-winged blackbirds? Glory be!
That was ashes of souls I see,
And *you can't take my faith away from me.*"

IN THE PRISON

CHURCH

We never could see why they always held
Their church on Sunday, as if we were decent folk
Coming of our own wills, instead of compelled
To pray — on backless seats of unplanned oak.
We wondered what they tried to make their Lord
Mean to us; why the minister read rolls
Of sermon, gesticulating about "fire and sword,"
And what they were drilling into our surly souls.

And then one Sunday we found out. Timrod,
Who's in for life, was seen to slyly make
A grimace, smile, and cynically prod
His neighbor with a finger, wink, and take
A pinch of "bull." We learned the word of God
Means twenty lashes with the Snake.

CONDEMNED

I wonder what became of that bulk of his
When he passed the low green door, a guard on each ha
With that uncertain far-off look as if this
World was in his way and he was trying to see
Something intangible, an unknown mystic land.
We thought he was a queer one; we used to band
Together in the yard, talk him over and agree
He was too deep for us to understand.

The warden's daughter — same one who once ran
Away from her father, and hid for a little while
In the death-cell corridors — said to a guard one day
"Remember that awful big fat man,
Who never seemed to laugh or smile
But taught me the funniest games to play?"

THE YARD

One can get used to many things in here,
And even walk with happiness in one's heart,

Thankful for the dry wind, and the little part
Of sky one sees, and the unchangingly drear
Landscape. One can forget to mind the tall
Barred gates, and the harsh warders with their keys,
Gathered together in groups of twos and threes,
And the armed watchmen pacing along the wall.

One can pretend to be content, and forget
But sometimes — I remember fearfully yet
How dozens of hearts were broken with a shout
When a new guard's daughter, for the first time let
Into the Yard, ran frantically about,
Panting and stumbling, and screaming to get out.

AT THE DEATH HOUR

Suddenly lights grew dim, men began to shout,
Shaking their fists wildly at the grim green door;
Hysterically and fervidly sending out
Their imprecations, stamping upon the floor,
Gasping for breath and tearing at their clothes,
Writhing in anger at their lack of power.
Higher and higher their voices steadily rose,
The feeble manifestations of the death hour.

Then quickly the lights sprang up, guards looked less
worn,
And smiled cynically as a great silence grew on
All the men; when suddenly from the women's prison
They heard a sound, triumphant and crystal-clear,
High-pitched, imperious, strangely full of cheer.
Sharply it rose — the cry of one new-born.

FREEDOM

He stands with twisting fingers while the warden talks,
Half listening, with a body strangely numb,
Dimly afraid and wondering what will come.
A small crumpled bill is handed him, he walks
Along beside the guard. And then a great
Panorama opens up — flowers, a road, trees,

And a small patch of water like boundless seas;
Behind, the slamming of an iron gate.

He feels so oddly strong and oddly new,
And then he hears the grey grim prison's cries,
And cannot help but sentimentalize
As he thinks of stoics facing the long years.
Suddenly, strangely the air becomes less clear,
The young midsummer's sky becomes less blue.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Roderick Allyn Lull*

THE FOG

I went to bed at night-time,
And left the ocean there
All smiling in the sunset
Blue and clear and fair.

The sky seemed very distant
And with a rosy glow.
They didn't look at all alike,
As any one would know.

I woke up in the morning—
There was neither sky nor sea,
But only misty grayness
As thick as it could be.

There were no boats a-sailing,
No birds a-flying high,
No water we could swim in,
No sand on which to lie.

We walked out in the grayness
And found a misty shore
Where ghostly waves came curling
To make a ghostly roar.

And in the mist above us
We heard a sea-gull cry—

The only way that we could tell
The ocean from the sky.

The Century Magazine

Della Thompson Lutes

SERVICE

I rendered service to the Lord,
I washed and ironed today;
The altar linen white and smooth,
And folded it away.
And with this humble act of mine
A happy feeling came;
It made the church seem like a home,
To do this in His Name.

Southern Churchman

Florence Van Fleet Lyman

DORIC

I hate their words of praise,
Because I seem to see
Behind their smiling eyes
Hypocrisy.

The hypocrite am I,
Who write of my desire
As though experience
Had lit the fire.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Ethel Woodruff Macy

AS ONE FINDING PEACE

The secret of the King possesses me
Unutterably.
I am a child to sudden woman grown
Who never yet has known
Invasion so imperious, so complete,
Blindly and madly sweet.

I am a bud to sudden blossom blown,
Intoxicate, replete
With fragrance most divinely not its own.
I am dew thirstily drunk up
Out of dawn's lifted cup.
I am my own impotent, daring self, plunged in a sea
Ecstatically!

O God, encompass me!
Be infinitely mine to hold, to bound me;
Absorb, consume, encompass and confound me;
Be in me and beneath me and above me;
O Father, love me, love me!
Tremendously be,
Strong God, my sea.

In ultimate joy upon this Lover's breast
I come to rest.
Peace, like a song,
Envelopes me;
Peace, like the night,
Folds me in conscious, beautiful delight.
Never has human love held me in tranquil thrall,
For not to human love does peace belong.
What if I be for the Lord God a wall,
Beauteous as cedar and as cedar strong;
What if I be a door, and sealed to all save Him,
Cunningly joined, guarded by flashing cherubim?
I am a door, a wall, a tower of passionate strength
Around which multitudinously throng
Wild ecstasies, wild joys, unending blisses,
A God's caresses and a Father's kisses.

Presently let this rapture in profounder rapture cease;
A silver bulwark of wrought silence be,
My Father, since that I am come at length,
Captive and free,
Into Your presence as one finding peace.

The Commonweal

Sister M. Madeleva

WORDS FOR THE DEATH OF A POET

(*Yehoash: 1872-1927*)

I

The wanderer has returned.

Take his face
and root it in your heart and let it lie
as something that was made of earth and sky
and deep with rivers and subtle with the grace
of ancient youthful fruits.

Now all his bright
footsteps lie empty and his burning tread
falls soundless in your brain. He turned his head
to the sunset and his eyes grew full of night.

II

Go down to his grave with him, go down and hide
your face in the scrawny earth with him — and weep
for crushed eyes, for limbs riveted with sleep:
Go down, go down — and count the things that have died.

III

Take the austerity of his life and art
for a sign, and make your bread of his tough song;
and let his thought be blood to make you strong.
O bury the poet fiercely in your heart!

The Menorah Journal

A. B. Magil

LITTLE FUGUE

Maidens who begrudge
Love too long a day,
Delay, delay! —
But, having looked at love,
Turn not away!

If your hand be shaped
For any spindle known,
Postpone, postpone
The day of love! — for when you love
You are love's own.

Stand squarely in love's light;
Wear it, a wedding veil;
Be to fifty lovers false
Before you fail
Love. Oh, do not, do not fail!

Lest your eyes distress
The young and laughing day
With a hard bitterness,
Oh, do not turn away!
If you begrudge your life,
Delay, delay!
Be slow to dream, to kiss, to wife,
Be slow to wake;
But having looked at love,
Though your heart break,
Turn not away!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Margery Swett Mansfield

FABLE OF A LITTLE SISTER

She heard, with sweet surprise, a poet sing,
"Her breasts were pink-tipped buds, twin buds in spring."
And that night
She looked, who had not looked aright
On her pale body's lovely burgeoning.

First, paused before the mirror, half in fright,
"Her breasts were buds," she sang, "soft buds of white!"
Then arose
Faint fragrance as she dropped her clothes
And looked in wonder at her new delight.

"My breasts are buds," she sang, and went to bed.

.

Why should the four posts tremble from a tread
Soft as the bloom
Of dogwood lifting up its head,
While one by one the flower-gods filled the room?

They came on feet that barely touched the ground,
They came in waves like water, but the sound
Was the low whirl
Of swallows' wings. She did not stir
But lay half fainting as they closed around.

She saw them leaning toward her from their ring —
A petal touched her breast, and one long wing
Passed through her hair.
The perfume grew too strong to bear —
She threw her covers to the winds of spring.

And now the room was not a room, but more,
With moonlight laying petals on the floor,
And nothing there
But curtains stirring in the air
And a gust of wind that closed the open door!

She found herself placed crosswise, and for hours
She lay there, wondering had she seen aright —
Her room as blossom-thick as lilac bowers,
And all the white
Sweet strangeness of an April night,
The petals falling round her bed in showers!

She thought how singing of twin buds she stood,
Straight as any sapling in a wood —
"I dreamed the rest."
But why this stirring in her breast,
As if her heart would blossom if it could?

And why this clinging perfume of spring bowers,
Drifting around her from imagined hours?
Why this quivering of her gown?
Looking down,
She saw her breasts were opening into flowers!

Dancing out of the house she whirled; delight
Bent her soft head to touch the uncurling white,
And made her sing,
"Thanks for your gift, O gods of spring!"
But then her plight
Came sharp as a chill wind out of the night,
And like a white fountain she froze in fright.

For the moon would go down in grey, and the dawn come
red —

Then how could she make dancing her daily bread?
She must go back
Where her long-sleeved sisters dressed in black
And walked as if a corpse lay in the bed.

How could she bear their curious eyes — and far,
"She is not ours, but fallen from a star?"
Or how could she live in silence in that house
With such unusual beauty beneath her blouse?
She said,
"I were better dwarfed, or dead."

Yet fairest of fair flowers, in garden grows
No blossom so luxurious as those
Whose petals fell
Thick to her waist, white bell on bell,
Surpassing Solomon, the lily and the rose.

"O loveliness, rare loveliness, too honeyed is thy fruit!
I must find a witch gone blind, and twisted as a root,
Sitting where two rivers wind and a high wind plays its
flute.

"Oh brew me, magic-doctor, a potion, bitter-brown,
To give me human breasts again under a homespun gown,
Look, the weight of petals bends my shoulders down."

"O mother, brew me magic!" pleading she cried, although
She knew her joy would shrivel and her beauty go,
And wept because the flower-gods would scorn her for her
choice.

The old hag nodded — "The world is ever so."

The old hag laughed shrilly with a cracking voice.

.
The flower-gods disown the girl today,
The dahlias start and stiffen, look away.
She cannot pass
But a rose weeps petals on the grass,
And the high reeds shudder as they sway.

At night her hands are birds without their wings.
So slowly she undresses, slowly sings,
"Dry winds come now;
Withered, the flowers are falling from the bough.
My breasts were pink-tipped buds in other springs."

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Margery Swett Mansfield

A LOVE SONG

Prima Amora, virgin, I do not love you.

That's not the half of my confession. Hear:

Labyrinths and the Maltese Cross I love;
And I love the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capri-
corn,
The queen of diamonds and the queen of clubs,
The shine of a quicksilver sphere, and the blackness that's
shut in a box,
And the last one of ever so many mirrors down a line,
And black bayadere stripes on large milk-white lengths of
cloth.

The inside of an iceberg, and the other side of the moon
I love,
And jewels spilled to the bottom of the sea;
The day, noon, and the hours;
Splendor and darkness, and the cold twinkling of the
winter stars;
And places where the wind whistles round the top of a
tower;
And places where the road ahead goes over a hill with
nothing but sky at the top.

Pairs of red chessmen, and the yellowest butter in the world;
Candles in copper candlesticks, and copper coins in the sand;
Still disks of gramophones, and marabouts asleep;
Balls floating in liquids, and balloons ascending in air.
The power of being invisible, and the power of lighting fires.

Cross-sections of houses and hostelries;
The way things look from above, and the way things look from beneath;
Subliminal things, and sub-rosa things,
And things outrageous and round.

And looking-glass-writing, and music played backwards.

And every shuffling of a pack of cards.

Wind-sweptness, ocean-fullness, air, and myself.

But I do not love you, Primamoramia,
For I have never met you.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Dwight Hunter Marfield

SMALL TOWN NEIGHBORS

They are moving in next door.
From behind drawn curtains I peer out at them.
There is a woman shaking a quilt on the porch.
Beside her two children are sucking lollypops.
An old woman is looking out of one of the windows.
A man is helping take a china closet from a moving van.
Those people are my new neighbors.
I wonder if they are conscious of the vital part they are to play in my life.
From today on, when my boy comes home late, I will whisper:
"Just think if the neighbors saw you, what would they say?"

When my baby rattles a tin pan, I will tell him threateningly:

"Stop that! . . . you may disturb the neighbors . . ."

If my husband raises his voice, I will hear myself say:

"Don't talk so loud . . . *they* will think we are quarreling."

What power *they* have!

Tomorrow, when I hang out the washing on the line,

Embroidered slips will face their windows.

In the morning—they will make me put on a lace cap
over the wads of curling paper.

They will watch the collectors, the ice man and the coal
wagon.

They will know when I get up, when I go to bed, go out
or stay home.

They will keep me from doing all the delicious petty things
I like.

They will pry into my affairs, and nothing will escape
them.

They will make me sweep the porch, pull weeds, and mow
the lawn.

I will be as a body on an autopsy table before their eyes.

Yesterday they meant nothing in my life;

Today they are moving next door.

From today on they will be the bugaboo of my family life.

As I look out taking stock of my new unconscious tormentors,

I notice the women are gazing toward my window with a
troubled look.

I wonder . . . has it occurred to *them* that from today on
I am to be their neighbor?

The Lariat

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

MAGDALENE

The calendar lies open here before me,

Each day a Saint or a Sanctification

To glorify the Holy Mother Church.

Andrew the Apostle, Elizabeth the Queen,

Leonard the Friar, Sylvester the Pope;

Rosa the Virgin, Catherine the Martyr;
Bishops, Philosophers, and David the King.
Each has a feast day.
They stay shoulder to shoulder
Feeling most worthy of each other's company.
But there, among the glorious Kings and Martyrs,
Is one who did not earn her place and glory
By learning, torture, virginity or fame.
She is of Saints the most unworthy.
Still of them all the greatest —
For she is there because "she hath loved much."

The Lyric West

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

THAT WOULD MAKE A GOD OF YOU

Ants covering a sterile nut shell . . .
A quivering mass of lives.
Don't step on it!
That would make a God of you . . .

Books: N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

DAWN

HISTORY

The red flags crackled
In the burning cold.

The bristling guard,
Voiceless, unmoved, unmoving,
As the last chime tolled,
Looked toward the prisoner.

He was noble, old.

That was enough
In those grim days:
A nod,

A firing-squad,
And, after, God.

"You will be going back,"
He said,
The old Khan of Khiva,
His eyes aglow,
Then, stooping low,
He touched my forehead
With his lips
And my warm young cheeks
With his finger-tips.

"A kiss for my country,"
He said.

Daybreak.
A cadenced tread,
A volley,
Tearing the frozen silence . . .
And the Khan of Khiva was dead.

HIGH TIDE

I will love you a little while
And leave you,
When love is at the flood . . .
Never seeing the ebbtide,
Or the flats,
Or the brave little boats,
Left floundering in the mud.
I shall go dreaming
That the depths were opalescent
And the surf gleaming.
What will it matter, then,
If both were evanescent?

LOCARNO

The half-gods go; the centaurs, too.
The tarnished halos hang askew,

The startled hoof-beats, halted, hide
Upon a cross-scarred mountain-side,

Where trampled lovers all night through
Seek brides in wreaths of maiden's rue.
These, too, shall pass. A cooling dew
Has laid the ghosts of those who died —
The half-gods go.

O seers, whose glow of vision blew
The haunted mists away, and you,
Unwedded elegists who cried
For gay young saviors crucified,
They rest beneath a dream come true:
The half-gods go.

PIERROT THEOLOGIZES

Is it not odd
That only dismal words
Will rhyme with God?
Clod,
Nod,
Rod,
And the sod.

But devil . . .
Right away one thinks of revel.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS A NOCTURNE

Until you grope through midnight
To find your visions stark
Around you, their hands moon-white
Clutching the dark . . .

Until you gulp down blackness
The dregs of wine like stars,
Sprinkling their twinkles through cypress
And prison-bars . . .

Until you feel the hoar-frost
Freeze blossoms wet with dew . . .
You cannot reckon the frigid cost
Of dawn and the blue.

The Boston Evening Transcript

Earl Marlatt

CLOISTERED

There is a song in silence
That sound could never sing.
There is a light in darkness
That suns could never bring.
There is a love in loneliness,
That baffles ecstasy.
Call me, beloved. I shall not come.
I go . . . to Calvary.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Earl Marlatt

APOCALYPSE

I think that Adam never had a book
More than the deckled edges of low hills
Aslant the lettered stars, where night-fire spills
Argent typography; and yet the look
Of the stones that Stephen reddened, and the limb
Of a tree sun-crucified against the sky,
And winds like women wailing, and the cry
Of one thorn-hurt were not unknown to him.

Who sees the red fire dance in the reddening leaf
And walks wet sand in the suck and push of the gale
Knows something of the nail-print and the nail,
The stony silence of another's grief,
When night shuts in, and the sea is spitting rough,
And Autumn is apocalypse enough.

The Lyric

Francis Mason

BACCHUS

Cadmus, of Thebes where sprang that Amphion
Who reared the pediment and the peristyle
With lyric music, brought at history's dawn
The alphabet from the Nile:

Whence came all chronicles and song.

And Cadmus fathered that Semele who
Consumed by amorous lightning in the strong
Embrace of Zeus gave Bacchus birth, whereby
Was Bacchus' blood composed of song and fire.
Then as Zeus carried Bacchus in his thigh
So was his womb the flesh and the desire
Of the masculine and overruling god.

But Hera, the woman, raged at Bacchus' birth,
And maddened him, and with divine
Unrest she clothed him, and with dreaming shod.
So he began his wandering in the earth:—
This is the lineage and the spirit of wine.

So hunted by Hera, the spirit feminine,
Bacchus from pirates hired an Asian ship,
And linked his fame and fate to a libertine
And lawless crew; who with no loyal lip
Served Hera, yet unconsciously gave aid
To Hera's hatred. These with heavy ropes
Bound Bacchus to a mast. But Bacchus played
With their perfidious hopes:
First he transformed himself into a lion;
Then he made serpents of the masts and oars,
Venomous as the sting which killed Orion.
Then he sent ivy growing round the hull,
And over the sails; and from the magic shores
Of longed for land he caused the sound of flutes
To blow as memory amid the breezes' lull;
Till madness took the sailors whose attributes
Grown brutish by their crime and Bacchus' wish
Leaped in the sterile sea and turned to fish.

So is it with Bacchus ever and his foes:
Bind him and he becomes a lion; and those
Who bind him turn to serpents, and from fangs

Spit poison, where before the bursting grape
Poured healthful wine. The solemn ivy hangs
Where once were blossoms and the glistening shape
Of fruitful leaves. And those who praise,
And seek for water, find it, but as fish.
Music becomes the sound of viewless flutes
Blown from lost lands, or the broken gibberish
Of weary sailors, or the signs of mutes.
Cadmus the grandsire of the god withdraws
Song and the wisdom of the alphabet;
And men walk in a jungle of tangled roots,
The sprawl of crooked counsels and lawless laws,
Where reptiles foul the sylvan rivulet.

The Nation

Edgar Lee Masters

THE DREAM SEEKERS

Long time ago when Charlemagne
Was but a lean and eager child
Roaming about the forest wild
With gaunt dogs tugging at his chain,
He never lay abed, when morn
Was yet asleep, upon his way
He pushed aside the coppice gray,
Hunting the snow white unicorn.

Nor did young Chaucer stay to read
His books of hours, as a lad
Small use for priestly tales he had,
But rather wandered in the mead
Glimpsing a pale shape through the thorn,
A slender hoofprint in the dew,
And that was all the lore he knew,
Hunting the snow white unicorn.

They follow still, and oft at noon
I hear a rustle in the grass,
On August eves dim figures pass
All swiftly harried by the moon,
The winding of a silver horn

Rouses my dreams, nor can I rest
But saddle for the ancient quest,
Hunting the snow white unicorn.

The Step Ladder

Beulah May

TO A PROFILE PORTRAIT IN THE AMBROSIANA

Were you the bright Bianca Milan mourned,
Or cunning Ludovico's laughing bride,
The Beatrice we would have beautiful?
Do your soft contours veil her fatal pride?

("The sweetest lady in all Italy!"
How was it Leonardo left no trace
Of her enchanted features? Did he find
Too radiant a subject in her grace?

What could he see in her of subtlety?
Cecelia or Lucrezia might call
Her innocence a pose—but what of that?
Her virtues and her faults were plain to all.)

Whether Il Moro claimed you child or wife
A spirited sweetness lights your level glance;
The golden hood, the jewelled embroideries
Betray a wilful girl's extravagance.

You could have ordered sable mantles—muffs;
Refused a texture like Cecelia's vest;
Hunted with falcons, joyed in pageantry;
Painter and poet happily addressed.

You could have written that your first-born son
Must not be measured lest he fail to grow;
Exhibited with a plebian pride
The heir that Milan hailed with royal show.

And if a Duke usurpingly inclined
Had need of beauty and persuasive tact
He could have sent you and your gorgeous gowns
To make Venetian backing into fact.

You could have sobbed when Gian's piteous wife,
The Isabella who had been your friend
In bridal days drove out of Pavia
A victim to a grim ambitious end.

(Yet, half-way met, the widow late-deposed
Opened her coach to her successor's sigh;
Even if they were both of royal blood —
Girlish mothers, what could they do but cry?)

Was it in Milan's short security
Before magnificence had tempted power
That in your profile's lovely youthful line
Ambrogio found his fortunate hour?

If you were Beatrice your bravery
Must palliate at least your grave offence;
(For when Il Moro hid in sickened fear
She rallied Milan by her eloquence.

Disarming nicety displayed itself
When to her sister passed a kindly gift;
The years would clear her vision; given time
The shadows of her selfishness would lift.)

A callous court could whisper sympathy
For you when Ludovico's sudden urge
Involved him in Lucrezia's soft deceit.
(The lonely Beatrice heard Bianca's dirge.

Attendants fretted in the chapel's nave
While Beatrice visited Bianca's tomb;
"Grief at a husband's open faithlessness
Should find expression in a secret room.

A duchess was a duchess and should act
Less womanish; long prayer was a disease."
Impatience died with Beatrice at dawn;
"The sweetest lady!" wept the Milanese.

The faithless love preceded faithful grief;
Neglected were the cares so late suborned;

Milan had lost her fortune; ducal flight
Was interrupted while Il Moro mourned.

A prayer, three backward glances at a tomb;
A cruel payment, caged captivity;
Il Moro's ill-won splendor lay despoiled
Before the French advance in Italy.)

Immortal portrait, could we prove you hers
Who worn with pain had died uncomforted,
The Beatrice we would have beautiful —
A duchess, twenty-one, life-surfeited!

The American Poetry Magazine

Elisabeth Mayer

VIRGINIA PORTRAITS

POET LAUREATE OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY

Without the rabbit brightness of your eyes,
Your tinted beak, your air of quick disquiet
Had not aroused our interest to surmise
How at the age of forty you came by it;
Had not disclosed to our intrusive gaze
Your sonnets and short lyrics. Epileptic
We might have thought you; or your moody ways
Were bibulous, or possibly dyspeptic.

But now we see that your uncertain seat
And frown are for the bouncing gait of rhyme;
Your nervousness is lest you should repeat
Some recent trip of grammar or of time.
One thinks of you and Pegasus, of course —
A frightened man upon a frightened horse.

CHANGE

"My gal," the negro said to the old man
For whom he once had worked, "is larnin' song
From Sembrich. Sembrich says her voice is gran'!"

The negro's eyes would have been down, but long
And now released oppression made them bold,
And as he saw the old man's covert smile
He likewise hid a smile: "He's poor and old,
I'm rich. Looks like the black man rides awhile!"
"That's splendid!" yawned the crumbled cavalier —
Amusedly amused. "We need more rain."
"Yas, suh. How's all yo' folks?" Neither could hear
The bugles like a singing and a pain
As in the ageless battle of their races
Sly smiles drew curving swords across their faces.

CAVALIER

His farm and stock he lost at throwing dice.
His soul, they say, ceased hoping when he knew
His wife would leave for lack of the to-do
That fortune buys. He said: "God isn't nice.
She's right in thinking poverty a vice.
Let's have a julep. Have you seen the view?"
And nothing more. At least his tongue was true —
And drunk or sober he would not entice
Her waiting pity. Now his shaggy hair
And pointed beard are white. He's felt the frost
On life and julep. Straight of back! It's fair
That when he bows, coat shiny and nose red,
There gleams a glamour he has never lost —
A grace bequeathed him by the courtly dead.

ANCESTRAL OIL PORTRAIT

Her damask nose, as Dickens says, was one
On which concealment's worm had never fed.
Small eyes, big hands, a plenitude of bone,
Cheeks almost, lips undoubted cherry red.
As background for her ruffed and satin clothes
The painter limned a castle. Truth allows
Us to imagine her unstayed repose
Was spent in frying eggs, or milking cows.

Sappho is lost, and all her verses too.
Helen is but a name upon the wind.

Here is a speaking portrait of Aunt Prue
To show us Fate is sometimes less unkind.
Think not the one and final trace of man
Shall be a clothes-pin, or a baking-pan.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Robert McBlair

WITHOUT GARMENT OF FLESH

God stands upon the hills
Gloriously,
God praises the hills
In a maple tree.

God hears the merry river,
Eager ears up,
God listens to the river,
In a buttercup.

God walks through the city
In gold and jade,
God trips through the city
In a saucy maid.

But woe is the desert:
How can God go
Alone in the desert
Where yellow winds blow?

Ah, proud is the desert!—
Through her bright haze
Without garment of flesh
God broods and prays.

The Lyric West

John Russell McCarthy

WHEN HILLS ARE GREEN

(For John Burroughs on Apple Blossom Day)

When all the hills are green, and fitly clad
To greet a glory of color and a glad

And living fragrance, then the apple trees
Bring gay-gowned partners for the dancing bees
And sudden humming-birds, and butterflies,—
For carnival beneath the Maytime skies.

And when the merry march and minuet
Are gone from hills where apple blossoms met
Their winged knights, through bright long summer days,
Where dancer swayed, the silent worker stays;
Until, upon a day, when hills are brown,
The fruit of song and labor tumbles down.

The scent of Spring is in them, and the gay
And cadenced magic of the dancing May,
The splendor of the Summer, and the wine
That sun and frost and very life confine;
For apple blooms do more than dance and sing—
The fruit and fullness of their song they bring.

He sang in May not otherwise than these
Bright apple blossoms on the Maytime trees,
And with each happy line and singing word
Danced butterfly and bee and winging bird;
And when, at last, the hills were ripe and gold,
The good red fruit of life was ours to hold,

How many songs are roses,—daisy-tales
That bud and bloom, yet fail when Summer fails!
But in good earth, firm stock and rugged root,
His words were apple blossoms, bearing fruit
In love of nature, that we all may tread
A clearer pathway to the kindly dead.

Los Angeles Saturday Night *John Russell McCarthy*

SONNET

Let the great quiet lie between my hands,
Let me cup them round it as I cup
The quiet, starry water and lift it up,
Jealously running like a sift of sands.

Let the low music blow across the lands,
Shy and unsyllabled as the turn of spring;
The song is softer, and its lessening
Goes like the ghost of lovely sarabands.
Let the great quiet lie within my hands,
The hour deepen, and the day surrender;
Beyond the gradual shore the sea expands,
And west the fires burn with a slow splendor:
These shall my heart consider not the less,
That of them all was born in quietness.

Saturday Review of Literature

David McCord

GRAY GOOSE

There are cloudy wings
In the sky to-day,
A gray goose flying,
With the last of summer's blue on its breast,
Beauty unshriven, unconfessed,
Flying, dying.

Gray goose,
A sweep of wings
And a long thin wailing;
Ah, color of youth, life's blue-bright feather,
Fading to gray like autumn weather,
What are you veiling?

The Century Magazine

Virginia McCormick

HARKNESS MEMORIAL TOWER

(Yale University)

I

Thou, russet maid, hast raised our laden eyes
Out of the dust we daily walk upon.
Even as day's expiring garrison

Pledges upon thy crown, before it dies,
Its knightly troth it will retake the skies,
So I, weary young Bellerophon
Tumbled by Pegasus, rely upon
Thy sudden dazzlement and old surprise
To pierce me back into the fight again.
Thou bold pretender to forgotten thrones,
Thou saffron queen of solemn-faced young men,
Thou newer glory out of olden stones,
The Lux et Veritas engraved in thee
Even to dust lends immortality.

II

The sombre elms stand back a pace from her,
New England to the core; this mightier might,
This wild upflinging to a topless height
Must be considered. Staid old trees confer
In twittering whispers: "Is she villager
Or immigrant? Natural or sprite?"
"Invited not, she marched in of a night,
Stabbing the sky like an adventurer."

The moon she sets at nightfall in her hair,
To gild her sun-brown skin to a fair white;
The spinster elms, too sleepy now to care,
Gather the shadows and murmur a stiff goodnight.
The campus is a still cobalt lagoon
Showing Her Grace the tilt of the mirrored moon.

The Commonweal

Harry McGuire

COSMIC BAD MANNERS

High in the rooftree of this ancient house
A cruel wind worries a creaking rafter;
Lightning runs through the room like a silver mouse
With thunder, a furious housewife, pounding after.

They are abroad tonight, the people of storm,
With their wild ways and never so much as "Please,"

Or a thought of us, all huddled to keep warm,
And hoping they'll leave the roof and the apple-trees!

The Commonweal

Mavis McIntosh

THE WEED IN THE WALL

Weed in the wall! Poor pitiful weed!
What bird brought thither that meek seed
That gave thee being? Or what wind strayed
Against the cold stone's rough facade
And with mute gesture there let fall
The little that should give thee all?
Or did an angel plant thee there,
Invisible and light as air?
For in the crumbling ledge thy foot
Stands fastened; thou hast taken root.
And all thy little leaves unfold,
Bright as the stonecrop's yellowy gold,
And sweet with secret sap that smells
Like honey culled from heather bells,
Like twisting toadflax come to birth
In less than even an inch of earth!
Fast in the wall, where dank dew drops,
The weed achieves its perilous grip.
Even its meagre roots sustain
The drenching torrents of cold rain,
Nor can it budge its leaves to shun
The white blaze of midsummer sun,
Who in his lustful prime disposes
Of red, aristocratic roses,
And lays the lily in the dust,
And dyes the mildewed ear with rust.
Yet the frail weed endures alone,
Caught in a crevice of the stone,
Until the frost with bitter breath
Blasts it with black and certain death.

The Dial

James McLane

ADOLESCENT

A brook's own humor tumbles from your throat
When May morns have their lusty will with you —
A tilted brook's, whose sunbeams dance, afloat
To running measures, worn yet ever new.
And often, when your noons of older mood
Linger too long and wear a shade too cool,
Your rebel whistle breaks the interlude
Like a quick pebble shattering a pool.

Sometimes, when the dusk comes and all things change,
When day is shadow lengthening behind,
And birds are bats, and even you are strange —
A creature neither boy nor man — you find
Breath still for tunes, though each go lost beyond,
Like a skipped rock across a darkened pond.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

LeRoy McLeod

A BOY PLOWING

Machinery of muscles needs no mind
When truant hands have memorized the plow,
And vagrant feet their narrow path behind
The traces' rhythm. Then will thought unbrow
Itself to wander wide with blackbird eyes
Over the crumbled secrets of the earth.
All tangled and moist out of its tomb, here lies,
Upthrown, what once was trees, what on their girth
Was lichens that they suckled; and with these
What after them upreared their mold to grain.
Unvestiged! Dust of dust! . . . O thought that flees
On frantic kildee wings, why turn again
To ask, when each cold clod keeps answering:
You must dissolve to be a deathless thing!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

LeRoy McLeod

NIGHT

Night, she of the dark and secret laughter, spinning
Silver unquiet trickery, sings beside her stream
Of deepening hours while the drowsed earth turns and
the stars are thinning
And the east fires gleam.

Softly she watches and smiles, still weaving beside those
waters
Never-ebbing and old, her nets of silver unfaith.
Vast through the voids of darkness she sings to her lovely
daughters,
Sleep and Death —

“Hush the hearts of lovers, hush their golden speaking,
Carve their lips to quiet, stop the hands that strove
With unholy brightness, all the ancient seeking
Of lovers for love.”

Night, by the harsh unending tide of hours sits weaving
Treacherous silver (Beware, O lovers, the silver of
Night!)

Darkling in chaos she sings of love, of love's brief be-
reaving
Worlds of light.

The New Republic

Marjorie Meeker

WINTER HARVEST

Beneath the dangerous sky and through the level
Length of far fields, there is no petaled thing.
Grim are the trees' stark branches, there is evil
In the warning of wind, in the starved crow's burnished
wing.

Yet who shall say that sky and wind and flowerless
Field may not know their own disastrous bloom?
Surely the insolent eager fingers are tireless
And deft that brought all colored things to doom . . .

Appeasement there is for even spectral hunger:

And is this their season, the pale light presences
That glimmer and smile, and wail with the wind, and
linger

By my window-panes till frost-flowers wreath on these?

Reapers of barren sheaves, adepts of utter

Darkness, they garner dearth with hollow strife;
The uncolored lightless harvest is not bitter
To them perhaps for whom this death is life.

The New Republic

Marjorie Meeker

THROUGH THESE BRIGHT WINDOWS

Through these bright windows bold above the street
The rhythmic voice of all the city hums —
The break of traffic and the beat of feet,
A frail flung cry, a laugh. . . . The far sound comes
Incessant as a sea whose echoes haunt
With sullen music some high coast tide-bound —
I think of vanished listeners to the chant
Of other cities that once made that sound.

O city like a sea, the fluent tide
Of little living breaks upon what shore
Bright beyond time? Let not our dreams deride
Those final beaches where strange waters pour
And ebb and leave, instead of sails and spars,
Wreckage of destinies and gods and stars.

Voices

Marjorie Meeker

STAR-PEDDLER

I sell stars,
And in a basket
I peddle them from door to door.
I gathered them from a pond at twilight.
Thank you! Won't you take some more?

For I plucked them dripping out of water,
More than an arm's length deep they lay.
Hold them to the moon at midnight.
Watch the shimmers in them play!

I sell stars,
And, lady, whisper
To your star and watch it wake
Into a shower of lovely songs;
Kiss it, lady, see it break
Into a lily's heart of gold.
For stars are dreams, and each one holds
A handful of songs, a heart of hope.
Whisper, lady; it unfolds!

I sell stars,
And in a basket
I peddle them from door to door.
Stars bring love that never sickens
But ever grows to more and more.
Thank you, lady, for your purchase.
I'll come back when April sings.
Hold your star safe through the winter:
I sell stars, but stars have wings!

The Lyric

Harold Wesley Melvin

THE SHAWL

Always lilacs bring me
A twinge of pain,
It was the flower of my youth
Which can not come again.

I never see a snow-bound head
Above a shawl
Without a little throb of joy—
Why, I'm not old at all!

But in my chest of sandalwood
A lilac spray

Scents the old worn cashmere shawl
Which I must wear . . . some day.

The Harp

Kate Randle Menefee

TWILIGHT SINGS TO EARTH

Rest, rest, Child of the Sky,
For Day's white lids are closing;
Fair flowers dream while pale stars gleam;
And sunbeams are reposing.

Rest, rest, tired, toiling earth,
Day-fairies now are dreaming;
In shining sheen, o'er fields of green,
God's great white stars are gleaming.

Peace, Peace, unto you, Earth,
Whose folded wings are weary;
Songs of the sea woo tenderly
Your spirit, wan and eery.

Sleep, sleep, O happy Earth,
Dream dreams while stars are wooing.
Child of the sky, rare dreams float by
From worlds their way pursuing.

Rest, rest, 'tis time, for dreams
Throng every hour of slumber
With calm delight; far in the night
They come in endless number.

Peace, peace, O dreaming Earth,
My grey wings wide are spreading,
To shield you tenderly from pain,
While Day with Night is wedding.

The Lantern

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith

HYACINTHS

A poem might be
A whole mile long,

And so a song
Might be, —
But when color and perfume wed,
In ever-so-small a hyacinth bed,
All is said!

Voices

Arthur Truman Merrill

HIRED HELP

*From Mars to Millinocket and from Kent to Somerset,
She starts the kittles bilin' and she keeps the dinners het;
And some they treats her sociable and some they treats
her small,
But up to Millinocket was the hansomest of all!*

For up to Millinocket was a doctor, name of Fleet,
Who had a wife in heaven and a house with furnace heat;
And in the doctor's kitchen was a white enamel sink
And through the kitchen curtains run a polkadot of pink;

And there she cooked for doctor and the doctor told her
twice
He'd never put his teeth to mince that had a better spice!
And once when Doctor Fleet was called to drive to Grundy
Grove,
He brought her back a basket that a Indian had wove;

And once when doctor noticed that she wasn't very well,
They rode in doctor's auto and they et at the hotel;
But though she done the best she could it wa'nt a mite
of use —
He went and took a gosling when he'd ought to took the
goose.

*From Mars to Millinocket and from Kent to Somerset,
She starts the kittles bilin' and she keeps the dinners het;
And some they treats her sociable and some they treats
her small,
But up to Millinocket was the hansomest of all!*

The Lyric

Mildred Plew Merryman

A SONNET FOR THE TROPICS

Each day, each day the same! No change falls here!
Great dawn-shells crack along the leaden road;
Relentless suns come snailing up the clear;
The oxen sweat before the creaking load.
No rock, no reef in all this limp, white land,
No stone to grind a groping vision sharp;
Year in, year out, the seasons sag the sand
Like loosened strings twanged softly on a harp.
Here, I have seen frail old men curled by heat
Crisp as the papered butterflies that sail;
But sometimes when the distant surf-drums beat
I watch the young men lag the listless trail:

Sick for their own ripe dreams that pull apart
Like gold persimmons rotted at the heart.

The Stap Ladder

Mildred Plew Merryman

FOUR LADIES

They squint above unwieldy, crooked laces
And twitter in a gentle alien tongue;
Beneath dark, spreading combs their leathered faces
Are futile as the patterns newly strung;
And daily, as their needles link and fashion
So habit fetters them with hook and hinge,
Until the light that rosed the room turns ashen
And four more pantalettes have found a fringe.
No lusts, no dreams distress their spinsterhood —
They have not even memories to shawl —
Placid as nuns that rest in painted wood,
They knit (and do not miss their minds at all)

Till Sunday, when they prop the looking glass
And trot their little, penny sins to mass.

The Lyric

Mildred Plew Merryman

GRANDMA

In sixty years her soul has set no guard —
She measures with the gentlest golden rule
And life is still the same bright picture card
She carried home one day from Sunday school.
Untroubled by the doubts that disarrange,
The ironies that wear a standard down,
She contemplates a world that knows no change
Since God wore curly whiskers and a crown;
And those she loves, how gallantly they try
With fingers crossed, to mask their little sins;
Like seraphim with halos all awry
They fetter fast their paper wings with pins,

Secure in pride that she has never known
How different she is, and how alone.

The Lyric

Mildred Plew Merryman

THE KING

Do you remember anything he said,
Save he was a King
Without Kingdom or a bed,
And that he once had fed
On bitter roots and dew?

There was too much heaven in his head,
When he walked among the breathing dead,
To allow his eyes to see us,
Or his burning hands to feel us
For the creatures that we were.
There was too much earth in us, —
So we could not understand.

And you went about your hours
Piling hope upon the clay,
Which my weakness took away;
And I leaned against myself,
Still believing in my strength —

Until both of us at length,
Ran like children to his eyes!

Do you remember anything he did,
Save the way he took us in
To that palace of his faith;
And the way he said goodbye,
Telling us across his shoulder
We were just a little late?

Palms

Scudder Middleton

BEYOND TAMARA

The tall flamingo stands
Motionless on the water.
The moving vine watches the world
With a thousand eyes.
When the moon lies down on the hills,
The sun-beast licks the lamb,
And the land is filled
With the inaudible music of growth.

Though hands meet hands,
And lips are unafraid of lips;
Though time has changed his whips for wands,
And beauty stirs in every blade of grass,
Think not that we, the happy ones,
Put no desires upon the clouds
Drifting away from Tamara.

Books: N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Scudder Middleton

AFTER HER GOING

At first, there was the exaltation of his mind!
Bright rods of thought fell on his flesh,
Beating away its dark audacities; .
And blood no longer dared to go or speak

Outside the righteous tunnels. Flesh was flesh,
Subject and quiet in its proper place.

But then her fingers, lifeless fingers, came
Fumbling among his ecstasies for earth,
Knocking on bolted doors of sacristies
Where lay his guarded reliques, dream on dream —
Then he had need of greater strength than lies
In consciousness, to keep his spirit clean.

Books: N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Scudder Middleton

CARAVANS

Thoughts are caravans that go
Through dry desert-days — slow — slow.
Their padded feet, from sun to sun,
Fall softly, silently upon
The shifting sand-floor of the mind.
Weary, with night-fall they find
Sleep-oases, where are born
Dream caravans that drift till morn.

The Lyric West

Edith Mirick

THE CLIMB

Follow the trail!
Blue gentians of the vale —
Oh, pass them by;
And twittering aspens, silent pines,
High and more high!
Out of the woods, the green confines,
Past the last witch-like tree
Haggard and bowed with misery!
Up, up the stony steep
Where the harsh lichens creep,
Follow the trail!

The trail — it is gone — it slips away
Down in the hollow!

Then never look back — never more follow —
Take your own way!

The Harp

Harriet Monroe

WILD GEESE

The wild geese in the dawn
Go over, flying
Above the red wounds
Of the Autumn dying —
Their eager arrow
Southward, southward crying.

And I, I stir and wake
And listen, knowing
Of old, of old the way
They will be going
To where a ruddy river
Will be flowing. . .

A tawny river through
The bamboos swinging,
Past reeds and rushes
And gray marshes ringing
With songs of wild birds
In the grasses winging. . .

I rise and watch
The wild geese go, forsaking
Fields where the bird of Winter
Will be shaking
White feathers soon —
The heart within me aching.

But, heart, forget
What things you once were knowing,
Forbear to dream
Of that red river flowing —
Forbear to fancy
You, too, will be going!

O eyes, be blind
To that fleet arrow flying!
Be deaf, O ears, be deaf
To wild geese crying
High. . . in the dim dawn. . .
Over Autumn dying!

The American Review

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

“THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY”

I had two friends and both seemed fine
And very near to me;
One strode aggressively through life,
And one stole quietly.

She of the gentle, timid ways
Once led me quite apart,
Amazingly broke her reserve
And opened up her heart.

There poured out hate long brooded on,
A well constructed plan
Of argument and epithet
To damn her brother man.

So one friend passed; the other now
Would mean still more to me
For in defending him I showed
Myself his quality.

And then he came, and curiously,
The man the other drew
Closed down upon him like a mask;
I could not pierce it through.

This losing friends goes hard; it is
Appalling not to know
If they were this or that, or if
I only thought them so.

The Harp

Barbara More

WILD PLUMS

You who are seeking fair and white
The beauty of the wild-plum flower,
Remember all these trees flame-bright
Burn on bare hills but one brief hour.

If you love wild-plums never roam
Far from the sea, for only there
Can you watch boughs of petalled foam
Blossom undying all the year.

The Gypsy

John Richard Moreland

"BEAUTY HAS LAID HER HANDS UPON MY EYES"

Beauty has laid her hands upon my eyes
And I am slave forever. Lo, the dawn,
The morning, noon and night are never gone
Without some loveliness, some sure surprise:—
White birch trees lean against the deep blue skies,
And red hibiscus burn in hedge in lawn.
A shaft of light sheds sudden gold upon
A great green wave just as it breaks and dies.

Beauty, I, have seen your image in a rose,
And in the tawny west, in glittering dew,
In pallid lilies in some fern-cool place,
And in the purple shadows on soft snows.
And it is ever changing, ever new . .
When shall I look upon your own fair face?

American Insurance Union Magazine

John Richard Moreland

A SONG OF ENVY

I envy him who is immune
To breaking sea, or singing shower,

But who can hear the golden tune
Of clinking coin at any hour.

I envy him whose eyes are blind
To tree or mountain scarred and old,
But who is ever quick to grind
Each petalled day to tawny gold.

For I am foolish. I forget
At sound of surf, or flower blood-red,
That life must have its urge and fret
As long as life requires bread.

The Will-o'-The-Wisp

John Richard Moreland

SAND DUNES

In dream and vision I have watched
The tiny grains
Time's hand has fashioned
To these twisted hills
Of yellow sand.
Fragile and changeable
And yet enduring as the sea,
The sky.
Slave to the mood of every fickle wind
Color is all the wealth these hills possess
And loneliness
Is their eternal guest.

At morning how they call . . . and call
With silent voice
Chill with the dew of dawn;
Noonday they burn with sullen heat
Like molten gold,
But in the deep of night
When the low moon
Floods all the dunes with silver light
They seem the foot-hills
Leading

To the surf-white mountains
Of eternity.

Some shudder as they pass
These wind-whipped sands,
And some
See but a weary waste of drouth
And death
Spattered with bleaching bones
But I, who watch them,
Morning, noon and night
Know all the secrets of their strength,
Their frailties,
And the golden wealth
Of opalescent
Loveliness.

The Will-o'-The-Wisp

John Richard Moreland

THE REAPER

The north wind was as cold as ice,
The night was black
And on a hill
Before a hut a dog howled twice,
Howled once again and all was still.

Like swish of scythe across the plain
I heard a cry
That told of grief
Was death's swift harvest bearded grain
Or that scant gain an opening leaf?

The Will-o'-The-Wisp

John Richard Moreland

SHADOWS

Shadows never go; only the sun.
At dusk the purples triumph, and they creep,
Like ether, over earth and bring a sleep.

By day the light has never wholly won.
We never knew a white and shadeless noon:
Behind the house, beneath the tree, the dark
Laughs at the cock and at the distant lark
That cry the day is here and it is June.

We watch the summer and the summer's doom,
And mark the mists that eat the golden sphere.
We find no shadows in a moonless gloom,
But find them only when the skies are clear.
And all our shade is shallow as a dream —
A grey wraith mirrored in the Stygian stream.

The Commonweal

Catherine Moore

GYPSY BRIDE

Saucers must be polished in a long round row,
Floors are always looking for a broom,
Hearts be tightly buttoned up in calico,
Just as souls are buttoned in a room.

Close the door, my heart, nor let it be ajar,
Shut the sky-line out, and pull the shade,
I might leave the hearth to go and pick a star,
And I have fresh butter to be made.

I am not complaining; he is good to me,
He would make me happy, if he could,
But he brings me gold-fish, when I want the sea,
And door-step trees to me who wants a wood.

The Lyric West

Elizabeth Evelyn Moore

PRESCIENCE

"Pines make me sad," he said,
"I don't know why,"
And watched the branches spread
Against the sky.

The old pine may have known,
Yet made no sign . . .
But he today is lone,
Housed in that pine.

The Reviewer

Elizabeth Evelyn Moore

THIS PINE TREE

This pine-tree, loved by many a passing moon,
When needle plumes have nodded to the skies,
Tearing from tempest wind a giant tune,
Goes to his end in tawdry sacrifice.
No sword-bright lightning, but a blunt axe scar
Has brought green-steepled branches to the earth,
Cheap counters now for toy and tinselled star,
May-pole of winter, ribboned for short mirth.
So season after season having known
Bright company of cloud and neighboring sun,
Tired boughs bear gilded trinkets to atone
For thirst, wounds, stupor, while red candles run,
Remembering in this stifled hour of death
Bleak hillsides and the north wind's living breath.

Scribner's Magazine

Elizabeth Morrow

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

A hill-hung altar says with majesty
Time of her great souls will not be denied,
For Francis, humblest saint of poverty
Wears in his death the flaunting plumes of pride.
Perhaps he leans from heaven's peace to earth
Where splendid towers touch the Umbrian skies
Smiling at honors with a quiet mirth,
After his mortal pain and sacrifice.

Perhaps he comes again in fadeless brown,
An unknown brother with no shrine or cell,
Working in wayside vineyards near the town,

Barefooted like the birds he loved so well.
He asks no painted aureole but instead
The warm Italian sunshine round his head.

Voices

Elizabeth Morrow

YOUTH PASSES

Youth passes: Michael, David, Joan, Lancelot;
Age squinting at her shutter knows them not.

"Your coat is thin against the winter cold."
A fleece of hope lines every shivering fold.

"You have no sword; can you fight beasts alone?"
I trust my good sling with its smooth white stone.

"A dry loaf stuffs that wallet by your side?"
Nay, nay, my bread is buttered thick with pride.

"Darkness will snatch you with swift-fingered fear."
Lend me no torch for all the stars shine clear.

"Will you meet kings in poor, road-stained attire?"
My cap is feathered with an eagle's fire.

Youth passes: Michael, David, Joan, Lancelot;
Age squinting at her shutter knows them not.

Contemporary Verse

Elizabeth Morrow

IDENTITY

The stars in heaven must stand some rivalry
From these bright-petaled things across the grass,
As golden as the goldest star could be,
Shining as surely till the spring shall pass.
Here one might say the stars were somehow freed
From paths that wandered frozen winter nights,

Choosing, for once, the humbleness of seed,
To flower a while in warm and yellow lights.

And when these go, the way that summer passes,
It will require no trick of fancy, then,
Seeing no trace of stars among the grasses,
To think how they have sought the sky again,
And how the golden passion burns its way
Through stars in heaven — and buttercups to-day.

Harper's Magazine

David Morton

VISITATION

Here where these long, slow lights of spring are falling
In soft and dreamy splendors over the ground,
And birds along the darkening wood are calling,
Less like a sound than like a hush of sound —
Something comes back that was not here before,
Lonely and shy and lovely with no name;
Some joy I had, some heartbreak that I wore,
Ghostwise returns for this too ghostly fame.

Now all the sadness that my heart has known,
And all the briefest joy that could not stay —
The sighs and laughter that my breath had sown,
Find here again a hushed and lonely way
Through skies of dreamy splendor like their own,
And fields as sad, as beautiful, as they.

The Commonweal

David Morton

JONGLEUR DE DIEU

He stood atop Assisi's Umbrian hill,
Pathetically small against the dawn,
On chessboard of the world a humble pawn,
Scarce capable his mission to fulfill.
He stood, hands lifted cruciform until
Last vestige of the vigiled night had gone,

When, with the final singing star withdrawn,
Brother birds caroled forth with greater skill.

From troubadour to jongleur of the Lord,
Minstrel of man to fool of Christ, was he,
Who sang of peace in preference to a sword,
Instead of riches, wealth of poverty;
Who brought a singing world in closer accord
Than ever it was or ever again can be.

America

Benjamin Musser

LINCOLN

When first his shadow fell across our door
We did not comprehend what such shape meant,
But straightway rendered it to nothing more
Than the dark that was in our spirits, sent
To be the outer signal of release
For predetermined strife. Humility
To find of strength the beauty in this man
And seek no farther even, could not be
In eyes that grasped no shape, but willed to please
The chaos where our own desires began.

Perhaps we thought that truth was like a kite
Joined to ourselves by frailty of a string
And lifted scarce above our mind's own night
By the tug only of our wandering.
But when we saw how firmly this man stood
In this our windy house, we had no name
For certainties whereto his presence led
As naturally as from our hearth the flame
Rose from its basis in the burning wood —
A truth to be by us interpreted

To mean . . . but ashes, when the flame has died,
And memory of what a good man did?
Rather for us the door was opened wide
Suddenly when he had departed, hid
With the stars, considering to the last

Our need; and we were left with what had made
Truth worth the seeking with our heart and brain;
And in our deeper living what he said
Was ultimate and just and would outcast
The bitterness of our divided pain.

So that we dwell upon the verge of light
Hearing his words, and nearly understand
The friend within that listens and the bright
Day of our knowledge that is close at hand;
So that we feel the night itself is dumb
With reticence of love that made him bold
For bound and human things, nor lets him be
A stranger now to what the dark may hold,
Remembering how martyrdom had come
Like a sudden bird to the steadfast tree.

Voices

Charles R. Murphy

CHILDREN OF LIGHT

1

Can they grow corn by echoes of the storm?
Or shake God from the topmost, lofty tree?
In prisons of their ignorance be warm?
Nibbling their little cake of wisdom, be
Satisfied? Will their high illusions cure
The bleakness of possession and of graves?
Their dust of skyey living thus outdure
The heavy names of cities and their slaves?

Their honey from high pastures is the same
As dust that draws November to its birth;
An atom felt is crownèd with a name
And made the nucleus of all they lacked;
Kings of the cloudy eyes, they come to earth
Poor reeling mystics, sinking to their fact!

2

The fruit of the tree is the gathering
Under its branches, and true inwardness

Is height enough for God; and those who bring,
Hungry themselves, to others in distress,
Fragments of the infinite bread, are hands
At each end of time; wonder in the cell
Escapes the confines of our prison-bands
Of knowledge; our walls may not yet expel

The name that straightens the bent minds of men.
Oh hungry bringers of our food, again
Strengthen our failure with the gifts you brought
Of faithful grain, and give us now the might
To raid the dark recesses of our thought
And bind us with the royal thongs of light!

Voices

Charles R. Murphy

WHEN WOMEN TALK

When women talk
A flower is robbed of loam;
When men converse,
A fruit is basketed.
The latter is fulfilment,
But the first,
A desecrance like ravaging the dead.

A plum or grape that's left upon the ground
To rot untasted
Is partly wasted . . .
Its sweetness never being known.
But strewn upon the grass,
What beauty petals have
May, better than in vases,
Be computed.

Say silence then is loam,
From which a woman's soul
Need never be uprooted.

The Nation

Marcia Nardi

NIGHTMARE

I ride the great black horses of my heart
With reins of steel across their flying hair;
So slow are they to halt, so swift to start,
The stormy-breasted stallions of despair.
Dark as the night, and fretful as the air,
Fleeter than hounds that go with bellies thinned —
My wrists of all their strength have none to spare
When those black hunters lean upon the wind.
What if the sudden thunder of their feet
Wakes like a dream some farmer from his rest?
Dreams had I too, farmer, before these fleet
Steeds of the night were broken from their nest.
Their weary flanks are green and white with foam;
Sleep, brother, sleep; I bring my horses home.

Harper's Magazine

Robert Nathan

REFRACTION

Within the mirror of an oval dream
Figures were pictured whitely in a stream.
Water in dream and in the stream reflection;
How much of it was real, how much deflection?
Was beauty blurred, or cameo'd the clearer,
For being seen within the double mirror?
The quivering water-figures where they sank
Were lovelier than those upon the bank.

Image in image toward infinity —
Then in some ultimate mirror would we see
Beauty herself? Or what we wish she were?
Be it herself or only what she seem,
Lovely distortion, still I would prefer
The medium of water and of dream,
Depth within depth to bevel and to bend —
Since I am also one who must depend
On sleep's immersion for my deepest sight
And like a stick in water lean on light.

Saturday Review of Literature *Louise Townsend Nicholl*

LIGHT

No calendar or counted days
Need tell the time of year;
While light keeps its accustomed ways
The month must appear.

Leave only light, the lovely light,
The daylights as they fall
With sudden difference strong and slight
Upon a brick wall,

Where your eyes will idly go,
Unlit, preoccupied —
And find a light you used to know
Returning like the tide.

There its thin and yellow gold
Does February fling,
A medal cast in antique mold
Faintly stamped with Spring.

There I see September now,
Taken unaware
By splendor of a god's brow
Too radiant to bear.

And if there were no known name —
January, June —
The light on walls would lie the same
In the afternoon,

Familiar, startling, and profound,
Recurring unabated,
A presence resonant as sound,
Indubitably dated.

Saturday Review of Literature Louise Townsend Nicholl

THE RUTHLESS ROMANTIC

The realists are not the ruthless ones —
The men who plant potatoes in a field,

Who know what they must sow to have a yield,
Who use for labor all their shining suns.

But he who strives to plant thoughts in the ground
And grow a rose tree from a crescent moon
Will hardly care if small, dark blood was strewn
Behind his feet after the moon turned round.

. . . The man who grows potatoes guards her pain
And finds her little glimmers wonderful;
His healing eyes, his hushing hands, are cool,
They smell of berry leaves, the ground, and rain. . . .

And how can gentlemen with stars to carry
Upon their necks love women, whom they marry?

Saturday Review of Literature

Gladys Oaks

BANQUETERS

If you have known hunger
That rends and slays,
Gnawing your nights,
Darking your days;
If you have looked
On four gaunt walls,
And envied the fly
That battens and crawls;

If you have grubbed
In the alleys for bread,
And fought for a crumb,
And wished you were dead;
If you have slunk
By the river's brim,
And wondered if bones
Would sink or swim;

Then you're my brothers,
The meanest and least —
With curbstone for table

And heartache for feast,
Let's meet where the river
Runs greasy and gray,
And see if we join it
Or see if we stay.

Our last cent will tell it —
We'll each have a spin;
Tails is a loser,
And heads is a win;
Heads for the river,
And tails back to town —
Each going his way,
But all going down!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Wade Oliver

CHRIST SPEAKS

Think not on me, as countless men have thought
To their mind's torture and their spirit's loss,
As a pathetic figure, frail, distraught,
Nailed to the sky upon a naked cross.

That transient travail is too sharply limned
Upon the canvas of man's consciousness;
Think rather of my laughing eyes, undimmed,
My hands, unpierced, devising tenderness!

The Outlook

Wade Oliver

KINGDOMS

Where is my kingdom? I would be a king.
Yet kingdoms are not made by conquering,
Nor kings and queens by questioning and wondering.

Kingdoms are bought by yearning, and by burning
Of body and bruising of breast.
This is the test, and this only,
For kings and queens to be only:

Have you the substance? Are you free?
How much can you suffer? How far can you see?

The Commonweal

Charles Oluf Olsen

LAUGHTER

*Laughter is a dread, and a bitter, and a beautiful thing.
Laughter is a Promethean fire filched from the gods and
wielded against them to their destruction.
When a man laughs he is something more than a man —
A little taller, perhaps;
Or a bit more mad.*

There was a man who went to the wilderness for a home,
Building a cabin, grubbing out brush, breaking sod.
The first year drouth withered his grain and parched his
meadows.

Plague came the twelvemonth after, and his cattle were
bone-pricked carcasses and a stench on the wind.

And in the third year there was hail.

Out of the green windrows of that cruel mowing

He lifted grimed fists to heaven

And laughed . . .

Laughed. . .

As he shouted:

"God! Listen to me, God, I'm telling you!

I'll beat you yet!"

.
There was a woman who looked on the mangled body of
her firstborn —

Blood and dust, a thing that had kissed her an hour ago,
And would rot soon.

She laughed —

Great ragged gasps of laughter, ripping her throat, flail-
ing her scrawny shoulders, until breath failed her and
she slept.

And the echo of that laughter . . .

When the guns speak, and the sky is red with the wreck-
age of a dynasty, and fat things squeal and die . . .

You will hear it.

.

Men watching a dream crumble into rubble and a spatter
of slimy foam;
Men finding out the perfidy of someone they have loved;
Men learning that the tools with which they have sought
to hew out new gods can compass only snow-men —
I have heard these laugh:
The laugh of the brave man who struggles up out of
defeat to fight again;
The laugh of the wise man who knows that bravery is
futile;
And the laugh of the idiot who is wiser than both, having
died while they yet live.

*Laughter is a dread, and a bitter, and a beautiful thing.
Take heed, Zeus!
We have forged of your own barb a spade that shall
topple Olympus!*

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Ted Olson

COPYREADER

This, then, had been his destiny from birth —
To desiccate life's pageant to a phrase —
Pity and terror, hunger, madness, mirth
Congealed in "Man Shoots Five in Murder Craze."
He'd written poems once. He wrote no more.
His wits had chilled in stereotypes too long
To kindle now one glittering metaphor.
His pulse kept time to headlines, not to song.
It was a sorry business, none knew better,
And there were moments he was more than half
Persuaded to shrug loose the ultimate fetter
Save that he knew too well his epitaph,
And somehow could not stomach quite the crass
Brutality of "Scribe Ends Life with Gas."

The Nation

Ted Olson

FEATHER SHAFTS

VENICE

The loyal moon still
Writes rippling rhymes
On the lagoons
To the Dowager Queen
Of the Adriatic,
Unmindful of her mésalliance
With Thomas Cook and Sons.

SOUL STATES

She died of him —
She a pastel convalescent blue,
He a spinach green.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

Purposeful, you,
Like a royal palm,
Travel light;
You shed your dead years
Like old garments.
I, a palmetto,
Carry mine
Like scalps on a belt —
Trophies of something conquered.

TIMES SQUARE

The bewilderment of feet,
And their destinies . . .
The bewilderment of faces,
And their thoughts . . .
The bewilderment of stars in the Pleiades . . .

STABLE BOY

With wind behind them, toward an arc of sun,
A stallion and a boy beside him run
Together on a hill. We hear a neigh,
The thud of hooves and shouting, every day.

As if the meadow were a burning floor
At sundown, running for the golden door
That closes the wide evening wall, they dash
Up the long hill and over with a flash.

When they are gone the dark seeps quickly under
The stones. And thinking of the horse, I wonder
If that boy stables him with crystal bars
And pats him over to a pail of stars.

The Commonweal

George O'Neil

WORTHY OF ATLAS

Champing at the burnished sedge,
A crimson bullock tracks
Noon across the cliff.
Glittering and stiff,
The beach's margin cracks
Golden, hit with a ringing sledge.

Hawks are on the stony ledge
And bees are at our wrists.
Vigilantly, thistles
Opening their bristles,
In purple matted twists
Have burred the earth upon the air.

Hugely prodding in the glare,
Atlas sweats above us now;
Copper loins and agate brow
All knotted like the ram.
Towering, vertiginous,
With a universe to bear,

Hot attention in his stare
Proves he is not tired of us
Who search the winking diagram.

Saturday Review of Literature

George O'Neil

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, 1850

This was a time unvexed by too much haste,
When the heart's dear complacencies and pains
Found solace and delight in Autumn lanes,
And the world's wonder was not yet laid waste
By that despairing creed that darkens our day,
That last unwisdom that at last we are wise
And have found out the imposture of the skies,
And mocked the soul back into its writhing clay.
No matter. It was but some days ago
When for my love and me, earth as of old
Made a green bed and drenched the air with gold,
And to our leaping pulse opposed her slow
Untired antiphony. And she will sing
Some few days hence to quicken our blood with Spring.

Saturday Review of Literature

Shaemas O'Sheel

MAID OF ALMESBURY

How could I know her Guinevere, who brought so fair a
face
A glory went ahead of her to lighten this dull place —
I who was taught that Beauty attended but the good,
And vile and loathsome sin must bear Cain-token — as it
should?

Yet she, for whose iniquities our golden world went pale
With none to joust at Camelot nor seek the Holy Grail,
Bode like a saint descended. I worshipped at her feet;
How could I know her Guinevere who was so sweet, so
sweet?

Why do I feel such aching pain, aware I hurt her so,
She that was all-deserving of the direst dole of woe,
When I, a simple novice, spake often of the Queen,
Naught dreaming of the sword-thrusts the wanton words
between?

I mind at word of Arthur how she gently raised her head:
"His touch was like the passionless Madonna's," soft she
said;
But when my lips framed "Lancelot," her face went like
desire:
"His touch, it was a flower!" she said, "— a flower hued
with fire."

Forgive, O Mary Mother! The unholy thought creeps in:
*Never to know a love like that, or know it but through
sin! —*
O nunnery walls of Almesbury, so high and wide and
dark,
Forever hide me from the Flower that bears a magic
spark!

The Lyric West

Bessie Pryor Palmer

THE OLD SEA-DOG

"Not many hours more," I hear them say.
Damn 'em. . . . They cannot see the schooner's bow
Make head against the waves. (And who's here now?
The parson, eh? I haven't time to pray.)
Cold — cold the wind to-night, and high the sea.
I don't remember such a storm before,
Except the time we lay off Singapore:
A typhoon — no mistake; and but for me
The *Betsey Ann* had gone. How long it seems!
It must be thirty — forty years, I guess. . . .
A pile o' work. . . . A little happiness. . . .
H'm . . . not so bad . . . and Lord! I've had my dreams!
What's that along the starboard side — a light?
Damn 'em . . . we'll make the old home port to-night!

The Century Magazine

Catherine Parmenter

IT MIGHT HAVE MATTERED

Who timed your coming that it chanced too soon?
My youth was strange and love a difficult tongue.
I did not know one faltering word. The tune
That you had mastered and the ages sung,
Was high and breathless and it strangled me.
If you had been more patient and more wise
With my young reticence, eventually,
I could have sung it too, with lips and eyes.

But while I strove with each melodious note,
Some grave grandam's dim fingers like a vise
Would hold the fluttering music in my throat,
Until it hushed and died, or turned to ice.
It might have mattered had your heart been stayed,
That now I'm fluent, loose and unafraid.

The Virginia Quarterly Review *Anne Blackwell Payne*

OASIS

High-walled from restless desert winds
And pillager,
One garden in the waste of years
He kept for her.

Grey acres of long toil, sown thick
With bitter days,
And thorny hedges hid the spot
Of happy ways.

For there were beauty, peace, and joy
Of glinting wings,
And crystal waters cool from love's
Eternal springs!

The Commonweal

Arthur Wallace Peach

AT PORTOFINO

I

Here life pays peace and ecstasy for tithe:
The dissonant trumpets of the world are mute
And God is but an old man with a scythe
And love the faltering fancy of a flute.
To lie with kissing lashes and confuse
The silver olives and the golden sun,
To sort the greens and purples from the blues
When the lean racers of the south wind run,
Rounding abreast the bulging Apennine,
And burst upon the clapping bay — ah, these
Are all the drudgeries of this demesne
Whose boundary is music and the sea's.
Ye starved and hurt, ye hives of busy ghosts,
Would I could lend your ills this sea, these coasts.

II

Where through the olive trees I see bright shawls
And bathers laughing in the beryl bay,
Lovers more bold for tilted parasols
And waters summery and cerulean, lay
The hoarse and sweating legionaires of Rome
Breaking their march. And when they marched their last,
Algerian pirates made of this their home
And heckled Genoa from here, and passed.
In some pale after-day of Arctic fear
When all the glittering tribes of us have thinned,
One of our last, perhaps, will wander here
Beneath the sockets of the stars and wind,
And facing seawards in the thickening night
Pray the old prayer to the last god "More light!"

The Virginia Quarterly Review *William Alexander Percy*

JOYCE KILMER IN HEAVEN

What saw you, singer, leaping from the sod,
Over the bloody rampart of your death?

What saw you when you drew your first free breath
Full in the open meadow-fields of God?

Did the red bursting shells in rainbow hue
Break for you suddenly to flowery bloom?
Clamor to music fall, and smokes of doom
Blow soft like morning mists across the dew?

Did Michael of the Sword, saluting, greet you,
And over flaming parapet and scarp
David the Poet Soldier, with his harp,
Singing God's love and glory, come to meet you?

And Brigid of the virgin heart, regiven
Her bridelike loveliness, run hurrying, glad,
Leading the little children of Fochlad
To give you Irish welcome into Heaven?

Or was it Starry Main streets all alive
With happy businesses; young angels lessons
Learned from Old Poets? Trees and Delicatessens
With lights like spark-showers from the Twelve Forty-
five?

Heaven with Martin standing by to wait
His turn to say hello — just standing by
To let Dave Lilly show you a new fly —
Heaven where all is perfect, even bait!

Sing out and tell, O soldier lad! Cry back,
Call down from Heaven, brave and dear, and say
How goes it now beyond dark Rouge Bouquet,
Since Christ our comrade loosened up your pack?

America

Charles Phillips

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOOK

Of old so precious was a book that key
And lock were put upon it, to withhold
Its treasured lettering against the mold

And dull erasure of the years . . . But see
How artfully the pen, how lovingly
The prayerful brush, their age-old lore unfold,
How rich in azure tracery enscrolled
The poet's dream, a golden flagree!

. . . Dust is the golden brush; the artful hand
Is vanished as the insubstantial air;
The book lies open now; its azures pale
Before the noonbright day. What can withstand
Time's blurring light? . . . The dream, the vision, the
prayer:
These only through the ages shall prevail.

Look on this newmade page, and, otherwise,
As is the wont of us in human way,
Smile as mayhap you've smiled an idle day
To see the labored script that faded lies
Writ on an ancient vellum . . . Yes, but sighs
Shadow your smiling now; these thoughts that play
Freshly across this glistening sheet array
More than the living present for your eyes.

. . . The past is here already! Turn the page—
Or here or there, mark you how swift the time
Runs from the moment to the hour. The past
Is here already!—Youth and sudden . . . age!
Turn back! Turn back! I write my little rhyme
To catch your heart before the lock is fast.

America

Charles Phillips

ROSE IN THE RAIN

Fall, rose petal, fall;
Your hour is done—
You have had your all
Of sky and sun.

Now you must take the winds that burn
And the buffeting rain,

Endure the storm, and learn
What tears are, and pain.

Rose, rise in the rain that drums
Cold death on you, teach me
How to take death when it comes
Bravely, unflinchingly —

Not grievingly, but strong and tall
As you are, flinging off
Petal and leaf . . . how all
The vanities you doff

Of color and pride, and face
Head high, the flail
Of the whipping wind, the wild lace
And lash of the gale!

Rose, rose in the rain,
Teach me when I'm undone
To stand and to drink of the cup of tears and rain
As I've quaffed the cup of the sun.

America

Charles Phillips

GONE

One little word pregnant with sorrow,
How can you bear the weight that you borrow?

Poignant with grief, loudly articulate,
One little word, but it means I am desolate.

Places now hallowed by memory only,
Now echo "Gone" to one who is lonely.

One little word, loudly articulate,
"Gone, you are gone," leaving me desolate.

One little word, but it sounds like the thunder,
Tearing the fabric of two lives asunder,

Striking with flaming forks, always reverberate,
"O I am desolate, desolate, desolate."

Marie Tello Phillips

WATER SONG

Plough-boy bending at the spring,
You kneel before a marvelous thing.

I tell you this cupped in your hand
Shall be more potent than the land.

This frailty held to your lips
Can bring forth ships,

And with its vast slow certainty
Draw in the ships again. The sea

Is water only — delicate
Water made terrible and great.

God reinforced the land with fire,
Seas with desire.

Plough-boy, I have told you so;
Touch this thing lightly, then, and go.

The Forge: A Journal of Verse

Thelma Phlegar

DAWN IN THE HEART

She was scarce twenty-six, her eager May
Too brief to shut her off from youth and song.
Her elders gravely said it would be wrong
For her to plan a simple holiday.
And they were right, for she had laid away
The one whom she loved most; she must be strong.
She and her two small babes must get along
Upon the savings of his dear-earned pay.

She set herself to think of ways and means,
And planned the children's clothes from her own store.
She said she would cut up her pinks and greens
For summer frocks. (The children needed more.)
My heart rebelled; I planned what I would say,
When to my joy she wore some flowers to-day.

The Gypsy

Mabel Posegate

THE PLIGHT OF JOHN McBRIDE

They placed young John McBride behind the bars
The day he shot and killed Priscilla Drew;
But I have seen upon his body scars
Of spectral hands, and claim he never knew.

For months a demon had possessed the man.
He saw unearthly creatures in the night;
And once Priscilla's buried lover, Dan,
Through him had spoken, filling us with fright.

Dan claimed that she and John were playing fast,
And swore that he would get them by and by.
Maguire had hated both of them at last —
And hatred is not ended when we die.

McBride would often waken with a start
And dressing quickly, walk the city ways.
Some power was driving him to play the part
Which terminated poor Priscilla's days.

Once I had seen behind him in the room
A ghostly semblance of the dead Maguire,
With large revolver glinting in the gloom
As though the phantom were about to fire.

Somehow Maguire had worked upon the mind
And broken down his weaker rival's will.
And yet, what jury in the world would find
The dead man forced the living man to kill?

Yes, John McBride will tread the air in time,
Fulfilling thus the angry lover's boast;
For though another's guilty of the crime,
It would be rather hard to hang a ghost!

Mystery Magazine

William James Price

BALLADE OF PHANTOM SHIPS

They sailed away before the breeze
To where the ocean prairies lie,
To search Atlantic's fatal seas
And find the wealth no prince could buy.
Each man his greed would gratify
Though one must hell itself explore;
But currents oft deceive the eye
In phantom seas without a shore!

When lost, they sailed as one who flees
Before some Terror, asking why
Should water now suggest disease
And gaseous mist conceal the sky.
At last, as northern winds blew high,
A ghostly hulk upon them bore,
Which none in darkness could espy
In phantom seas without a shore!

At morning each around him sees
Lost vessels which the years defy—
Like them, the fools of Fate's decrees.
They hear the spirit seamen cry,
And realize that they must die.
Years pass; yet still above the roar
Some say when called their ghosts reply,
In phantom seas without a shore!

L'ENVOI

Friend, when Sargassos bid you try
To gain the gold they have in store,

Refuse to wander, even as I,
In phantom seas without a shore!

Weird Tales

William James Price

MARY AGNES

Ever since she came upstairs
Mary Agnes has been saying prayers —
“God, the father of Heaven, have mercy on us”

It is a cruel thing for me to be lying
Warm and safe and her praying and crying,
“Holy Mother of God, pray for us”

Nothing but a wall between,
Lath and paper, thin as screen —
“Virgin most prudent”

Most likely she has quarreled with Jim —
No girl should care for a boy like him.
“Virgin most beautiful”

When I came in the lights were out —
I know it is Jim she is crying about.
“Mystical rose”

Hush, Mary Agnes, don't care, don't cry —
You're as good a girl and better than I!
“House of Gold, pray for us”

Hush, hush! Hear what I'm saying —
Crying won't do any good or praying.
“Morning Star, pray for us”

If she keeps crying the whole night through,
Shall I go in to her — what shall I do?
“Comfortress of the afflicted”

God, God, what does one say
In the deep of night when one needs to pray?

The Forge

Janet Pressley Piper

APOCALYPSE

I dare not be too long alone
Lest I awake and find me gone;

Lest there come thunder in my ears,
The rush of wings, the clash of spears,

The riving of timber, and in my eyes
The stinging smoke of Paradise;

Lest heaviness should halt my blood
In its swift course, a seething flood

Of molten lava, burning wine
Possess this body I call mine,

Rush hotly through my finger tips,
Strike leaping flames from my parched lips,

Filling my veins with such a fire
As Sidon knew or ravaged Tyre.

Under my breast my heart might grow
Too hot and high to be held so.

My sentient self might rise and say
"I am very strong; I will not stay:

I am not you nor any woman;
I am not God. I am not human.

It is no task to tear apart
The puny prison of your heart."

I dare not be too long alone
Lest I awake and find me gone.

ROCKING-CHAIR

She lived in the valley beneath a low gray hill,
With the long fields beyond. Those few who came
Found her always sitting there, sullen, still,
Gazing far over the wheat, always the same
Red scarf over her broad shoulders, and her hair
Gray and untidy over her hard dark face;
Each evening, passing, they saw her sitting there,
A strong dark figure in that quiet place.

Once they saw her on a rain-scented night
Moving aimlessly through the ribbed bundles of wheat,
Mumbling. . . And once, when the fields were cold and
white,
They found her, wandering, ice on her bare feet. . . .
And the next day she would be sitting there,
Again, stolidly, in the worn rocking-chair.

Virginia Quarterly Review

Frederic Prokosch

SECOND TRYST

Again she sat, now that the fragile moon
Was over the bridge, waiting, as she had waited
Once . . . when the dusk fell all the afternoon
Stealthily, lasting far into a belated
Misty sunset; so she was sitting again
Under this elm, by this thin stream, and so
Again she was watching the branches, which the rain
Left gleaming, move to and fro, to and fro. . . .

Always this elm, this stream. . . Her strong brown hands
Lay folded as once those frail ones, candid, still,
And, as the moon lay on it in slim white bands,
Calmly she turned her eyes to the waiting hill:
Always, always, she too would be waiting there,
Waiting, for a dark face with dark young hair.

Virginia Quarterly Review

Frederic Prokosch

THE SECOND DAUGHTER

The second daughter in an alien house,
The first girl in her own,
She is knitted mind to mind with one,
With the other, bone to bone.

In one she gathers crystal flowers
From the spirit's flood;
In the other, dark and heavy fruit
From primeval blood.

This is the hidden reason
That she is deeply wise;
With spring and harvest season
Brooding in her eyes.

The Nation

Idella Purnell

TROPICAL EARTH

The mangoes droop over the teeming creek,
Where water-gnats and dragon-flies of blue
Flash in the shadows, and long leaves are sleek
With sifted gold where the hot light shines through
The tamarind branches. Where the waters flow
The heat is quivering up. The dry bamboo
Lifts sharp-tipped arrows from the bank's dark bow
To aim at leafy clouds, and pierce them through.

Here earth, the purposeful dark mother, keeps
The secrets that are hers, and knows her sons'
Last hidden weaknesses, most awful deeps.
The long, long quiet of oblivions
She promises the craven and most dear
Who creep to find in her rich peaceful breast
A refuge from their passions and their fear,
Forgiveness and forgetfulness and rest.

And here she smiles on those gay sons of hers
Who seize their fates and fashion them to swords.

In her dark bosom prideful blessing stirs
To know their valor, and their boastful words.
Her straight slim sons flame here like tropic flowers,
Hardy and bright,—but from their mother earth
They have inherited strange twilight hours
Of irony and pity and of mirth.

Tell us your secrets, magical dark One,
With bitter loving hardness you uncover
The weakness and the meanness of your son,
The quivering clean courage of your lover.
And over both, indifferent and brave,
You lift a smile of flowers at last, and keep
An equal vigil over each unmarked grave,
Hushed in the holy mystery of sleep.

Contemporary Verse

Idella Purnell

NEW POET

He is like an eager bird
Circling round and round the pool
Dubious at what point to dip;
He has only lightly stirred
At the water's magnet rim,
Hearing from his own thin throat
Tiny notes that frighten him.
Not until he braves the plunge—
Comes up shining, wholly drenched,
Flashing diamonds from his wings—
Will he cry the hungry things
That clamour in his heart, unquenched!

Voices

Charlotte Hungerford Perry

NEED

My love wakes thirsting in the night,
And calls, and will not sleep again;
The tilted cup a false delight,
And false delight a very pain.

As well my love were desert-bound,
Folding its arms about the air,
To perish by the springs it found,
Finding no spring was there.

My love lies thirsting in the night,
Upon a bed of thorn and sand,
Upon a bed of false delight,
The tankard in an empty hand.

The Lyric

Edwin Quarles

PASSAGE

This only can I bring the Shade
That keeps the portal for the King:
The song you liked of all I made
When you were here, and it was spring.

But I shall seek you unafraid,
For I shall seek you singing, Dear,
The song you liked of all I made
When it was spring, and you were here.

The Lyric

Edwin Quarles

LINDBERGH'S SPRING

Man has possessed much, but not before
Has the Spring season budded in a name,
Until his monoplane, swift as a flame,
Did the lone Lindbergh fly from the western shore
To the Atlantic's eastern, and the roar
From every nation in an hour became
For him the greatest trumpet of acclaim
Ever the seas echoed or high winds bore.

The lone flight was the deed a god achieved!
Those eagle hours between the seas and heaven!
But the dazed youth that Le Bouget received
Gave knighthood in *our* world a quickening.

And so the Spring of nineteen-twenty-seven
To me henceforth will record as *Lindbergh's Spring!*

The Lantern

Joseph Ranlett

MOONSHINER

They found him close against the mountain side,
Unkempt and raw-boned in his frayed blue jeans,
Lounging beside a rudely-fashioned still
Whose pipes and unscoured cauldron had no shine.
"It's none of mine," he whined, eyeing the still,
"I come up here a-looking for some shoats."

"Aw, come — don't pull that worn-out stuff!" they jeered,
And led him down the rugged, leaf-strewn path
To where his scrawny wife was washing clothes
Behind a two-room shanty. At her feet
A grimy girl was playing with a cat,
While from within a baby's feeble cries
Came fitfully. Two boys in overalls
Were cutting wood, but paused with bulging eyes
To see their father and the sheriff's men.
"We caught him at the still. He'll have to go."

He lay behind the bars for seven weeks
Before his case was called. His hapless brood
Like pallid shades from Limbo, came to court —
The thin-clad mother with her snuff stained lips;
The baby drawing from her withered breast;
The dingy child; the hollow-chested boys —
While their provider shrank into his chair
Drawing a ragged coat about his neck.

When all the evidence was in, and guilt
Was proved beyond the faintest shade of doubt,
The jury filed into a guarded room . . .

The haggard mother sniffed against her hand;
The baby cried; the small girl squirmed and whined;
The ragged boys sat stupid, open-mouthed.

The jurymen filed back into the room.
Unflinchingly the foreman rose and said:
"We find this man not guilty of the charge."

The Harp

Louise Crenshaw Ray

SAPPHO SINGS FROM A NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER

Oh city built of brawn and stone and steel;
Of daring dreams, and Herculean power:
Your lofty skyline makes the senses reel
At sunrise or at sunset's painted hour.

By day your streets are hives of industry
Where want and greed and lust wage strident wars;
But when night draws its veil of secrecy
You are more brilliant than a million stars.

Oh buried cities, ghost-beset and old —
Corinth and Tyre; Carthage, Persepolis —
Could you return from ruin, dust and mould,
I challenge you to ever rival this!

America

Louise Crenshaw Ray

CLYTIE

Opals thread for her
Till the thread be broken
As you speak of her
Let each word that's spoken
Lie upon the air
Frozen to its essence,
Holding in its clear
Tranquil iridescence
Orbed images
Of unearthly weaving,
More than eye can guess,
Past the heart's believing.

Stone by shining stone
Thread for Tethys' daughter,
Speak in undertone
Sweet as falling water;
Like a flock of birds
Come at Clytie's calling,
Speak, and let your words
Soft as snow be falling.

The Harp

Bernard Raymund

A WINDY NIGHT

Should Ellen from the rectory come,
Or from the grey farms Nan or Mark,
Then will they find my house gone dumb,
Drained to the ribs of all but dark.

Ellen, white hyacinth on its stalk,
Knows parish-news from shop to stall;
Smelling of apples, Nan will talk
Of weathers, crops; Mark, not at all.

Not I that shape there in the night,
Slumped down within the knobbed green chair,
That thing left in the fagotlight,
To mumble welcome, stare and stare.

Orion hunts, and with him I
Beyond the pools of ghosts and back;
The Dead troop out as we go by,
And point us down the whirling track.

Saturday Review of Literature *Lizette Woodworth Reese*

THRIFT

A star proves never traitor, and a weed —
Even that vetch obscurely purple there —
Can hoard such loyalties against your need,

You may go rich, although the world go bare.
A blackbird's whistle over the low grass,
Is but another wealth; so are these too:—
The old rememberings that start and pass
At its short music, when the year is new.
If stars you love, and all their like, then know
Your love will be a thrift to set you clear
Of beggary and whining at a door.
You change; life changes; it is ever so;
But these last on from whirling year to year:
Learn God of them, and add Him to your store.

Harper's Magazine

Lizette Woodworth Reese

SHEPHERDING

Who is more tender than a shepherd is,
The intimacy of weathers in his face?
A fold, a serviceable staff is his:
Out in the park or some like country place,
Have I not seen one, in a golden air,
On golden road, driving his flock before,
A figure tall, hereditary, spare,
And longed to follow to that kindly door?
It must be that some rich, forgotten thing
Chokes at the heart at sight of these who pass;
Lost dreams gather about us in the grass;
And when this happens, for a moment we fling
Our gold down, as it were but hoarded glass,
And run back to our ancient shepherding.

The New Republic

Lizette Woodworth Reese

A SCENT

Be you shepherd with your sheep,
Or a bishop with a hood
As scarlet as the haws
In a tumbling wood,

There will come to you a thing —
And come to you it must —
That will cast you down, down,
As low as the dust.

An odor will go by,
Of satiny pears that drop
Behind a cracked high wall,
To be sold in a shop;

Or of the wild mint flower,
Sharp honey and to spare;
Or the billow of gay skirts
Down a vanished stair.

It will cast you down, down,
In a sudden rout;
Be you shepherd, be you priest,
It will tear your heart out.

The New Republic

Lizette Woodworth Reese

TO A TYPIST

You seize a sheet and deftly place it there
Within this soulless and insane machine,
And as you bend your head and weakly lean
Above your work I see that you are fair,
But as I dictate, feign I do not care
That you are very tired and that I've seen
Your shoulders droop, the tears that steal between
Your lashes — only at the keys you stare,

Pretending, too, you do not see the stain
Of business worries on my face, the gray
About my temples, something that lies slain
Within my eyes. Your fingers swiftly play
Their dirge upon the keys, and once again
I curtly nod to you: "That's all today."

Henry Reich, Jr.

Your Broadway and Mine, N. Y. Eve. Graphic

TO A TAILOR'S SAD IRON

Under your strokes, men grow refined.
You crease each trouser till its edge
Can sever class lines well defined,
Each smooth pressed cuff an entering wedge.

You steam out wrinkles that were got
On park bench and on silken bed,
You make men seem what they are not
Sometimes, or what they are, instead!

Henry Reich, Jr.

The Lantern, New York Herald-Tribune

KEATS IN HADES

"John Keats, I love you!" said one in a shroud
Who touched his elbow. "I am Helen, she
Who burned the topless towers—you know—" a cloud
Obscured her ere she finished. He

Turned to his guide, Will Shakespeare. "She was rare,
A thing of beauty—" and his voice trailed off.
Another cried his name—one more than fair,
Queen Cleopatra. Keats but checked a cough,

And clutched Will's arm. "I see I'm in demand,"
He said. And yet a third sweet voice was heard—
Young Iseult, weeping, strove to catch his hand.
Keats turned about and whistled like a bird.

And then one spoke in low and husky tone:
"John Keats," she said, "At last, at last I'm here."
Keats looked. His face grew white as Lesbian stone,
And then he smiled and whispered: "Amy, dear!"

The Greenwich Village Quill

Henry Reich, Jr.

KINGS

Kings sit down on rocks to remember,
And stare at the shore;
They wonder why the people who loved them
Don't love them any more.

They think: surely we are dreaming,
We shall wake soon
To a purple High Lord of the Bedchamber
Handing us the moon—

A round moon, heavier than ermine,
For us to hold.
And the threadbare kings on the seashore
Shiver in the cold.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Dorothy E. Reid

BEHIND A COFFEE URN

Leave me out of your dreams!
Dream of steel instead—
Not of a soft whiteness,
Not of a soft red.

Dream of your silly bridge,
Your shining skyscrapers;
Dream of your four-inch name
In all the morning papers;

Wall your fragile dreams
Forever in steel and stone,
And leave me out of your dreams!
I'll have dreams of my own.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Dorothy E. Reid

THE QUARREL

AFTERMATH

Undoubtedly the moment was awry
For both of them. He said, "The glow of light

Surrounding La Belle Fleur is much too white.—
More amber?" And she heard the "amber" die
Upon her ears, and wanted to shriek, to cry
To the black heads applauding La Belle Fleur.
Instead, her voice (a stranger's voice to her)
Murmured, "A shade more amber," in reply.

Why should they sit, one's hand within the other's,
Chilly and formal as a stranger's hand,
Saying, "Her voice is shriller than her mother's,"
And neither able to pity nor understand,
Till even the hands drew casually apart
Gesturing large of artifice and art.

WORDS

They might have said the very words, she thought,
When the last curtain fell, and they were going,
Had the old intercourse of mind been flowing
Between them. Words were strange because they brought
Echoes of understanding. It was not
Weapons or daggers, but love's very arrow
Pressing between them, flexible and narrow,
Where it had joined before. Somehow they got

Into the street, and the need for words to face
The world with, died; but the deeper need persisted
To face each other. And words would come apace
Had the taut lips tried, but both of them resisted.
Later they told each other with a smile
They had been talking together all the while.

AMBULANT

When sickness seizes on the heart and mind
Walking, she thought, is good. And he thought, walking
Is good. The moment's impulse set them stalking
Down the long street, fleeing the curse behind;
But the curse followed them, and struck them blind
To the pale haze around the trees, the lights
They would have madrigaled in other nights.
There was no peace for anyone to find.

How could I, she was thinking, breathe or live
Without him — yet this surely is the end.
And he was thinking, surely I would give
My life, but here is nothing lives will mend.
Nothing, they thought, can ever heal or cloak
The anguish of this moment. Then she spoke.

STACCATO

“Won’t you say — something?” “What is there to say?”
“Nothing — and yet — we’ve been this way before
And caught the moment back.” “A reason more
Why it’s so hopeless. We have tried — the way
That we have tried to save it!” “Don’t they pay —
The lucid, golden intervals we snatch
From the surrounding darkness?” “Yes, but match
The golden moments with the black today —

And possibility of black tomorrows.”

“We must be sensible. We must not let
Our quick emotion trick us to new sorrows.
It’s settled, then. We’ll part. We will forget.”
“Forget? — There’s just one way.” “Yes, and I meant
To take that way. I love you. I’m content.”

CRISIS

They gazed an instant on eternity
Flung out before them for their mind’s release;
One little episode would bring them peace —
They shuddered back from the discovery.
Peace was not all they wanted. They could see
No peace in anything; even in black
And swift annihilation they would lack
The calm of bodies tuned harmoniously.

Suddenly — “But our loving means so much
We couldn’t take that way. Isn’t it true
Pain is kinder than — nothing at all?” Her touch
Stiffened upon his fingers, and they knew
Madness, and turned to one another, and pressed
Bodies and lips together, finding rest.

CAPITULATION

They saw reprieve was treacherous and brief
From the grey certainty, and yet they stood
Finding the world a lucent place, and good,
In the resurgence of their old belief.
Time was, they knew, a most reluctant thief,
Nibbling the little ecstasies so slowly
The body and blood of them became most holy
Broken for him in exquisite pain and grief.

Now a moon arose miraculous and blue,
And heaven anchored safely at their feet;
Whose tears were on their faces, neither knew,
But they were tears, and they were very sweet.
They made no promises. Why should they make
Promises they would scorn to break, and break?

Voices

Dorothy E. Reid

THE PASSION FLOWER

Wee passion flower with your crown of thorns.
Your body bearing print of cruel nails;
Your tragedy grows dim, and further pales
Before the cross on Resurrection morns.
High in the Andes, where your presence warns
The traveler, that here light air assails
His human frailty; tendrils gored by gales.
Yet still you struggle upward, tempest-torn.

Rejoice! fair scarlet-tipped passion flower,
Although you pain and deep emotion feel;
Without the sacrifice supreme, no power
On earth could cheer, no touch our souls could heal.
Above all other blossoms, high you tower,
While on each heart your mystic passions steal.

Interludes

Elizabeth Davis Richards

THE UNFORGOTTEN

The love that once she bore him lingers softly,
Though many other scenes have pressed her eyes;
And while her outward mind has lost its yearning,
Still, unforgotten, in her heart it lies.

The love that once she felt for him is conscious
When all her life beside has crept to sleep;
And, though she holds it far when hours hasten,
It comes again when time is still and deep.

She chose her way and thought she read its meaning;
She pleased her world — he was not fit, they said;
She saw two lights, and though she took the brighter,
That unforgotten glow is faintly shed,

And makes her doubt and sometimes almost wonder —
When spring is new and life is in the air —
If, when her all has passed the purple shadows,
His love, the unforgotten, will be there.

Interludes

Alice Phelps Rider

ALLIANCE

The moon malingers in these starting lights,
The whetted lights that gleam like a shark's teeth.
But with an ocean's belly underneath
And indigo-green tides on lilac nights,
In fawning waters by quick-silvered shoals,
She is the sea's accessory; at play —
Along wind-raided islands she patrols —
With fingers they let go a little way. . . .

Rock-lands, balancing precariously
Trees that hold on by their desperate roots,
And battered reefs where no green thing disputes
The slow, sure, salt corrosion of the sea:
These are the places where the moon delights
To lead the blank procession of her nights.

The New Republic

Lola Ridge

SILENCE

I know you in the watches of the night
When planets blaze their query through the cold
In tentacles of platinum and gold;
I feel your silver aureoles of light
Where snowbanks drape the evergreens in white;
Your pulse beats loudly underneath the mold
Where trembling rue-anemones unfold,
Each one a hushed and fragrant neophyte.

When veil of silence gathers like a pall,
The forceful words of little men, withal,
In sharp discordant voices bring a curse,
Destroying quiet as a thing defiled;
But all the silence of the universe
Awakens to the weeping of a child.

Voices

Sherman Ripley

JADE

Princess, whenas the last salute is made
And you go down to the belovéd dead,
This shall be said of you when all is said:
That you were beautiful and bright as jade,
Brittle and bright. The jewel-cutter's blade
Carved you without a flaw in heart or head,
And your hard, fragile feet were shaped to tread
Among the weak and wounded, unafraid.

The colors of the Chinese jade you wear
Are sea-green for your eyes, and cloudy white
For your brave body, orange for your hair.
All your stern youth is mirrored in the light
Of a most bitter beauty, firm as stone,
That sends you on the victor's path, alone.

Voices

Walter Adolphe Roberts

FROM A POTOMAC RIVER BRIDGE

The proud Potomac keeps her mighty tryst,
Unmindful of the iron roads which span
Her ancient ways, placing her flood-tide grist
Of loveliness beneath the heel of man.
And he who borrows magic shoes to tread
These quickened arteries abridging space,
May sense the River's majesty outspread
And learn the hidden secrets of her grace.

A Queen, at dusk, she bids star-courtiers wait
To lay blue robes before her as she rides,
And when the sun swings high his eastern gate,
She tunes his triumph on her singing tides.
A noble River, spanned, yet set apart
By memories deep-mirrored in her heart!

Interludes

Anne Mathilde Robinson

VOCATION

April is a laundress
Mixing silver suds
To rinse the lacy dance frocks
Of multicolored buds.

May Day is the amah
Who looks the blossoms over
And ties their little bonnets
On the buttercup and clover.

The Lyric West

Anne Mathilde Robinson

NOT ROSES OF DECEMBER

Not roses of December,
Ah! bring them not to me —
I crave no dying ember
Of Love's satiety.

I know the glowing faces
Of buds that break at dawn,
In shining, emerald spaces
Where radiant June is born.

And Love has left his May Day
Of apple blossom boughs,
To meet me in the hey-day
That June, alone, endows.

We'll pluck the whole of beauty,
And drain her fragrant breath,
We'll dream delight is duty,
And bid adieu to death;

We'll join the roses' riot,
And reel in reckless rhyme,
For June has framed her fiat—
The timelessness of Time!

And Love and I will scatter
Blown petals at our feet,
For Time shall never shatter
The day that has been sweet.

And we will link to laughter
The passion of our tears,
Nor dread the dim hereafter
Of pale, encroaching years,

For then, in Memory's amber,
We'll lay our June away
In that deep-scented chamber
Where only Love shall stray.

So bring me not the flower
That blooms in winter snows,
For mine has been the dower
That only June-time knows.

And when I meet December,
And gone is yesterday—

I'll whisper, "I remember,"
And hide my heart away.

Scribner's Magazine

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

BACKGROUND

I'm fond of clouds and lakes and hens;
Of bristled muddy pigs in pens;
Of Jersey calves that suck milk up —
A gallon pail their scanty cup;
Of fat green curly cabbages;
Of lilac-smoky blueberries;
Of butterflies; of freckled granite
With a cloud-marbelled sky to span it.

And you? You yawn, you turn away!
Who cares for trees and beasts today
When rattling Fords with one good eye
Or eight-lunged Packards thunder by
Down roads like silk? When radios
And smooth star-spinning dynamos
And minute-widening aeroplanes
Witness our science and its gains?
When Freud can weed not mould but soul?
When men wound earth for oil and coal
Rather than cabbages and corn?
When love can cheat the fierce unborn?
When continents go cannon-mad
And red flags bloom in Leningrad?

True, I am silly. And yet I
Still gaze into the ancient sky
Where clouds the Mohawks used to see
Drift in their same winds over me.
Bees like my lemon-banded bees
Made honey when New York was trees.
Red frolic squirrels plumed with bronze
Still, still survive our Jefferson's
Democracy made sovereign.
And our king-shaking brave Tom Paine.

And when our Lincoln went to keep
Majestic marble-guarded sleep,
My woodchuck's great-great-grandfathers
Nibbled at their own affairs.

And so perhaps I'm not so silly
To love a cloud or daffodilly.

For Jersey calves shall nibble clover
When Freud's a name to puzzle over.
Long after Babbitt and the Boosters,
White eggs shall blossom into roosters.
And when the Packard shall be one
With Eohippus' skeleton,
Or when the Braves' eighth-inning rally's
Antique as the Phoenicians' galleys,
Those stemless buds the chickadees
Shall spiral still down pale birch trees.
When aeroplanes now zooming by
Are quiet as last month's dragon-fly;
When earth that took the teocalis
Gnaws sky-scrapers in river valleys;
And when our iron-age apostle —
Darwin, like Calvin, is a fossil . . .
Still from cocoons of ice shall break
The wild blue butterfly of a lake.

Let Empire go, and cherish collies:
Man's background shall outlast Man's follies!

Voices

E. Merrill Root

BEYOND LIGHT

Knowledge is but a blind-fold lest we see
Not ocean — but a chrysalis whence rise
The clouds like phantom silver butterflies.
For incantation against mystery
We mouth out solemn names — *star*, *death*, and *tree*.
Science is but else our spell to exorcise
Reality which might make us wise.

Reason denies the dark it hates to see.
Yes, it is knowledge makes me ignorant
And credulous of incredulity.
Reason . . . a candle . . . lights a little room:
I see its universe as neat and scant
And cozily lighted. Meanwhile, over me,
Vast suns go roaring through immortal gloom!

Contemporary Verse

E. Merrill Root

PRETTY POLLY

An agile, noisy jungle flower, he flies
Where monkeys pelt fierce peccaries with nuts;
And alligators lurk for chance supplies
'Neath river villages of tree-top huts.

When the Brazilian sun — a redhot drum —
Rises, he screams a challenge with gold beak
To tell the jungle that the day is come;
Then preens each crimson feather with a tweak.

Fed with Andean milk, the Amazon
Glitters between the forests where he dines;
He gathers golden fruit or lunches on
The lustrous berries of vanilla vines.

He shouts at pythons looped like harmless boughs,
Or the poor sleepy sloths that scarcely move;
He ruffles plumes and utters lyric vows
To tell some pretty parrot flirt his love.

And he will guard, a brilliant sentinel,
The hollow nest where in a round warm egg
His son lies prisoner in a quiet cell
Waiting his scarlet wing, his golden leg.

And when the sun like some red armadillo
Burrows into the West, and birds must doze,
Cushioned all night upon an airy pillow
The parrot sleeps — except his gripping toes.

But some day, it may be, a Caliban
 Will capture him and sell him to a cage
 In our grey North, and make brass bars the span
 Of one who had a jungle heritage.

Bird of bronze lyrics once, who blazed and flew,
 He will become a thing of solemn folly
 To please old maids or yokels at a zoo:
 He'll ask for crackers and say, "Pretty Polly."

The Modern Quarterly

E. Merrill Root

ANNUNCIATION

Provoker of the Spring, I tell the rills
 To flutter downward from their nests, the hills,
 Like silver birds that break their shells of ice.
 I greet the willows with their silver mice.
 I shout to March, who with the rains for broom
 Sweeps the last snow like cobwebs from her room.
 I speak to maple trees, whose cold pale blood
 Trickles down birchen runlets in a flood
 To sweeten men in cities far away.
 Spring's prophet—half in earnest, half in play—
 I call down a woodchuck hole, "It's time to wake!"
 Or in a pasture thicket kneel to shake
 Snow from the first arbutus leaves and say
 "Stir little buds and bear the coral of May!"
 Also I lean and whisper to a birch
 (White as the steeple of the village church)
 "Hasten, you twigs, and weave each brown cocoon
 Whence breaks a green-winged butterfly of June!"
 I shout to tell the oaks it's time to brim
 Their boughs with sap up which the leaves may swim
 Like small green trout. At every pool I stop
 To let my rebel whisper surely drop
 Down to each silver piper: "Comrades, wake!
 And let your songs, like the ear's flowers, break

The quiet buds of your throats. The great hours come,
And marsh and pool and pond must not be dumb!"

*Yet when at last Spring's here, and all men see
Her silver mice on every willow tree;
When peepers, woodchucks, birches, butterflies
Create a fair . . . and humorous . . . Paradise:
Men will accept it, but will never know
To whom they owe the Spring — nor what they owe.*

The World Tomorrow

E. Merrill Root

IF I SHOULD BRING A GIFT

If I should bring to you a fitting gift,
It would be a gallant little craft with sails uplift,
A swift white ship upon a roughened sea:
For sailing ships are touched with poetry.
It would have carried on some other day
The gay and fragrant goods of far Cathay,
And still have stored in its mysterious hold
Cargoes whose tale ancient Cipango told.
Its anchors would have caught strange coral knolls
And tangled seaweeds near palm-fringed atolls.
It would have ridden against a northern wind —
Staggering, a spent thing, buffeted and blind,
Yet in some tranquil sea again would lie
Tall rigging etched against some tropic sky.
It would put in at quiet harbor ways
And take new cargoes from the willow-bordered bays,
And then as swift as ever swallow flew
Again it courses on the ocean's blue,
The wind in buoyant sails, a grace of spars,
Sunshine by day, by night the shine of stars,
Valiant in the sea-troughs, or gracefully riding high,
A poignant beauty, the spirit's aching cry —
A swift white ship upon a roughened sea:
For sailing ships are touched with poetry.

The Window

Edna Davis Romig

LINCOLN

I

Lincoln, beloved of America,
Being at once her greatest tradition, her glory and her
sign —
Born of the toiler and impoverished,
Risen by toil and persistent effort,
Lifted to be helmsman of a storm-threatened nation,
Plunged into a war of secession and proclaiming eman-
ipation,
Transfigured by martyrdom,
Hallowed by the memory of the multitude —
Lincoln, beloved of America.

II

Lincoln, the man of the people,
Hewer of logs for the cabin, splitter of rails for the
fences,
Gaunt, hard-featured, bronzed by the wind and the
weather,
Loafing in the country store, sprawling before the fire-
place,
Studying Euclid, and reading the Bible and Shakespeare,
Caught up in the Douglas debates, shrewd and judicial
in reason;
Toughened toward the crisis, a disciplined will and iron
courage;
Humanized by rare understanding —
Lincoln, the man of the people.

III

Lincoln, the statesman prophetic,
With malice toward none, but with insight,
Magnanimous — great mind and great heart —
A man who carries a vision . . .
Lonely in grandeur and seer-like,

Meeting great issues unshaken,
But bleeding in soul and in spirit,
Hero, O Captain, Our Captain —
Now he belongs to the ages —
Lincoln, the statesman prophetic.

IV

Lincoln, great mystic master,
Sung by the poets and chanters,
Dirged by the grey-brown bird
Singing at night in the cedars,
(Lilac and star and bird
When lilacs bloomed last in the dooryard);
Lincoln, who walks in the night-time
The wide, wide ways of the nation —
Walks sometimes with another
Born on the plain of Judea,
And the air is filled with strange glory,
And a voice crying, "Lo, I have loved them,
Have loved all the nations and peoples. . . ."

V

Lincoln, beloved of America.
Her greatest tradition and glory.

The Daily Camera (Boulder, Colorado) Edna Davis Romig

ALMOST EUREKA!

Between two breaths
Of ether, while I strove to part the veil
That hides the blanched face of oblivion,
I lost the Swami's secret.
Truth was there —
I saw it! Scornfully intent,
I would have plucked it forth;
Just one more swift analysis, and lo!

To be and not to be would lie
A Chinese puzzle broken in my hands. . . .

I made a mental note of that.
I made a note that I had made a note
Not to forget. I made a note. . . .

You'd better tell . . .
Miss Smith . . .
He's coming to. . . .
We'd better have another . . .
Of gauze. No, you're all right,
Be quiet! . . .

So . . .
I lost it; yet not quite.
Before I lose it utterly, I'll write
This guess, for truth's not what you think —
Not beauty; no, it's what you feel
When, at the circus, you have let the showman steal
Your dime, and once within the gate, are shown
Bosco, who's not a wild man, but a clown
In black-face; truth is something light —
A ball of paper that you blow
From off your finger-tips. That's all you'll know
Of truth, or need to know.

Oh, never a passion-testing youth,
Horatio, but could teach
Philosophy a hundred simple things, and each
More serious than truth.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

James Rorty

SOLILOQUY IN DAYTIME

The poplars run before me as a child
And hide behind the bend.
I find in all this silent loveliness
Of trees a quaint, sweet friend.

With green and purple thoughts, I walk the hills;
I linger near the sea
Not for the deeper shadows to come on
With evening mystery;

Nor for the red canoe of sunset on
Its way to whiter streams;
Nor for the overtones that stars and moon
Give me and take — night's dreams.

There is something in my Hebrew blood
That life has given me
And still withheld. . . . I have and yet have not
A tree, a hill, a sea.

The Midland

Benjamin Rosenbaum

IOWA

If Yeats, remembering the swans in Irish
Twilight, came now, would these grass-hills exhilarate
His soul; would Bridges, with his treasured thoughts
Of Oxford and the Berkshire Downs, be fired,
Here by the maize and elms, propitiously;
Or Hardy, sitting by this wired fence,
Hearing a neighing horse or barking dog —
Would he forget a Cornish tale or Wessex girl,
A single day, enamoured of a rough
But pleasant land? . . .
Recalling now a night of wind and stars
When two black figures, like some etcher's work,
Were moving down a road; recalling peace —
Quiet of open spaces, and muffled laughter
In Iowa, I fancy Kipling, were
He here, could come delighted with a song . . .
With many songs!

The Century Magazine

Benjamin Rosenbaum

DUST

Agatha Morley
All her life

Grumbled at dust
Like a good wife.

Dust on a table,
Dust on a chair,
Dust on a mantel
She couldn't bear.

She forgave faults
In man and child
But a dusty shelf
Would set her wild.

She bore with sin
Without protest,
But dust-thoughts preyed
Upon her rest.

Agatha Morley
Is sleeping sound
Six feet under
The mouldy ground.

Six feet under
The earth she lies
With dust at her feet
And dust in her eyes.

Sports and Vanities

Sydney King Russell

SONNET

Beauty like sand is slipping through my fingers,
Beauty like chaff is flying on the wind,
And round my heart a subtle fragrance lingers —
My ears with strangest melodies are dinned.
Beauty is singing in the wood and meadow
And crying by the opalescent sea;
Beauty is flying swiftly from her shadow,
Flinging rich crumbs of loveliness to me.
Oh, lovers lying with averted eyes

Among the grasses, soon the holy hour
Will pass, and love lay off the dear disguise,
While dust will swallow up the passion flower.
Moments like sands are slipping softly past;
Too frail are love and loveliness to last.

The Lyric West

Sydney King Russell

ON A STEM

A friendship is a fragile thing —
As frail as berries on a stem,
As frail as snowflakes on a bough
When the wind goes over them.

A friendship is a lovely thing,
But I would rather see it crash
Bravely down in autumn wind
Than whiten to an ash.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg*

GENII

Pansies are dear, and after them the rose;
But what the bluets are nobody knows
Save only sod and sun that sponsored them.
And yet I ask myself, when all is past,
Aren't even sun and sod sometimes aghast,
Seeing how soft they call, what wonder grows,
What breath-frail glory blooms to answer them?

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg*

LEGACY

No, I have nothing of you — not your name,
Your books or prints
(Your sisters wanted these);
Only the memory of how you came,

A nimbus round you, through the apple-trees
Oh, long, long since.

Not even your dear writing, scrunched and small,
Because your letters were so slim and few;
Nor your umbrella soppy in the hall,
Nor pipe we bought the day you made the crew.

And yet — I have the deathless things of you:
Your tilted head, as if you wore a plume,
Your laughter, quizzical as pansy bloom;
And I shall never see the heat-clouds form
Without remembering how you loved storm. . . .

You left your tennis shoes here last October.
I found them Tuesday underneath the porch
And buried even them, all wet and sober.
Their sight could only desolate and scorch
A place grown cool again.

Real things are over, and I would not smirch
Death's clear white walls of pain
With some foul-smelling smoky actual torch.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg*

A LAD READS HOMER

Now he shall never be a child again!
This ruddy blue-eyed lad with tawny hair,
Too young to know how perilously fair
The world can be — this stranger unto pain,
Suddenly finds his boyish pastimes vain. . . .
Behold his glamorous and mortal air,
His poignant surmise and his still despair,
Now the Blind Bard has caught his soul amain!

From Troy's grim wall he views the martial strands,
The warriors, the camp, the swaying ships. . . .
The beauty of the world in Helen stands
Full in his arms, her kiss upon his lips.

Then, as of yonder battle he is part,
Achilles' shouting spear drives through his heart!

Virginia Quarterly Review

Archibald Rutledge

MY SHADOW

Do you measure by sun, Tailor Earth,
By the moon full and round?
Is this shadow my pattern, my girth,
Laid out here on the ground?
 Are you noting before light has flown
 With your yardstick and tape
 The exact line and shape
 Of each casual bone?

Gourmand Earth, is my flesh caviar
Or a kind of mushroom?
Am I but similar
As I stand in this gloom?
 Bon Vivant, you must wait,
 Wait to swallow me down like good sherry
 Wait I pray to make merry
 Till I'm served on your plate.

Silken hair and insouciant feet,
Slender hips, Connoisseur,
Make your old pulses beat?
You pursue . . . I demur
 Grim Don Juan; to the fringe of my shawl
 You reach trembling grey gloves . . .
 I'll be one of your loves,
 I'll be won, after all.

Voices

Kathryn White Ryan

PIETA

Knees of the knighted lord bending to the sword-tap,
Strong knees of pressers trampling out the wine,

Knees of the creeping babe, child-knees in arm-chairs,
Slow knees of dancers after love has spoken,
All shall, at the last, on these
Cradling broad maternal knees
Lie broken.

Knees of beseechers prostrated to idols,
Knees of the murderer crouching through the dark,
Knees of the saint, and of the thief impenitent,
Knees of the soldier stung with sudden lead,
All shall, at the last, on these
Tender soft maternal knees
Lie dead.

The Commonweal

Kathryn White Ryan

WHAT IS THE VOICE OF LOVE?

What is the voice of love?
Is it a cooing dove?
Is it the mysterious noise
Of girl-desiring boys?
Is it a frenzy lower
Than the clamor of flute-blower?
Yet some give love the run
Of the incandescent sun
And have it so much Heaven
As the cold earth is given.
In love's unwitting eyes
Is God's likeliest surmise;
The press of hand on hand
Outlasts the running sand,
And on the lovers' aching
Lips comes sudden waking
Of the sempiternal flutter
Of God, and no words utter
The passion of His wings.
They say the lover sings,
Having his soul on fire,
Of the divine desire
That made the strange world creep
From Chaos' mothering sleep.—

What has the soul to do
With legends false or true?
Put love a thousand times
Through your ecstatic rhymes,
Move it from God to Hell
(To Satan's wedding bell)
Or pull it back to Heaven
(To the strumming of angels seven),
'Tis but an atmosphere
Through which the soul must steer;
'Tis but a fiery dew
The million suns renew,
'Tis not the wandering fire
Under the world's blue spire
Who throws his gold away
In the wastes of yesterday
And in the murky night
Gathers the grains of light.
Call not the man of hate
A soul made desolate
But a diver in black water
Wherein the faint stars scatter.
The soul plunges in dark
Or floats high as the lark
Or in the air hangs still,
Poised in double will;
Not light nor shade declares
The soul, nor how it fares,
Nor what manner of kite
Men hang behind its flight
To test wind of the way
And what soothsayers say.
Confound not swimmer and sea!
To motion's geography
Is the motion swiftly blind.
Soul's passion seek, and find
Not body's bitters, sweets,
Not conquests nor defeats,
Not anguish nor delight,
But a shaped, mystic flight.

ARTICULATE THRUSH

Oh, you and I, wild thrush — we share
The glory of this mountain slope:
Its hallowed dusk, its fragrant air,
Its haze of heliotrope.

We know the sweet tranquillity
Of coming night: of the cool blue star,
The far jang-jangling bells from the lee
Of the hills where the cattle are.

Not mine, but yours, the power to make
Articulate the prayer that wells
In every heart this hour, the ache
Of beauty in these dells.

Chant then, O bird! tilt back your bill;
And, perched upon the balsam's nodding cones,
From out the plum-blue shadows spill
Your pebbly silver tones.

Speak to whatever Cosmic Power
Conjured to surging ecstasy
This day, its fire and dew and flower;
And speak, sweet bird, for me.

The Dearborn Independent

Lew Sarett

STERILE

Elusive thoughts, why play hide and seek with me?
I would that you would have a care —
Pray cease your rambling off in dreams
Of Cupid's eyes and draped moon-beams,
I would that you a brain-child bear,
Be pregnant — know that I must eat!
(Poor writer,) with Love upon our bill-of-fare?

The Lariat

Lulu Minerva Schultz

THE HIDDEN DOOR

Up in my attic I found a door,
Small, low, and hidden;
The sunshine fell on the attic floor;
I was awake, for I could see
The trunks and cupboards, and the tall
Raftery roof, and dust over all,
And dust drifting on me.

I was afraid to touch the door,
But my fingers stole toward it furtively.
I had felt that china knob before,
Smooth, and cool, and hard, and round;
My fingers knew it, though I could swear
I never had dreamt that a door was there
(And doors aren't pennies, lost and found).
But I was awake, for I heard outside
The sparrows making a cheerful sound.

I turned the handle to see what lay
In the hidden room. It was bright and still
And icy cold. I stepped over the sill
And I saw a woman with head bent low
Sewing. Her needle went to and fro
In stuff of delicate, gauzy gray.

"What are you making?" I asked, and she
Mumbled a thread as she answered me:
"I am making a gown so soft and fine,
So supple and smooth it will cling and hold
Without a seam and without a fold
To every curve and to every line,
But a gown too thin to keep out the cold."

I watched her glittering needle fly. . . .
"And who is to wear this gown?" said I.

She drew a thread of silk from the shelf
Where I saw an ancient spider creep,
And said: "I am making it for myself,
But I only sew it in my sleep. . . ."

I will only wear it when I must,
My gauzy gown of delicate dust."

"Put down your needle!" I cried, and she
Tucked it away in the spidery lace,
And I stood frozen while my own face
Slowly turned and looked at me.

The Outlook

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

ODE CAMPESTRAL

Nevada is sleeping — therefore she lies so quiet;
You can see her breathing gently stirring the hills.
She is not dead — she has lain for centuries sleeping.
Her hot, white dust leaps to a cone and fills
The little, swift winds that over the flats go sweeping.
She is rose and purple and silver — lovely with shadows;
The stars move over her terrible peace and talk;
There is no spear of grass in her glistening alkali
meadows;

Before it is born, it is strangled and smothered with
chalk.

There are no gay streams singing away the silence —
She is asleep, and all her waters are still;
They are the great, clean shining of blue mirages
Edged with incredible palms on the further hill.
And deep in her dream the slow ox-teams go creeping;
The spent prospector huddles into her breast . . .

They are not dead — they will come again — they are
sleeping —

*There is nothing to see in the West!
Come to the city.*

Utah is sleeping under
Her passionate sky, broken and torn with thunder,
Broken and torn — with fluted mesas lifted,
With wide red gullies and deltas of red sand drifted.

Her limestone temples were built and carven and painted
Sheer out of stillness, solid and broad and tall.

At the ends of the land, when the cities are terribly
shaken,
How terribly they will fall!

Where the Bronx was, only the idle rain will go walking,
On Michigan Avenue only the wind will be,
And the gulls, flying over Hill Street from the Pacific,
Will hasten back from the loneliness to the sea.
Dreadfully dead will they lie — shards unsalvaged —

Over New Mexico's hills the breeze will weep,
Fragrantly stirring about an ancient Pueblo,
Loving something precious that is asleep.

On the old salt marshes of Colorado
Buffalo move, antelope nibble the grass,
With the ghost-like tread of creatures walking in dreaming.
They become a part of whatever chances to pass.

In a red canon a Navaho leans to his weaving;
One Hopi lays twelve turquoises in a row;
And their swift hands live, though they bent their heads
to the sunrise
A thousand years ago.

For Arizona is silent as Death is not silent;
She is a beautiful riddle still unguessed;
She breathes, and her life runs warm under lava and
agate.

*There is nothing to do in the West.
Desert — desert — desert — come to the city!*

But the cities are dead, and the Desert lives like fire.
We are giving no clean mirage for reeking water;
Who has cherished a peak covets no builded spire.
For this is a thing we learn in places of silence —
Death bounds the Desert with cities on every side,

But wherever She is, with her passive mesas and valleys,
Nothing has ever died!

*Come to the ports! To the ports, where the long boats,
slipping,
Carry men out beyond the harbor bars.*

But the Desert is full of the voices of vanished oceans,
Wailing their long adagios to the stars.

The Echo

Dorothy Stott Shaw

THE TRICK

Hold for me, closely together,
The four corners of the earth.
Pull one: out scampers the agile
White rabbit of my youth.
Pull two: a green surprising wraith
Floats seaward.
Pull three: hark to the ringing
Of a distant temple bell.
Pull four — no, I will not! —
In my home corner I am old by my fire.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Frances Shaw

PLYMOUTH HOE IN THE RAIN

(England, 1925)

Over Plymouth Harbor,
Over Deadman's Bay,
The sea-gulls whirl and whimper
At the dark' close of day.

A high dormer window
Is crowded with storm —
One peers through the pane
With a babe held warm,

Peers from her high dormer
To the wave-shaken Hoe
Where the statue of Drake
Stands in the rain below.

The mist-shrouded figure,
With sword by his side,
Snaps brazen fingers
At the adverse tide:
Brave against the rough wind,
Defiant of the rain,
Still watching for a frigate
To bear him out to Spain.

Up in her high dormer,
With her babe held warm,
She crouches over red coals
To keep it from the storm;
Crooning and lamenting
At the wind and the rain,
Praying that her sailor man
Will turn him home again.

Over Mount Edgecumbe,
Over Deadman's Bay,
The sea-gulls whirl and whimper
At the stormy close of day.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Frances Shaw

ONE EVENING

Never another evening shall I be
So well aware of wonderment, so numbered
Among the guests at feast, that long had hungered,
As one late dusk a poet sat with me.
Even the fire found a newer grace,
And in huge patches piled its softer shadows,
Until the room seemed twilight-purpled meadows,
Itself one greater star that framed his face!

And even now my heart holds words he spoke:
"To understand the voices of the earth . . .
To clasp hands with the stars . . . to feel the worth
Of fireflies, dead leaves and crinkling smoke . . ."
Yes,—since then the words have haunted me he said,
And they shall haunt me after I am dead!

The Stepladder

Flossie Faith Shead

COYOTE

Terrible the eyes of a human soaked in light.
Coyote behind pickets, seeing my fixed sight,
Alternates Death in his mind with flight.
Frail coyote shudders, seeing no escape. Decides to blind
His eyes with sleep. Coyote is distraught to find
Eyes like mine persist in the mind.

Delicate-eared beast, he most knows your fear
Who has heard the unheard in his ear,
Whose eyes have seen the unseen in hollow atmosphere.

The Forge

Pearl Andelson Sherry

CATS

Between fangs stronger and more cruel than rock
A striped cat cracks the shoulder of a steer;
Beside a Bengal pool another of the stock
Crunches on the haunches of a deer.

Striped muscles of what strength
On high-pitched feline nerves are strung!
A female of Siberia licks her paw, lying full length,
With circular motion of the tongue.

Beautiful Brazilian with a shower of spots,
Jaguar. Her easy motion of the hips
Is like a woman walking. Limpid her thoughts.
Luxurious as her floral-spots Brazil to which her thought
slips.

Black all black, created He him, male and female:
Murderer, the black leopard, spots concealed.
Fixed eyes of hallucination stare till human eyes fail
Till human blood is congealed.

Quietly, quietly, a mountain of sand in a cage.
The lion's sides are as sand, so fine in grain. His mane
Is furrowed like furrowed sand. His rage
Is the rage of water beneath sandhills through blasts of
rain.

The Forge

Pearl Andelson Sherry

WHITTIER

Some forebear must have stood before the mast
Or scanned the brine to find a spouting whale;
Certain it was that he had never heard
The sound of fog-horns on a murky night
Nor seen a white sail.

But he could fashion schooners with his blade,
Suspending them within a crystal flask—
The gift of hours and a bit of pine;
A tune to whistle and his pipe was all
That he seemed to ask.

His drab mate did not mind that she must bend
Above a steaming tub to earn their rent:
He was a wizard to the corn-town folk
And once a peddler praised his handicraft,
So she was content!

The Midland

Jay G. Sigmund

OLD SLAVE

It rained that day and then the sun
Spilled out its bars behind the clouds:

One hour clear, another one,
Shadowed by tattered, cirrus shrouds.

I walked my pasture knoll to break
The leaden mood that comes with storm:
The oatfield was a muddy lake
Where broken ripples gathered form.

And looking back I saw the house
Stand stark against the apple trees,
Drab as the fur a young field mouse
Takes on when sloughs and meadows freeze.

I found a plowshare pitted deep,
By rust which comes from long disuse:
A rake was crumpled in a heap —
The fence was prone with wire loose.

My boot-toe struck a hard, white thing,
Deep buried in a sandy mound:
I pried it from its anchoring,
Then pondered long on what I found.

Though horses' skulls are often thrown
On many hills where crops might grow,
It troubled me to find a bone
From one I bridled years ago.

Bleached white as lime. . . . I groomed him well —
I harnessed him with careful hand,
And here is but a frame to tell —
A chalky thing which feeds the land.

While I remain to dig this soil —
I own a span of mettled roans,
But when a man is warped from toil
He dreads to touch an old slave's bones.

TAXIDERMIST

To him it was a tragic thing
For mole or grouse or brant to die,
And all the husks of slaughtered teal
He wanted kept close by.

He seemed to think the souls of quail
Would flutter back to mounted skins,
And by his strange and savage rites
Be purged of birdly sins.

And in his smelly cobwebbed shop
He loved to sit when twilight fell,
And for the few who spoke his tongue
Strange tales he used to tell.

The language that his soul preferred
In street or in his bartering
Was much the same the grocer used
When tying ends of string.

But when he put his scalpel up,
And hung his apron by the stove,
His talk was of the rail and tern
That haunt the marshy cove.

His mates were sunburned hawk-eyed men
Who seldom worked and always owed —
Men who lived near heron roosts
Along the river road!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Jay G. Sigmund

PRAYER TO THE FLORENCE MADONNA

Mary, most serenely fair,
Hear an unbeliever's prayer.

Nurtured in an austere creed,
Sweetest Lady, she has need

Of the solace of your grace;
See the tears that stain her face

As she kneels to beg your love,
You whom no one taught her of.

Tender me the secret art
How you ponder in your heart

All the turns of soul and mind
Of this thing called womankind,

Never telling any one,
Smiling gently at your Son.

Mary of a thousand graces,
Show me how to find such places

As the countries where you dwell,
(Woman too I shall not tell).

Let me too know Tuscan rills,
Little Perugino hills,

Glades that man-saint never trod,
Too serene for even God,

Where wee common flowers grow
That quiet painters seem to know

Twine into your garlands best.
Mary, let me be your guest.

I am lonely, I am tried
By this ever-surging tide

That they tell me I should breast.
Is it sin to pray for rest?

Surely yours was not a life
Filled with struggle, filled with strife;

What you did was little known
Once your Son was weaned and grown.

Nothing that you ever said
Down the centuries has spread. . . .

Merely that a creature mild
Married God and had a child,

That she tended him with pride,
That she sorrowed when he died,

That her life to peace was given,
So they made her Queen of Heaven.

Teach me in a world that ever
Prizes only what is clever

How to see with lowered eyes,
How to hide that I am wise,

How receive and how impart
The quiet language of the heart,

How to wait and how to will,
How to love divinely still.

Mary, most serenely fair,
Hear an unbeliever's prayer.

Sickened by a world of greed,
Tranquil Lady, she has need

Of the beauty of your grace;
See the tears that stain her face

As she kneels to beg your love,
You whom no one tells her of.

Amen.

CLOSED EYELIDS

There is a winged silence precedes sleep,
That gathers underneath her cloudy wings
The tiny fluttering peeping scattered things —
My thoughts — and stills them into slumberings.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Florence S. Small

ROMAN MARCHING SONG

Like dawn across the universe my banner is unfurled;
My eagles scream like meteors across the heavens hurled;
And like the marching gods my legions tramp across the
world.
Rome! Rome! Rome!

The campfires of my armies are the million watching
stars;
The earth's rent mountain-summits are my ancient battle
scars;
Jove's thunder is my battle tread; my javelin is Mars.
Rome! Rome! Rome!

Dawn steals across the battlefield behind my marching
drum;
Men stir and wake a family, and the world a single home;
And women whisper at the gates, "The Roman peace is
come."
Rome! Rome! Rome!

I make a lantern of my walls to hold the human spark,
White east and west my galleys glint through glooms of
whale and shark,
And north and south my ægis lights the old chaotic dark.
Rome! Rome! Rome!

I bind mankind together by the sign of axe and rods;
I smelt the living gold from every living flesh that plods,
And raise of it one image — man a god among the gods.
Rome! Rome! Rome!

The Lyric West

Chard Powers Smith

THRENODY

Now the pause in the heart, and the end of the laughter
and daring.

Stillness. The voice in the street. And the wind in the
trees.

But the wind and the rain chanting over the rafters
awarely —

They have been and they are, and she is not less than
these.

The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair we were
sharing

Have scattered, but violets and buds will gather again.

And the God who is old sees the beauty in shadows that
vary,

Marching onward — the stars and the seas and the spirits
of men.

Not with ears we have heard the rose stir in the mask it
is wearing;

Not with eyes we have seen it arise and bloom out of the
clod.

And the step of her soul on the hush of the heart's marble
stairway

Is more clear as we listen, alone with our love and our
God.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Chard Powers Smith

DEAD MARCH FOR A ROMAN GENERAL

Where is the end of earthly faring?
Where does my homing warrior come?
Through the ranks of ages staring,
Let the dead come back to Rome.

Vanished hill and vanished flower,
Still the earth retains her own.
Shower and river, cloud and shower.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

Back from soaring man's dominion —
Forest, desert, shore unknown —
Come with folded iron pinion.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

In the dawn you bought my glory,
Marching out. Now, one by one,
Triumph in my evening story.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

As you loved me, and, defying
Darkness, stood and died alone,
You were born while I was dying.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

Sons, I bred you with my power,
Souls to march when I am gone.
Children, keep my vanished hour.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Chard Powers Smith

LINES TO A NASTURTIIUM

(A lover muses)

Flame-flower, Day-torch, Mauna Loa,
I saw a daring bee, to-day, pause, and soar
 Into your flaming heart;
Then did I hear crisp crinkled laughter
As the furies after tore him apart?
 A bird, next, small and humming,
Looked into your startled depths and fled. . . .
Surely, some dread sight, and dafter
 Than human eyes as mine can see,
Set the stricken air waves drumming
 In his flight.

Day-torch, Flame-flower, cool-hot Beauty,
I cannot see, I cannot hear your flutey
Voice lure your loving swain,

But I know one other to whom you are in beauty
Born in vain:
Hair like the setting sun,
Her eyes a rising star,
Motions gracious as reeds by Babylon, bar
All your competing;
Hands like, how like, brown lilies sweet,
Cloth of gold were fair enough to touch her feet. . . .
Ah, how the senses flood at my repeating,
As once in her fire-lit heart I felt the furies
Beating, beating.

Palms

Anne Spencer

THE BESTIARY

Unicorn

In pale moon fields the unicorn,
Crowned by his diamond-piercing horn,
Is hunted, though with poor success.
Man's trespass he will not endure;
Woman, to tame him, must be pure.
Alas! This causes awkwardness.

Sea Serpent

Through hoary legend and old rhyme
He swims Atlantic tides of time.
Andromeda was once his prey,
And rumor says to Jonah he
Showed depths of hospitality,
And that he sails the blue to-day.

Scapegoat

He was the ancient Hebrews' friend
That to the desert they would send
With all their sins for company,

While, good and dull, they stayed behind.
The emissary did not mind:
"Why, these are pleasure trips," said he.

Salamander

About the blacksmith's red forge dance
Elves whom King Francis First of France
Bore on his shield. And, leaping higher,
Around the family hearth they flit.
But men grow bald if on them spit
These glowing scarlet sprites of fire.

Scylla

Twelve-footed, with a puppy's whine,
On sea salts only did she dine
(Homer himself has told us this).
Thrusting her six heads through the wave
She snatched up sailors to her cave,
And had for neighbor Charybdis.

Pegasus

White-pinioned steed whose flight is far —
To realms beyond the utmost star,
Where is your glory soaring now?
Here lies a feather from your wing;
There, in your hoofprint, flowers spring;
But men have chained you to a plough.

Gargoyle

Cathedrals are the habitat
Of these unlovely creatures that
Perform their sacred office well.
The sins loosed in confessionals
They spout, with water, from the walls,
Ejecting thus both rain and hell.

Herd of Diomedes

Horses that fed on men were these,
Captured by mighty Hercules
In sanguine pasture fields of Thrace.
Then on Arcadian hill and hollow
They roved till wild beasts of Apollo
With redder fangs destroyed their race.

Porphyrion

The webbed and clawed porphyryions
Abode with family skeletons
Because their magic was to know
When wives betrayed, and then they cried
On husbands' bosoms till they died. . . .
They were extinct long, long ago.

Centaur

Once, through old sacred mountain glades,
Galloped the man-horse cavalcades.
Ixion, their bright sire, then
Wheeled overhead; their dam, the cloud,
Bathed their sleek sides . . . O base and proud,
Now your sharp hoofs tear hearts of men!

Griffin

This lion-eagle's flaming breast
Guards in the sun his golden nest
And orbs of fire strike thieves dead.
So, to his treasure, men are blind —
Still . . . one or two declare him kind;
Poets can charm him, it is said.

Phoenix

High-eyried on an Eden palm,
His gold wings dripping sweetest balm,

One sings with everlasting breath
Whom Eve sought vainly to entice. . . .
Now, nowhere, save in Paradise,
Dwells Beauty free from taint of death.

The Atlantic Monthly

Lilian White Spencer

PAPAGO MYTH

Once, in new time, the village women stayed
To gossip through red sunset and forgot
Brown toddlers circling round the supper pot
Which bubbled with impatience to be made
A feast for famished babes, who laughed and played
Yet grew so fairy-light, earth's hold could not
Keep feather feet. . . . Soon, in a bright gavotte
High up the argente night they bobbed and swayed.

But now they know the love of many mothers
Who tend a flame and roast an ear to ease
Old hunger of wee sisters and small brothers.
Now, each squaw hugs her plump papoose and sees
When autumn lifts those starry long-lost others —
Child ghosts that are the dancing Pleiades.

Voices

Lilian White Spencer

JUNIOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fairyland has let me in
For a dear, brief space.
Vision, like a harlequin,
Dancing through the place,
Notes that big and baby Bears
Far away must roam —
Three-sized tables, three-sized chairs
Wait their coming home.

Throned above, a barque in flight,
Quaint and beautiful,

Beats toward sunset as the white
Winds of magic pull.
High in apotheosis
Sail and sailor seem
For Columbus' ship is this
Scudding seas of dream

Little treasure-laden shelves
Are a lyceum
Built for literary elves
Where no giants come.
Here, behold the tiniest
Deep in tales of Grimm!
Life has scrawled a palimpsest
On my lore of him.

There, the tallest lad is bent
Over Ivanhoe.
Back to joust and tournament
And crusade I go!
All of these are young and green
As my musings, but
Someone, old at seventeen,
Clerks in Lilliput.

Six years lisps to her: "Are you
The librarian?"
(He is gold and pink and blue)
"Have you Peter Pan?"
"It's a poem!" now I cry —
But with chiding look
Seventeen makes stern reply:
"No. It is a book."

The Echo

Lilian White Spencer

SALOME

I danced for Herod, yes. My mother's eyes,
Watchful and wary, followed as I danced;
I never dropped my veils, but swayed, advanced,
And tripped the steps she taught me, maiden-wise.

I danced for Herod, yes! I never glanced
Toward the deep place where John with woeful cries
Lay chained; nor sought his loving. These are lies.
I sought to please my mother as I danced.

And then I ran to her — she knew my wish,
For I had often whispered it: the Charm,
The carven emblem older women wore
To capture Love! — Ah, head upon the dish
She bade me choose! — Along my nurse's arm
All night I wept till I could weep no more.

Voices

Leonora Speyer

MIDNIGHT BEACH

The long tide in retreat,
Leaves cool, unquested sand;
Like water is this land
That ripples at my feet.

Like land, this covert sea,
Where heaving acres drift;
Where fields unfathomed lift
Their lapping paths to me.

Effaced, all sound of day,
Even this hush is hushed;
The wind is cleanly washed,
Folded and laid away.

Immense, benevolent sky
Of broader noon, called night;
Darkness, and clearer sight
For the wide, inner eye.

Slow lines of white that break,
Gather, to break again;
And holding them in rein,
A half-moon, half-awake.

The New Republic

Leonora Speyer

THE DAMASK ROOM

In crimson, dun, the roses reach,
Each satin bud as straight,
As though each climbed a holy cross
Disdaining all its weight.
And in this room where centuried oak
Had watched with chatelaine,
She lingers, where each Lely learned
A patience, often pain . . .

This room: that could speak of a distance far,
As a wolf-hound's fangs or a dead-bone scar;
That had known the first and last of the chase,
As the periods passed, in armor, in lace.
The brawl and the oath that heralds the rout,
And a hawk from its leashes fled . . .
But the jesses yield not and the varvels hold,
And a falconer knows — raw-red!
And the horde returns and the roses can follow
The hunt, to their crimson core,
From the marsh where the herons lifted and fell,
To famine and thirst — for more!

Oh the quiver and rush of a thing at bay,
A life that was mad for more of today,
When back to the castle and a worn blood-thread
Came the castle's lord, as the night was said.

* * * * *

And again and again, through the tolling years,
Did a woman — and roses — wait;
And again and again did a hunt go forth,
And the tarnished tints kept date!

Oh the revel of swords from scabbards away,
The clangor of armor and shield;
And the booty of cutlass, the booty of heart,
Brought back from a drowning field!

* * * * *

Oh the baying of hounds and the horn's fierce call,
And the eager hoofs over water and wall;
And the slow return when the twilight is fast,
To a woman — and roses — as in the past.

* * * * *

And still the scentless roses wait,
They have not climbed one cross,
But as past years — that will not burn —
They live to name each loss! . . .
And in this room, where centuried oak
Had watched with chatelaine,
She lingers — where each Lely learned
A patience, often pain.

The Lyric

Virginia Stait

TO MY ANCESTRESS

I wear
Your jewels, sunstone, beryl, sapphire,
The zircon carved with many a cunning thread,
And wonder at the ages of desire
That have outlasted love — and hate and bread!

I own
Your lace, Mechlin, rose-point, Maltese,
Almost rewoven through the moth-like years,
And marvel that it lives, by what decrees
Of nothingness? No blood's red-exile tears!

I keep
Your trees through every forest change,
Great oaks and beeches and the ash, year-long,
And I do think that it is endless-strange
They linger where I so much more belong.

I kneel
At your prayer-place, carved from rose-wood,
And there I find some faint, far-off reply;

Something I cannot tell, but understand
As my own heart, that yet I crucify!

Los Angeles Saturday Night

Virginia Stait

THE CARYATIDES SPEAK

*(Reply to Robert Rutherford's poem, Caryatides, in which
he asks if he has not seen their human counterpart.)*

Since that red hour of sword and blood and flame,
When Greece was one with victories of hell,
And weighted us by marble's whitest shame,
So frozen that the vanquished ever tell —
Since that red hour revenge has one more name,
And death a longer peal than the last knell.

Since that red hour of ills. — The sculptor's hand
Has been far busy with this sorrow's tale,
In other ages and in foreign land —
And flesh, too, has been busy in its jail,
And carves, sometimes, as chisels understand,
And sometimes as the scalpels never fail.

The Lyric

Virginia Stait

JEANNE D'ARC

*On the anniversary of Jeanne D'Arc's death the girls of
Rouen cast white flowers in the Seine, at the spot where
her ashes were thrown.*

White roses for you, who poured out such red
Of life-blood for your land,
As no other has known, though counting her dead
By the grains of her river sand . . .
White for the crimson, Jeanne?

Do you think they weighed, as they cast them there,
The flowers by the debt?
Do you think one rose could brazen to share

What the dirges of France play yet!
Lilies for lances, Jeanne?

Is a heart so still it remembers not
The fields of long farewell?
Does no answering gun to the unforgot
Name a dear and a dearer knell!
Flowers for Ave, Jeanne?

Think you that the roses rest on a lance,
As color on a flag;
Or that they could sound the drums of your France
When years past the victories drag?
Ribbons for ruins, Jeanne?

Think you that a lily will give you there,
Where covenants so hold,
A mass the more or a saintlier prayer,
Than the flames of Rouen, gray-old!
Roses for death wound, Jeanne?

Ah you, will the flowers reach one heart word
Of Aves, soldier-said;
Or the sacrament keep, the last that you heard,
From your living lips — for lips dead.
Flowers for ashes, Jeanne?

The Paris Telegram

Virginia Stait

UNTESTED

I do not know that I could lie so still,
Year unto year,
With only shroudage of the earth to fill
My hands — and yours — not near.

I do not know that I could close my eyes,
Day after day,
To all that has been mine to idolize,
Though weighted down by clay.

I do not think my lips could bear to keep
Just silent things,

The endlessness of night that they call sleep,
When trees report the springs.

I do not think my heart could so forget
All I have known,
To make the roots of just a violet,
Or slower — a stone.

American Poetry Magazine

Virginia Stait

COUNSEL

For poetry, one should be fond of living,
And not too free from care and humbler tasks, —
With curious mind, and heart that's used to giving
More than it ever asks.

For poetry, one must be apt at playing,
And not at all afraid of make-believe, —
Eager to join Imagination straying,
Even if she deceive.

For poetry, one needs have much in vision
That unseen aura common to all things, —
Must hold the crying doubt in half-derision,
And greatly trust to wings.

For poetry, one mustn't fear a blunder,
But laugh at facts and let the soul run wild,
Roaming that land of dream and truth and wonder
Where meet the sage and child.

For poetry, to-day must be to-morrow,
And Beauty ever loyal to our trust,
Waking her music at the heart of sorrow
And rainbows in the dust.

The Harp

George Sterling

SHOPPING TOUR

I. *Silk Counter*

Dearie, she said to me,
"Green is the kindest of colors"

I thought of the cool
Soft sheen of banana leaves,
Rain-glossed, glimmering
In Nicaragua
Near Panama

I remembered the swirling
Sea waters of Point Lobos
In the caves at La Jolla
At Ogunquit in Maine

And I saw again
New-budding grain fields
Of the Palouse country
Pale young wheat leaves
The color of polished jade

And now I'll have made a new gown
Pale green velvet
To bring back to me sea water,
The sun on early wheat-fields,
Dark shade in jungle gardens

II. *Millinery*

Here before these magic mirrors,
With twenty Parisian models to choose from
Tight little turbans of taffeta and velvet,
Felts from Milan,
And wide-rimmed Leghorns as large
As those worn by pale ladies
Gainsborough painted —
As I try them one by one,
Put them aside two by two,
Sigh discontentedly —

Then I think of the dilemma
Of poor little Eve,
When she paused long ago by her still pool mirror,
Stooping, pursing pretty lips

Would it be of twisted fern leaves,
Or reeds interwoven with laurel,
For the first little feathered creation
To charm her bewildered Adam —
That last afternoon in the Garden?

III. *Handkerchiefs*

I saw them first,
Essence of spun silver,
Dew-spangled, shimmering,
Little lost fragments of fallen rainbows
Scattered over sunlit lawns

Now, spread out
On the counter before me,
Are the mauve and the scarlet,
Rose and palest amethyst
I can remember them all

Tagged for quick selling
Crumpled by hands
That never touched a rainbow —
Or wanted one.

The Lyric West

Winifred Gray Stewart

SECOND WIFE

Because you were the first, you think to taunt me
With subtle whisperings "He loved me more."
Your exultations crowd me — hundred score
Of goading javelins. If you hovered gauntly —
A proper phantom, you would cease to daunt me:
I glimpse your beauty when I stand before
My looking-glass, hear footsteps on the floor
And scent white coffin-roses while you haunt me.

You startled me one night: I dropped a plate;
He frowned, but when your ghostly presence told him
You jarred my elbow, tenderly he smiled.
Triumph today—soon it will be too late;
My time draws near. I dare you seek to hold him
When I become the mother of his child.

Voices

Roberta Stiles

RETURN

Beauty will bring her back, O, never fear,
Though now, like children with new Christmas toys,
Forgetting "Thank you" in the moment's joys,
She stands among her poppies flaming near.

Beauty will bring her back, O, never fear.
She hears the peepers sing. She has no ear
For far flung chorals rolling down the stars.
For her the sweetness of the wood thrush bars
The mightier overtone she can not hear.

She plucks her blossoms thirstily, in fear
Of that cold night she knows so soon must slay
Her gaudy borders, when brown pods decay
And every hybrid tea is black and sere.

But there will come to her a kinder year.
One who loves loveliness as much as she
Will find at last the fabled red rose tree
And all the hunger in her eyes will clear.
Beauty will bring her back, O, never fear.

The Lyric

Mildred Whitney Stillman

PIONEERS

My mother had a mother
She never knew.
She buried three small children,

And then she grew
Weak from tasks she could not stand,
And died, heart-sick for Maryland.

My father had a mother
From Bangor, Maine.
Her four sons and three daughters
Rose strong and plain.
She loved to wash, but not to sew,
And she made New England sweet peas grow.

She tried her growing daughters
And did not care.
She would not buy silk dresses
Nor curl her hair.
She could not see the sense at all
In dressing up to make a call.

Her married city daughters
Grew vexed to see
Her digging pigweed from the lawn
At eighty-three.
They wished that she would pass her days
In placid, decorative ways.

They would have loved a mother
From Dixie's heart.
Ah, well — both sleep in Napa now,
Not far apart.
I dig my dandelions
And drive to tea.
A little of each mother
Lives on in me.

The Outlook

Mildred Whitney Stillman

ADVICE TO A FLOWER

Thrust the thin roots of your being
Deep through the earth,

SHOPPING TOUR

I. *Silk Counter*

Dearie, she said to me,
"Green is the kindest of colors"

I thought of the cool
Soft sheen of banana leaves,
Rain-glossed, glimmering
In Nicaragua
Near Panama

I remembered the swirling
Sea waters of Point Lobos
In the caves at La Jolla
At Ogunquit in Maine

And I saw again
New-budding grain fields
Of the Palouse country
Pale young wheat leaves
The color of polished jade

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Pale green velvet
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The sun on early wheat-fields,
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Here before these magic mirrors,
With twenty Parisian models to choose from
Tight little turbans of taffeta and velvet,
Felts from Milan,
And wide-rimmed Leghorns as large
As those worn by pale ladies
Gainsborough painted —
As I try them one by one,
Put them aside two by two,
Sigh discontentedly —

In criminal, virgin, wolf, bird, moon and sun;
What God had wrought, to you could not be other,
And your love worshipped Him in everyone.

How vain is now our pride in what we do!
Ah, Little Brother, let us learn of you!

The Commonweal

Charles Wharton Stork

SONG OF SUMMER

As once he sang, so let me sing
Of the austere ephemeral thing:

Sunlight making more oblique
The red precision of a beak;

Tulip petals and the slim
Bending of a bending limb.

As love is hushed on its own note
Reverberating in the throat,

As lips a kiss is laid across
Have already tasted loss —
So in gardens gold is spun
From fading leaf to setting sun.

And I, as he would, when I see
A bird, a flower, and a tree,
As he would, for a moment only,
Will sing of summer, being lonely.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Marion Stobel

IN THIS ROOM

I

Once there was youth. Youth with its bright laughter,
Its thin tears. Youth the radiant buffoon!
Oh, how I laughed at life that would come after

The sun-bewildered summer, and how soon
Summer was a tittering of leaves, and I
Was looking through the branches of a tree
Into the hollow of a winter sky.
Oh, youth was seeming what I could not be!
Now there is nothing left but the recalling
Of autumn trees, dusky and aquiline,
And how a woman sobbed amid the falling
Of leaves — and how the woman's face was mine.
And youth was over — even its despair
Was frozen quickly in the winter air.

II

When summer came again, my foolish tongue
Was quite as glib as any mocking-bird,
And I looked younger than when I was young:
I mimicked all the youth I ever heard.
And lovers sprang to life all spick and span,
Cavorting with the locusts in the sun —
Each telling of that wonder known as man,
While each was intimating he was one!
Oh, lovers sprang to life! The fields were full
Of buzzing insects and of droning men,
Of someone saying love was beautiful,
And my replying, "Beautiful again!"
Never was I invincible as there,
When danger lurked upon the simmering air.

III

Now crisply roofs of houses cut the sky,
And a crisp moon points to a fading star,
While from my window futilely I try
To pierce the meaning of the things that are.
Looking without, yet listening for the breath
That stirs the room within, I only know
I heard somewhere a phantasy called death,
But not till now did I believe it so.
Never while youth cried out uncomforted,
And never through the emptier days that came,

And then she grew
Weak from tasks she could not stand,
And died, heart-sick for Maryland.

My father had a mother
From Bangor, Maine.
Her four sons and three daughters
Rose strong and plain.
She loved to wash, but not to sew,
And she made New England sweet peas grow.

She tried her growing daughters
And did not care.
She would not buy silk dresses
Nor curl her hair.
She could not see the sense at all
In dressing up to make a call.

Her married city daughters
Grew vexed to see
Her digging pigweed from the lawn
At eighty-three.
They wished that she would pass her days
In placid, decorative ways.

They would have loved a mother
From Dixie's heart.
Ah, well — both sleep in Napa now,
Not far apart.
I dig my dandelions
And drive to tea.
A little of each mother
Lives on in me.

The Outlook

Mildred Whitney Stillman

ADVICE TO A FLOWER

Thrust the thin roots of your being
Deep through the earth,

Oh the baying of hounds and the horn's fierce call,
And the eager hoofs over water and wall;
And the slow return when the twilight is fast,
To a woman — and roses — as in the past.

* * * * *

And still the scentless roses wait,
They have not climbed one cross,
But as past years — that will not burn —
They live to name each loss! . . .
And in this room, where centuried oak
Had watched with chatelaine,
She lingers — where each Lely learned
A patience, often pain.

The Lyric

Virginia Stait

TO MY ANCESTRESS

I wear
Your jewels, sunstone, beryl, sapphire,
The zircon carved with many a cunning thread,
And wonder at the ages of desire
That have outlasted love — and hate and bread!

I own
Your lace, Mechlin, rose-point, Maltese,
Almost rewoven through the moth-like years,
And marvel that it lives, by what decrees
Of nothingness? No blood's red-exile tears!

I keep
Your trees through every forest change,
Great oaks and beeches and the ash, year-long,
And I do think that it is endless-strange
They linger where I so much more belong.

I kneel
At your prayer-place, carved from rose-wood,
And there I find some faint, far-off reply;

ELISE AND THE HEAVENLY BODIES

The stars were very sorrowful at what Elise had done;
The moon was very sorrowful;
So was the sun.

"I only squashed a glowworm.
You creatures make me mad. . . .
You'd think I'd smashed the *universe*
To see you look so sad!"

Well the sun said a glowworm
Was a tiny earthly eye
That kept awake at night for him
When he had left the sky.
The moon said, "No." A glowworm,
According to *her*,
Was a nervous moon in miniature.
But the stars claimed birth
By the glowworm's mother;
Said this blink of earth
Was their baby brother.

Elise felt rather sheepish
And inclined to hang her head.
"To think this hand, this silly hand"
That was all she said.

But the moon and stars were satisfied with what Elise
expressed.
The sun was also satisfied
And sank to rest.

American Poetry Magazine

Clara Maxwell Taft

DURABILITY

This human stuff whereof I'm wrought
Seems durable and stout;
Cut to a pattern, cheaply bought,
I cannot wear it out.

The face which even now I see,
This very face, alas!
Will raise the self-same eyes to me,
Tomorrow, in the glass.

"I'll take a trip," say I, "and drop
My old thoughts at the station" . . .
They are the first to come and stop
At my new destination.

At night my ways are gathered, so —
Like playthings in a pile;
Out of my sleepy reach they go,
But only for a while . . .

At morn each trait, each personal trick
Is handed from the shelf . . .
Dear God, I am so mortal sick
Of my immortal self!

American Poetry Magazine

Clara Maxwell Taft

RETURNING

When you and I shall be but velvet dust,
Sleeping among the unjust and the just,
Who knows? — We may return as some fair flower
To grace a lonely hour.

Or gently wander back a lyric breeze
That rustles April's leaves on ancient trees;
Or shine in some dark firmament afar
A tiny golden star!

Will-o'-The-Wisp

Elkanah East Taylor

THE CYCLE

Sunset and dusk and home,
Then the dark night, —

The endlessness of night that they call sleep,
When trees report the springs.

I do not think my heart could so forget
All I have known,
To make the roots of just a violet,
Or slower — a stone.

American Poetry Magazine

Virginia Stait

COUNSEL

For poetry, one should be fond of living,
And not too free from care and humbler tasks, —
With curious mind, and heart that's used to giving
More than it ever asks.

For poetry, one must be apt at playing,
And not at all afraid of make-believe, —
Eager to join Imagination straying,
Even if she deceive.

For poetry, one needs have much in vision
That unseen aura common to all things, —
Must hold the crying doubt in half-derision,
And greatly trust to wings.

For poetry, one mustn't fear a blunder,
But laugh at facts and let the soul run wild,
Roaming that land of dream and truth and wonder
Where meet the sage and child.

For poetry, to-day must be to-morrow,
And Beauty ever loyal to our trust,
Waking her music at the heart of sorrow
And rainbows in the dust.

The Harp

George Sterling

One sings with everlasting breath
Whom Eve sought vainly to entice. . . .
Now, nowhere, save in Paradise,
Dwells Beauty free from taint of death.

The Atlantic Monthly

Lilian White Spencer

PAPAGO MYTH

Once, in new time, the village women stayed
To gossip through red sunset and forgot
Brown toddlers circling round the supper pot
Which bubbled with impatience to be made
A feast for famished babes, who laughed and played
Yet grew so fairy-light, earth's hold could not
Keep feather feet. . . . Soon, in a bright gavotte
High up the argent night they bobbed and swayed.

But now they know the love of many mothers
Who tend a flame and roast an ear to ease
Old hunger of wee sisters and small brothers.
Now, each squaw hugs her plump papoose and sees
When autumn lifts those starry long-lost others —
Child ghosts that are the dancing Pleiades.

Voices

Lilian White Spencer

JUNIOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fairyland has let me in
For a dear, brief space.
Vision, like a harlequin,
Dancing through the place,
Notes that big and baby Bears
Far away must roam —
Three-sized tables, three-sized chairs
Wait their coming home.

Throned above, a barque in flight,
Quaint and beautiful,

SURFACE-DEEP

Now that I am reconciled
To never having more,
Or even much,
I go, without your touch,
Thro the closed door;
Never to be wild
As before;
Days are calm routine now,
Nights bland and mild;
Yet I shall never bow
To your brass will,
Or ask you to tell how
Hearts can grow still.

No, for you'll always have
The heart of a child,
Clear-eyed and brave
But hard as noon;
Bright like water,
Strange like a tune,
A king's bronze daughter,
A peasant's moon.

Simple, unsubtle, wise,
Shallow and good,
Lifting untender eyes
Over new blood.

Greenwich Village Quill

Mary Atwater Taylor

A STAR MAP

All of heaven in my hands —
With one finger I can turn
Till I sink Orion's bands,
And the Lyre begins to burn.

I can make a night of spring,
Shivering Spica, white Altair,

And above me I can swing
Slowly Berenice's Hair.

Winter evening, autumn dawn
Man has charted; I can see .
How Midsummer Night moves on
Tranquilly and terribly.

Light lost in light, death lost in death,
Time without end, Space without bound—
I, whose life is but a breath,
Turn Infinity around.

The Bookman

Sara Teasdale

THE MAN WHO LOVED MARY

So living wearies you, as now it goes
In this far province? Friend, I understand.
Here in Jerusalem your alien nose
Itches for home.
You miss the somewhat over-grand
Marble and gilt pomposities of Rome,
Since these things are your life. But as for me,
Being a Jew, I love this ancient city
Of forlorn hopes, of poverty and pity,
This sad Jerusalem, a-sprawl and dun,
Like an old turtle dozing in the sun,
Or like a face seamed with old suffering—
Yes, like a face I know. . . .

Listen, my friend, since hours are slow tonight . . .
Perhaps a story, starting long ago
When I was young, a story of grey things
That once were golden bright,
And of a face scarred like Jerusalem . . .

Know then that I was born in Galilee,
In Nazareth, a town not over-free
From Jewry's troubles and the fruits of them.
You will not know it.

THE DAMASK ROOM

In crimson, dun, the roses reach,
Each satin bud as straight,
As though each climbed a holy cross
Disdaining all its weight.
And in this room where centuried oak
Had watched with chatelaine,
She lingers, where each Lely learned
A patience, often pain . . .

This room: that could speak of a distance far,
As a wolf-hound's fangs or a dead-bone scar;
That had known the first and last of the chase,
As the periods passed, in armor, in lace.
The brawl and the oath that heralds the rout,
And a hawk from its leashes fled . . .
But the jesses yield not and the varvels hold,
And a falconer knows — raw-red!
And the horde returns and the roses can follow
The hunt, to their crimson core,
From the marsh where the herons lifted and fell,
To famine and thirst — for more!

Oh the quiver and rush of a thing at bay,
A life that was mad for more of today,
When back to the castle and a worn blood-thread
Came the castle's lord, as the night was said.

* * * * *

And again and again, through the tolling years,
Did a woman — and roses — wait;
And again and again did a hunt go forth,
And the tarnished tints kept date!

Oh the revel of swords from scabbards away,
The clangor of armor and shield;
And the booty of cutlass, the booty of heart,
Brought back from a drowning field!

* * * * *

Back from soaring man's dominion —
Forest, desert, shore unknown —
Come with folded iron pinion.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

In the dawn you bought my glory,
Marching out. Now, one by one,
Triumph in my evening story.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

As you loved me, and, defying
Darkness, stood and died alone,
You were born while I was dying.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

Sons, I bred you with my power,
Souls to march when I am gone.
Children, keep my vanished hour.
Let the dead come back to Rome.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Chard Powers Smith

LINES TO A NASTURTIIUM

(A lover muses)

Flame-flower, Day-torch, Mauna Loa,
I saw a daring bee, to-day, pause, and soar
 Into your flaming heart;
Then did I hear crisp crinkled laughter
As the furies after tore him apart?
 A bird, next, small and humming,
Looked into your startled depths and fled. . . .
Surely, some dread sight, and dafter
 Than human eyes as mine can see,
Set the stricken air waves drumming
 In his flight.

Day-torch, Flame-flower, cool-hot Beauty,
I cannot see, I cannot hear your flutey
Voice lure your loving swain,

Ranking him with the mighty of the earth.
You know our country people, how their griefs
Still breed the tangle of these old beliefs.
He took the tales to heart, so much was plain.
I feared for Mary, seeing grist for pain.

And so it proved. Her son lived out a story
Not seldom heard here in Judea,
The tale of one who thought himself Messiah.
For Mary's sake I went to hear him preach
When he had won a little transient glory
And crowds attended him.
The man had reach,
And the deep-smouldering fire
I saw in youth had mounted higher.

A pity it is, all fire grows dim.
He came to grief at last, and died
Like any common robber, crucified.
It's no surprise you never heard of him.
I tell the tale only that you may see
What scarred the face that meant so much to me.

For I have seen her face once more.
Today she came to find me, seeking aid
For a sad family of the poor
Who gave their all, believing in her son.
Now Mary succors them. I was afraid
To let her see my joy, that she had done
The simple thing, and come to me. . . .

Joseph, it seems, is dead,
Her other children fledged and flown. She said,
Wearing a quiet dignity,
" 'Tis not for long we ask your charity —
My son will come again to set us free."

And, O my friend, her face, her face!
It bears all human sorrow, all our dreams
Gone down to dust, all suffering, all disgrace,
As this my city bears them. Yet it gleams

Still with that star-like beauty, and I see
In Mary's face hope for eternity.

And so the story stops. I thank you, friend.
You have been patient. Night gives place to morrow.
The tale I tell you has no end —
Even as Jerusalem, even as sorrow. . . .

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Eunice Tietjens

VIKINGABRUDEN

I shall not lie in state with candles keeping
The last watch over me, nor yet in bed
Linger beyond the last of mortal sleeping,
Nor drowse in yew and cypress, when I'm dead.
I want no shroud all shining smooth to fold me
Binding my venturous limbs; no unctuous nard
To sleek my wayward hair; no prayers to hold me
On earth, from hearts left desolate and scarred.
No, I shall lie at last the green dark under
In some mad meeting place of rocks and sea,
The glimmering moon my candle, and the thunder
Of stormy waves to shout my spirit free.
Naked, with streaming hair, and arms outthrust,
The dust that was, shall go . . . back to the dust.

The American Poetry Magazine *Margery Atwood Todahl*

COQUETTE

I hold my love but lightly,
For I know
Things with wings held tightly
Want to go.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Jewell Bothwell Tull

AT THE POETRY CONTEST

For J. E.

She holds no brief for birds and flowers and spring,
Nor dusk nor dawn ensnare her wary pen

Herd of Diomedes

Horses that fed on men were these,
Captured by mighty Hercules
In sanguine pasture fields of Thrace.
Then on Arcadian hill and hollow
They roved till wild beasts of Apollo
With redder fangs destroyed their race.

Porphyrion

The webbed and clawed porphyryions
Abode with family skeletons
Because their magic was to know
When wives betrayed, and then they cried
On husbands' bosoms till they died. . . .
They were extinct long, long ago.

Centaurs

Once, through old sacred mountain glades,
Galloped the man-horse cavalcades.
Ixion, their bright sire, then
Wheeled overhead; their dam, the cloud,
Bathed their sleek sides . . . O base and proud,
Now your sharp hoofs tear hearts of men!

Griffin

This lion-eagle's flaming breast
Guards in the sun his golden nest
And orbs of fire strike thieves dead.
So, to his treasure, men are blind —
Still . . . one or two declare him kind;
Poets can charm him, it is said.

Phoenix

High-eyried on an Eden palm,
His gold wings dripping sweetest balm,

It was the cold, he thought, that shipwrecked men
Had most to fear. The cold today . . . it seemed
To crack his bones, and suck the marrow out.
It was the cold that was his enemy,
The clawing, greedy cold, and not the sea.
The sea would draw him down, or bear him up
Uncaring, but the sly malicious cold
Would gnaw his hands until they loosed their grip.
Ah, but not yet, not yet . . . He'd show them yet!
He'd known of men who lived through wilder wrecks
And lived to tell of it. He'd show them yet.

Weary and desolate, he tried to see
His wife's sweet face, and grave and patient eyes.
He had a fancy that the gentle eyes
Of a good wife like his might calm the rage
Of the ungentle sea. There had been tears
In Jenny's eyes of late. What fools men were . . .
He the more fool, with a wife like Jenny,
Wasting his earnings on a painted trull
Who would be any man's as soon as his.
It was the devil in him, and in her, *
The yellow-headed slut, laying her traps
For married men while Jenny wept at home.

Oh God, let Jenny's eyes"
Above the roar
Of lashing waters still he heard the mate
Damning the world to hell,
He'd damned himself
Before the mate had had a chance at him,
Gambling and drinking all his pay away,
And chasing women. There was no good thing
About his life but Jenny and her love.
What were the words the parson used to say?
"Redeemed by love?"
Redeemed by Jenny's love.

All of these years, the flying wasted years,
While he had drunk, and lusted after women,
His drowning soul had clung to Jenny's love,

And it would save him, as the spar would save
His worthless body while he clung to it.

The passion of his longing tore his heart,
But still he could not see her wistful face
Against the storm only the mate's black eyes,
Vicious with blazing hate and blasphemy.

He slipped, and conscious of his failing strength
Gripped the frail spar again convulsively.
If any of the crew could save himself
Out of this welter of despair and death,
It should be he, the best man of the lot, —
The best man of the village, keen to fight
The champion wrestler of the country side,
And throw him, too, by God.

It was that night
When he was strutting like a barnyard cock
Before his fond and foolish hens, that she,
The tawny-headed girl first smiled on him.
She had a flashing smile, the tawny girl
The sweet fire raced and sang along his veins
Until he had her and grew tired of her
And then went back to Jenny, who forgave
As she had pardoned many times before,
Though he could never make her understand
How he could love her and be false to her.

She seemed to think that if she had a child
"If we had had a child a little boy"
Then she fell silent till he flamed at her
"By God, you'd best be glad! It might a' been
Like me!"

And she had sighed and gravely said,
"You would have hated it a child like you."
And he had stared, aghast to see she knew
How something in him loathed the man he was,
How something in him begged her love and faith,
Storming the fortress of her charity.

"Redeemed by love"

It was the minister
Said that one day.

"There shall be no more sea"
He'd heard that somewhere too, but it was false.
It was the sea alone that would endure,
Monstrous and cruel as eternity.

It was the sea alone that would endure.
He'd seen it in a thousand shifting moods,—
Groaning and restless in the driving rain,
Sullenly ominous before a storm,
Screaming in anger, like a pack of wolves
Clawing the ship, or calm and beautiful
As the pale sky repeated there at dusk.
Changing, but everlasting was the sea
He, but a straw on that eternal tide.

He wondered dully if the boy had drowned,
The boy who used to wander aft, and stare
And stare until the sunset faded out.
Once, as he passed him by, the boy had said,
"It's like a garden with white flowers in bloom
The sea, I mean."

And he had jeered at him,
Ashamed to own he saw the garden too,
And the white garlands of the blossoming foam.

It was the fog that told him he must drown
Told him so softly, as it clung to him,
That drowning seemed a blissful death to die.
It was the fog that bade him loose his hold.
The fog spoke in a voice like mellow bells
Across the downs, or a bird's morning song.
"The sea will wash you clean," the sweet voice said.
"The sea will cradle you forevermore.
The sea will keep you safe forevermore.
Oh, do not fear the sea," the sweet voice said.
It spoke of all that youth had held of faith,
And happy innocence, and seemly mirth.
It spoke of comfort, and the hope of peace,
Of consolation, and the hope of rest.

It spoke of love at last, for Jenny's eyes
Opened and smiled on him as he went down.

The Lyric

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

IN A PURITAN'S HOUSE

Why did I let him in at all?
He will not stay —
"Nothing here to a faun's taste,"
His slant eyes say.

Presently he will yawn at me
And go away,
Padding out with careful feet
On a waxed floor.

But what if he should prick his ears
And explore?
Devil-thing, lie still, lie still
Behind my door!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Belle Turnbull

WIND SHUCKED

Robin's smile was sweet to see
And Robin's eyes were bright;
Robin's arms were warm for me,
But Robin's words were light.

Robin was a linden leaf
That crimsons on a bough:
But, oh, my heart . . . my grief . . .
Were Robin with me now!

The Lantern

Alfred Train

REBIRTH

She never bore him of her flesh and bone,
Yet she conceived him tenderly her own,

And in a spiritual interim
Like his own mother she delivered him,
Releasing him from phantoms of his brain,
From lonely conjuring of ghosts of pain,
Releasing him in rapturous rebirth
To all the ancient kindness of the earth.

Contemporary Verse

Lucia Trent

I SHALL NOT GRIEVE TOO MUCH

I shall not grieve too much, but I shall understand
If you must go with eager men, who ride
To swift adventuring, and grave command
Of things a lonely woman is denied.

I shall not grieve too much if you will come to me
For beauty rising like a spire of flame,
For tears like spring rain falling on the sea,
For frail mute loveliness that has no name.

The Century Magazine

Lucia Trent

TWO WOMEN

At first I tried to hide from her strange eyes
My joy that trembled like a captured bird.
I did not want to hurt one grown so wise
With grieving, through a sudden, careless word.
But now I know that, with her sad, pale hands,
She loves to touch this ecstasy that stirs
My life to gratitude. She understands
The tears are only in my eyes, not hers.

Foot Prints

Lucia Trent

TO LESBIA

When you look in your looking glass
Your thoughts are like the winds that pass,

Or like indifferent leaves that sway
Fitfully on a summer's day.

You only know your eyes may smile
And dance with youth a little while.
You do not even seem to see
Their lovely infidelity.

The Greenwich Village Quill

Lucia Trent

A GOWN

It is as lovely now as on the night
I wore it with such exquisite delight.
His hands have smoothed these folds, his fingers felt
These small gold roses, fastened at the belt.
Now in this lonely drawer it lies all day.
I could not even give this gown away.
Its loveliness must languish here and pine.
No other heart shall break in it like mine.

The Greenwich Village Quill

Lucia Trent

PUZZLING

"Such a good man!" they said,
And nodded amply.
And even Hester
Assented damply.

Surely she should know,
His own good wife,
Thin and penurious
From many years' strife.

She had washed the linen
(Her wedding gifts)
And never complained
Over the rifts.

After he was buried,
Why, we didn't know,

She bought a fur coat
And went to a show!

The Lyric

Marie Williams Vandegrift

SUMMIT OF LIGHT

He stands below Polaris, having made
The summit in eight hours; suddenly,
Much like a lone hawk poised above the sea,
He hangs upon the highest palisade;
With Sagittarius for neighbor, noon
A sunlit moment, and the long ascent
Behind him, he peers from his continent
Upon the storehouse of the stars—the moon.

Only those born to climb, whose restless feet
Lag in a narrow valley, ever know
How one can mount beyond domains of sleep
Toward Alp of cloud and Matterhorn of snow,
Till level with the eagle, they look down
Clairvoyantly upon a pygmy town.

Voices

Harold Vinal

WAITING COACH

The coach is waiting and I must descend;
The lackey holds the door, the driver waits;
Farewell is over and the final friend
Departed through the portal and the gates.
The butler, Silence, hovers in the hall,
Holding my tall hat and my polished cane;
The journey may be problematical—
I go, but doubt if I return again.

The horses plunge outside, Time holds the whip,
I must be off before the day is here;
The road is waiting and the endless trip,
Another world, another hemisphere.

What is the forecast of the almanac?
No matter, Sirs, do not expect me back!

Voices

Harold Vinal

FINAL HARVEST

He kept to his alliance with the soil,
Coaxing his native apple trees to yield;
Betrayed forever by a thing called toil,
A garden and an orchard and a field.
He was concerned with little more at all
Than sun and rain and if the harvest throve,
Held in at best by a New England wall,
And in the winter by a bed and stove.

And if reward was his, who shall define
What lay between the labour and the pay;
Fifty odd years of work before decline,
And then Time puts a penny on the eyes;
The wick is snuffed, the harvest put away —
For other harvests under other skies.

Voices

Harold Vinal

TWO IN A HOUSE

The next ten years no doubt will be as bad
As the last ten behind these serene walls;
You will be saint, I will be Galahad,
And there will be no passionate intervals.
We honor and obey the marriage law,
We keep the covenant and prove the text,
Looking upon the Holy Book with awe,
Too full of conscience to be much perplexed.

And so I thank the Lord for daily bread;
You sweep and bake, and likewise serve the Lord.
The cycle runs, the seventh Psalm is read —
We are the perfect Christians in accord.

No doubt the light is on us, and we keep
The Ten Commandments even in our sleep.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Harold Vinal

THE GREAT TENT

The circus came. The great tent rose, the cars
Brought elephants and monkeys and we had
The joy of watching how, beneath the stars,
Trinidad flourished, Seville or Bagdad.
And as if we had all touched suddenly
Aladdin's lamp, a wonder came to pass,
A world took shape beneath a canopy,
A magic moved where had been only grass.

And then one night we looked and the eyes took
The wonder in no more, for what had been
Canvas and rope was sky and laughing brook,
A valley under stars; we heard the thin
Low rumble of a moving train, and far
Off in the night the yelp of a jaguar.

The Commonweal

Harold Vinal

HOLY WEEK

Sunday in Jerusalem,
Monday night at Bethany,
Tuesday the betrayal, and
On Olivet taught He;
Wednesday not recorded,
Perhaps again in Bethany,
Thursday night the trial,
And dark Gethsemane.
Friday, crucifixion,
Friday, Calvary!
"Mary, sweet mother,
How passed those hours with thee?"
Saturday, the silence

Of Joseph's lovely garden,
Sunday, "He is risen!"
The angels told to three,
Then on an ancient highway
Walking to Emmaus,
Again we see the Master —
Would He could walk with me!

American Poetry Magazine

Florence Wallin

TO ATALANTA WEDDED

Sorrow not, fool, that he's possessed
Implacably your shallow beauty.
What though you pant beneath his breast? —
This is your duty.

Weep not for the lone road you ran
And the cold winds that sped your going.
Flinch not to know the touch of man
And the pang of the knowing.

Unstirred beneath the carnal maze
The soul laughs still her chilly laughter;
Down empty corridors she strays,
No lover following after.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Katharine L. Ward

SLEEP SPELL

Sway right — sway left,
Trees, trees.
Blow through — slow through,
Breeze, breeze.
Flow, tide — ebb, tide,
Go, come.
Beat-beat — beat-beat,
Drum, drum.
Soar up, float down, "

Birds, birds.
Swing now, sing now,
Words, words!
Widen, deepen,
Stream, stream.
Fold me, hold me,
Dream, dream.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

May Williams Ward

CLICHÉS

Why was I born so late? I am longing
To say three things:
The lake is a mirror for flower-bonnets
And preening wings.

Plum-bloom scatters *like snow*, I tell you,
Like snow, like snow!
Why have they said so over and over,
Long ago?

Stripped of beauty and meaning the phrases
That say what is true?
Oh, I love you! Your eyes are the color
Of heaven's blue!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

May Williams Ward

THE PROOF

He was a man who spoke in platitude
And shaped his life as well by folk-worn saws.
We wondered at him not without a cause,
So strange he seemed, ingenuous and crude—
Having beliefs, and rules for action! When
A household friend seduced his wife away,
"Show yourself friendly," still we heard him say;
And, "Honesty is best," when other men,
Taking advantage of his openness,

Fooled him. Refuted so on every hand
Still he believed. We cannot understand
Why, when he died, it seemed somehow success.
Perhaps one platitude proved true. His face
Shone as though finding heaven a happy place.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

May Williams Ward

ACCORD

*High, low, the winds blow
Over the roofs of Tokio.*

* * *

San grew rice in New Japan,
Mud and muck were the lot of San.

His fields were a terraced mountain side,
And they were neither long nor wide.

In Fujiyama's shadow San
Sowed and reaped in New Japan;

And harvests came and harvests went,
But none of them found San content.

And where the plain inclines to meet
The Rockies' foothills, Smith grew wheat.

There are four horsemen of the plains,
And one of them, "It Never Rains;"

Hail, Low Prices, and Insect Pest —
These the raiders who never rest.

And harvests went and harvests came,
And none of them found Smith the same.

In the heart of San was cosmic dust;
In the feet of Smith was *wanderlust*.

On common ground they flung the dice,
Though one grew wheat and one grew rice.

Food and raiment and shelter and rest—
San of the East and Smith of the West.

* * *

*High, low, the winds run
Over the roofs of Washington.*

* * *

Outside the city of Nanking
There is a bird with a broken wing;

And veering south and flying high,
Waterfowl in a prairie sky.

In the city of Hongkong
In a sedan chair floats Wu Fong—

Peak-bound Number One Chinese
Greets affluent Macaonese.

In a City of Great Names
A Croesus murmurs, "Home, James."

Unclean, undone, repellent, shunned,
A beggar on the Canton bund

Strikes a balance with his kind
On the East Side, "Help the Blind."

* * *

*The sun comes up, the sun goes down,
Just the same the world around.*

The Lyric West

Leslie Wallace

READING MICHAEL

You read from *Michael*. The night wind
In lengthening drifts went through our pines;

And still you read, bowed by the fire,
The pathos of those simple lines.

Across the lake a flock of sheep,
Lambs tender with their tender ewes,
Gathered themselves by pipe and call
And lay down sweetly in the dew.

Your thought went to your only son,
And mine — my shepherd parent's sleep
Is close above those meadow lands
Where he was master of his sheep.

"Beside the brook of Greenhead Ghyll" —
Your voice became a part of all
The silence mending up the earth.
But still the wild dove sent his call

Out of the willows, and there came
The flutings of the frogs inblent
With many murmurs in the dark.
We were not sad. A strange content

Fell on us gently as dim rain,
Undriven at dusk by any breeze.
We were content. Content we watched
The moon mix with the moving trees.

The Midland

Bennett Weaver

OUT OF THE EARTH

The earth is deeper than we guess
And full of things we shall not know;
We are but arrow leaf and cress
Withered against the brook's thin flow.

We are the thorn tree on the knoll
Rising enough to stand and cut
The wind, and cry and give her soul
Out to the dark. Our veins are shut.

We are chink-lichen fastened tight
Against the boulder which the plow
Must turn out from. And in the night
The dark frost breaks the roots — as now!

We are the drift of a hot cloud
Over the flame-land of the west,
And while the fields are singing loud
We veer and turn to ashen rest.

Ours is a house whose doors are barred,
Whose oilless lamps no hand can move:
The lintels there are scratched and scarred
By the fierce returning thoughts of love.

The Midland

Bennett Weaver

TO YOUTH

This I say to you:
Be arrogant! Be true!
True to April lust that sings
Through your veins. These sharp springs
Matter most. . . . Afteryears
Will be time enough for sleep . . .
Carefulness . . . and tears. . . .

Now, while life is raw and new,
Drink it clear, drink it deep!
Let the moonlight's lunacy
Tear away your cautions. Be
Proud, and mad, and young, and free!
Grasp a comet! Kick at stars
Laughingly! Fight! Dare!
Arms are soft, breasts are white,
Magic's in the April night —

Never fear, Age will catch you,
Slow you down, ere it dispatch you
To your long and solemn quiet. . . .

What will matter then the riot
Of the lilacs in the wind?
What will mean — then — the crush
Of lips at hours when birds hush?

Purple, green and flame will end
In a calm, grey blend.

Only graven in your soul
After all the rest is gone
There will be the ecstasies . . .
Those alone. . . .

The Bookman

John V. A. Weaver

BEAUTY OF AUTUMN

O Autumn speak! so many call you drear,
Your golden days of sweet pervading scent,
Then why should you be called with such lament
The melancholy season of the year?
Your beauties and your marvels so appear
In blazing colorings magnificent,
Your elms and sumach in enravishment,
And maples flaunt their colors far and near.

The glow of purple, yellow, brown and red,
And green that's softened by a veil of haze
Spread magic scenes of beauty overhead;
Emblazoned tints of glorious autumn days
To give to man these marvels one by one
And hold the secret still how it is done.

Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

Tessa Sweazy Webb

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

A year ago the Grizzly's captain wed
A village girl; their home his fishing boat —
By day, by night, together and afloat,
In harbor, or far off by Salmon Head.

We often watched her on the deck, and said:
"A rarely happy woman, so denote
Those steady eyes, calm hands, and singing throat."
Then came the word, "The captain's wife is dead."

The stately fishing vessels, near a score,
Glide slowly down the channel, single file,
(The cornets piping, "Nearer, my God, to Thee")
And vanish round the island. Nevermore
Her greeting gesture, song, or sudden smile,
As the Grizzly hails its harbor from the sea.

The Commonweal

Selden Lincoln Whitcomb

DREAM OF THE CORN

Above these frozen furrows
The glancing gold of the sun
Is the dream of the corn.

Under the snow
The close black greeting;
The ultimate song.

Under the snow
The ageless tremors meet
In uncreated harmony;

Seeds tick thin earthquakes to the pressing soil;
Ever the dumb, sad pulse beats slow;
Thin, blind, white fingers tremble
And twitch an endless music on
Under the snow. . . .

Harvest has song here:
Through an unborn dawn goes the song of the reapers
Under the snow;
Through a night unending,
Processional and dim dance
Of corn-blades, liquid under the moon.

In the tick of the seed, strong song of the reapers. . . .

Ageless and dark runs the harmony of harvest;
The gold of the sun is the dream of the corn.

The Nation

Hal Saunders White

AGAIN, SAPPHO

"With the rejection of the story of her (Sappho's) love for Phaon vanishes also the legend which says that to cure her hopeless love she cast herself from the rock of Leucas."

I

Once she the Lesbian, — lyric heart of Greece, —
A little weary of the brittle wit
Of polished tongues, went forth to seek that peace
Her world denied her when she craved for it, —
Peace of far moons beyond the sea-washed caves,
And spaceless freedom for a mouth that sings
To stars and winds and wild foam-crested waves:
"I, Sappho, shall be one with all these things."
That night a slave stood like a sculptured god
Alone and naked by the Aegean sea;
A shape that learned of Lesbian skies and sod,
The living rhythm of its symmetry.
"I would that lordly lovers could be thus,"
And Sappho, sighing, thought of Pittacus.

II

She claimed one hour of salt and stinging air;
Of winds above a glimmering sea cave;
Of wizardry through which a god may wear
And glorify, the body of a slave.
So she to Phaon — Phaon of a night
That has gone down the centuries in shame, —
Shame of the world; of moths that seek a light
To singe their little desperate wings in flame:
"O slave, I think thy salty lips are clean!
I weary of hot mouths and scented locks;
Clasp me one infinite moment, here between
The envious planets and the Lesbian rocks.

These winds will know, and all the whispering sea,
I loved thy *beauty*, Phaon, and not thee!"

III

There may be symbols that outlast all laws,—
Symbols for those whose heads have touched the sky,
And may not stoop for questioning, because
Such things are not to govern pygmies by.
So — Sappho wears her purple wreath again, —
Wears Grecian violets on her braided hair;
And loving love beyond all love of men,
Moves nobly down a white, immortal stair.
Death came and found her singing; he who knows
Uncounted ways to chill the throbbing breast.
He stopped her mouth of music with a rose,
And deep Olympic silence is the rest, —
Silence along the wild Sicilian coast.
Not here, not here is Sappho — or her ghost.

The Lyric

Mary Brent Whiteside

AUTUMN ALONG THE BEACHES

A year, with all its days, has come and gone
Since last under the arch of heaven I stood
In the old ecstasy, and looked upon
These endless waters, this bleak solitude.

All is unchanged: the sea-birds wheel and pass,
The patient dunes go down along the sky
In wavering lines of green, from the scant grass
A single cricket lifts his solemn cry.

Autumn is on the wind; the chilly air
Is wide and vacant, the pale waters seem
Paler and lonelier — lonely and bare
The tawny beaches, fading like a dream.

On the right hand of heaven there is light —
And on the left is darkness and the gray

Cover of cloud; southward the sea is bright —
But northward sorrow and shadow all the way.

Dull blues and purples, glossy black and green,
On the one hand — and on the other, sheer
Glory of gold! The waters in between
Are doubtful — half in hope, and half in fear.

But always a cold light along the rim
Wells secretly, the under-heavens cast
Cold light along the verge under the dim
Borders of darkness where the clouds are massed.

Around one center the slow bulk revolves;
Far out a haze curtains the mystery
Of some ecstatic deed — the cloud dissolves
And sheds his drifting rain upon the sea.

It is the bridal of heaven and ocean — brief
Is the rapt moment ere the gauzy veil,
Crumbling, is lifted. As with tremulous grief
Of parting, the divided wastes are pale.

Wan wastes of wave, and glimmering wastes that crowd
The worn horizon — passion and regret.
Sea-scud, and faltering light, and trailing cloud
Reluctant, where the old longing labors yet.

The slant rain slackens. From the hopeful, blue
Meadows of heaven, widening evermore,
A sudden shaft of light comes piercing through,
And points a shining finger down the shore.

Alternate gleam and shadow! Like a wand
The running radiance all along the line
Travels with soundless motion. Far beyond,
Headlands and dunes and brightening beaches shine.

Darkness is rolled away: the great banks move
Northward, save for a few high streaks that show
The vault of heaven still higher far above,
So high they seem, yet lie so far below.

They move like swans upon an azure lake —
The bleak skies of the autumn afternoon
Wash 'round them in chill loveliness and make
Their fleecy edges brighter, fading soon.

The room of the world is bare from bound to bound,
A vacant chamber — heaven overhead
Is a blue ceiling, the heavens that wall it 'round
Are blue, before me the blue floors are spread.

Blue mile on mile, from deep to azure height
Eastward, the everlasting arches loom!
Blue mile on mile forever to the bright
Limits! The world is like an empty room.

On the void sea no sail, no sign. Far out,
A lone bird, through the shifting corridors
Of billowing water blown and tossed about,
Wavers and veers along the windy floors.

Loneliness — endlessness — and mystery!
No voice disturbs the silence of the sun.
No shadow is on the surface of the sea.
The clouds are scattered and darkness is undone.

The huddled waters in their sorrow move
At the wind's will that herds them without stay
Over the barren reaches, drove on drove —
A myriad waves all moving the one way.

The Outlook

John Hall Wheelock

SEA-VOYAGE

To what dark purpose was the Will employed
That fashioned, ere the dawn of Time grew dim,
The waste of ocean, from clear rim to rim
A crystal chamber, sorrowful and void?

For surely not without design He wrought
These vast horizons on whose margins rest

The extremes of heaven, nor from east to west
Widened the waters to the bounds of thought.

Half-hopeful, half-incredulous, I wait
For some gigantic Presence to assume
His throne in the large circle of the room.
The dreadful distances are desolate.

In vain! In vain! He is departed hence
Whose breath troubles the waters of the sea:
Twilight and night are sworn to secrecy,
The heavens preserve their ancient innocence.

In the enormous throne-room of the sun
No voice is audible. The waves are mute.
Solitude, infinite and absolute,
Bears witness to the unreturning One.

Evening, on the lorn reaches of the sea,
Comes vast and patient; but the night is kind —
Her hand is pity, scarfing up the blind
Sorrows and wastes of the immensity.

The wind is soft among the swaying spars:
Heaven deepens; dusk reveals the glittering height
And cloudless glory of the arch of night,
Bowed down from rim to rim with solemn stars.

When dawn across the broad and billowing plain
Casts her pale fire, the monstrous solitude
Of huddling waters — the old hope renewed —
Thrills with blind love, and yearns, but all in vain.

Sheer to the east, sheer to the west extend,
Far as the wandering wings of thought may grope,
The eternal vacancies. No hope, no hope —
Distance, distance forever without end.

Hour by hour, and, day on burning day,
Our vessel plows the soft, reluctant foam;
Hour by hour, and, mile on mile, we roam
The lonely and the everlasting way.

Still fades before us the enormous round—
Blue sea below, blue heaven overhead—
The Void, eternal and untenanted,
A chamber for His splendor, without bound.

The Virginia Quarterly Review

John Hall Wheelock

THE VICTORY

I shall take flight from death on sudden wings,
In some swift song; he shall not have me here—
For all his cunning, all his snares and slings,
I shall escape him, whom I fear.

Then, though he wander through all woods and ways,
He will not reach to *me*. out of the strong
Net of these tangled nights and days
Escaped forever in a song.

But now my wings are broken and I hide
In this tall grass, to hear his foot go by
Stealthily, stealthily—
Searching the field on either side.

Heal me, O Time, and I will rise again
On swifter wings and for a surer flight,
Remembering this pain!
So, when he comes, he shall not find me here,
By day or night—
But search forever, and in vain.

The Yale Review

John Hall Wheelock

THE HEART GROWS OLD

I

I have come back at last to the old home,
After long days of absence. It was here
That in my burning youth I loved and sang,
And all that I have loved and lost is here;

And still the meadows and the woods are dear
And beautiful—though now to me they are
Less beautiful, less dear.

Earth and her dreams remain forever young,
It is not beauty that grows old, but I:
The moon floods the pale cloud, and from the grass
The crickets sounds the endless song—but I
Am silent. Listen!—it is the owlet's cry.
O heart of mine, what distance have we come
Since last we heard that cry!

II

Earth and the ancient joy are ever young—
When has she changed, for all her many days?
The cloudy banners of her hope are hung,
Spring after spring, through all the woodland ways.

The meditations of the secret earth
Are steadfast and enduring: these remain—
Her sacramental rites of death and birth,
And the old mysteries of love and pain.

Time and the years like wandering clouds go by:
The moon still floods the wood, and from the hill
The crickets lifts the immemorial cry—
And the immortal joy is flowing still.

The everlasting song is still unsung,
And the eternal tale is never told:
Earth and the ancient joy are ever young,
It is the heart that withers and grows old.

The Yale Review

John Hall Wheelock

THE SOUVENIR HUNTER TO HER LOVE

I suppose I could bring you this rug-alligator
Neatly mounted on flannel
Or this portrait of Ponce de Leon on a waiter

Or these palms on a panel,
This thermometer mounted on almost-bananas
Or this crimson plush cat,
Or the music-box masked as a box of Havanas —
But you wouldn't like that.

I could buy you this spoon with the caravel rocking
Or this child-eating bear
Or this bathing young person who's meant to be shocking
With her heels in the air;
I don't think you like beads — worn above your tuxedo
They'd be misunderstood,
And this orange in wax with a view of the Lido
Isn't really so good.

I've brought you ten ashtrays — by now they must cover
Your desk out of sight;
You're sweet about neckties, but one does discover
They're never quite right.
You couldn't use cups, or bold cards saying "Kiss Me!"
Or this woven palm shelf —
It's an age since I've seen you — I hope that you miss me!
I'll bring you — myself!

The World Tomorrow

Margaret Widdemer

HAUNTINGS

Wind and shadow — I see no more —
But there are footsteps round my door,
Men and women kissing, crying,
Little laughters leaping, dying,
Whispers hurrying down the air,
But when I rise there is nobody there.

I have strung sharp-thorned berry-vines
Twined for a bar as a lattice twines,
Berry-vines with a thorny stem,
Over the lock for a bar to Them,
I have laid wet moss on the sill,
But markless footsteps tread past it still.

The wood-things know, and the frightened birds,
They cannot tell me, they have no words,
Something restless that will not go,
Something dreadful that I must know . . .
Wind and shadows—I see no more—
But there are footsteps round my door.

The Commonweal

Margaret Widdemer

THE COSTUMER

I see you trying them all before Life's glass,
Robe after brilliant robe—and slipping them down:
Sackcloth and motley, ashes, seaweed and pearl . . .
Once it was a prophetess' starry mantle,
Once the pitiful grief-torn robe of a heartbroken girl,
Now it is a courtesan's scarlet gown—
This too shall slip from your slender shoulders and pass.

I am glad Life lets you try on so many to glitter before
our eyes—
Beauty is always a good—and the world will pause and
stare,
Wondering still at the many tires that you set on your
hair,
And the many shapes of your garments, their glittering
dyes.
One day you will find the robe that you like the best—
Life will sell it to you for but little—and smile and step
down and rest.

Only I cannot help wondering a little wistfully
Why it was that Life only held up to me
One dark garment for working in, straight and brown,
And once for a moment, only to touch and see
For a very little while, a rose-patterned dancing-gown.

Harper's Magazine

Margaret Widdemer

I KNOW A LADY

I know a lady, very, very old,
Who is more beautiful than youth may be;

For youth is like new books that gleam with gold
And colors traced on white leaves brilliantly;
But she is frail as is some antique book
Whose thin, browned pages reverently we touch,
As breathing forth the fragrance of long years
And ancient wisdom. Quiet is her look,
Like the dull reds and deepened blues and such
Quaint, twisted letter as preserve the thoughts of seers.

The Commonweal

Irene H. Wilson

LIGHT YEARS

The man of science and the poet chatted,
Smoking and strolling through the summer night.
"What is that tiny star so redly burning?"
The poet asked. A distant burst of mirth
Drowned out the answer, but on their returning
I heard: "Nine hundred light-years from the earth."

"Nine hundred light-years!" said the poet softly.
"While yonder ray was travelling earthward then,
Crusades were fought and finished, kingdoms crumbled,
Science was opening up new worlds to men.
Or think: when first that light began to travel,
Eric the Red was skirting Labrador,
A Moorish king was weeping lost Granada,
Mahmud the Great had forced the Afghan door."
"And what of England?" smiled the man of science,
Pausing to light his pipe. The poet said,
"Why, there were Sussex roses to fill the night with
heartbreak,
And a young queen walked in starlight with proud and
golden head."

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Margaret Adelaide Wilson

THE FOLDER

Song for a Telescope

Under the magic of your lenses
The suns exult, the systems sing,

And comets flourish thin cadenzas
Against the stars' deep trumpeting.

But through the shadowy embrasures
You open in the walls of time
I hear the beat of ominous measures
Beyond my reason or my rhyme.

My ultimate interrogation
You meet with spheres of dust or flame
Of sure and sinister gyration
And undiscoverable aim.

Hid in the uttermost recesses
Of that great room your might unbars
May there be hunger and caresses
Or only undesiring stars?

Today the jonquil and the crocus
Unfolded to the April sun.
Tonight, all tragedies you focus
Into the overwhelming One. . . .

Not for the brevity or bareness
Of being do I make lament,
But for its terrible awareness,
So keen, and still so impotent.

John French Wilson

The Bowling Green, Saturday Review of Literature

NEW ENGLAND

There are rocks, like grass, hiding the soil.
"Row them up in a long wall."

There's a harsh rack of bitter snow.
"Make yourself ready: this will go."

There are runty shrubs, and thickets of trees.
"Your fire and ax will talk to these."

Winter comes soon, and the ears still green.
"Let others do your harvesting."

We fade; dark stunted hordes come tumbling.
"Fade, then, without grumbling."

Why should we strain over this bleak sod?
"Labor — the rest to tomorrow, and God."

The Commonweal

Clement Wood

THE MINSTREL OF GOD

I

O sweet strange minstrel of the joyous singing,
When the torn lands lay bleeding in the dark
With dripping sword and ripping lancehead bringing
Death to harsher life, like Sister Lark
You trilled your melodies at the ear of heaven,
A halo of harmony above the pain,
Until the world, from which your soul was driven,
Woke to a little loveliness again.
Minstrel of God, you knew that they spoke ill
Who called the One you loved a Man of Sorrow:
Others had made His golden singing still;
And you could see a lightening tomorrow
When song and the sweet salvation of mirth
Should rule again over the reddened earth.

II

The noisy swallows quieted at your teaching;
The shrill grasshopper gave you heart to sing;
The falcon was your angelus; your preaching
Went most to souls that heard you on the wing.
Even the wolf, his steel jaws hot from plunder,
Tamed at your soft whispering, as he
Brought his harsh and hungry nature under
Your love sway. Brother Wind and Sister Sea,

Sister Moon and Brother Sun, with these you spoke,
Granting a kindly greeting to the Brother Fire
Who healed your body. To this varied folk
You had a word to lift their longing higher.

Only one beast hid snarling in his den:

You could not tame the wild lost tribe called men.

The Commonweal

Clement Wood

BERMUDAS

A shattered atoll, coral white,
Furred with a fell of cedar trees,
You dazzle in the mated light
Of turquoise sky and peacock seas.

You make a wall of deathless flowers
To break the hurricane's harsh breath;
Here all the year's delicious hours
Show beauty triumphing over death.

The deep sea fins beside your crest;
And, shuttling for unending spring,
Blossoming birds find on your breast
A heaven of ease for a tired wing,

And make sunup and slow nightfall
Fragrant with their melodies;
And over all and girdling all
Are turquoise sky and peacock seas.

Voices

Clement Wood

THE GREEN CHRISTS

Christ was hanged upon a tree—
But it was slain before he.

Men say Christ rose from the dead;
It stood quietly and decayed,

Bleeding out its pale blood
Into Golgotha's dark mud.

Christ in heaven shines tenderly;
There is no heaven for a slain tree.

Why do we kill its million kin
Each time that Christ's birth comes again,

Sparing neither youth nor age,
A leaf darker than Herod's page,

But wreaking vengeance on the meek
Green Christs, for Jesus' sake?

In his white name who stood for love,
Let kindness return above

The sweet serene and dreaming sod
Whose green lords never slew their god.

Let the world know that Christ's breath
Breathes life, and not death!

Voices

Clement Wood

A SILENT WOMAN IS A LOVELY THING

A silent woman is a lovely thing,
She holds the mystery of a little hill
Sleeping in moonlight. Surely the folded wing
Of any resting bird is not more still
Than the tranquil clasping of her unfluttering hands.
Her quiet lips are curved and sweet and cool
With the quaint serenity of a saint that stands
In a faded painting of Fra Lippi's School.

Who knows what wise, inscrutable thoughts are hers.
What Satans, what Madonnas, sleep within her breast?
Across the tumult of the chattering
Her eyes take home my weariness to rest.

She does not tell me much, but better still,
She lets me tell her everything I will.

News and Observer (Raleigh, N. C.) *Kathryn Worth*

SONNET TO LIFE

Three

And there is earth's implicit loveliness;
The green, sweet fields, the far, blue hills, the rain,
Dripping like balm upon the hidden pain;
So dear is earth, however she may dress,
Whatever season may her mood possess;
The bare, black outline of yon winter tree
Against the cold, gray sky, may send to me
A message no pleached leafage could express.
Since David sought still springs and pastures green
To comfort his heart's aching loneliness
For the most bitter loss, his little child,
Ages of sorrowing have passed between,
Yet man gains that same help in his distress,
Nature has never yet our grief reviled.

The Lyric

Rose Faulkner Yancey

DECORATION: GIRL WITH SHAWL

In your keen purposes chastise
The lazy tongue's betraying drawl;
Your poised, disdainful shoulders rise
From passions woven in your shawl.

Your swift-eyed prudence was not meant
To go disguised in Spanish art;
Upon these snarled festoons were spent
The fevers of a wounded heart.

Some gypsy's fingers found relief
Engarlanding this hissing silk,

Who drank the bitter wine of grief
When you were fed on bread and milk.

You sit enfolded in my gift,
Quite disenchanted, calm of breath.
Beware, lest secret serpents lift
Their sudden tongues of death!

The Commonweal

Morton Dauwen Zabel

HOLY FEAR

I am afraid of silence, when, if spoken,
A word would save a soul from scandal's flame;
Afraid of speech, if what I say might fasten
The stain of calumny upon a name!

I am afraid to *be* afraid, when courage
Would win a battle waging for the right;
I am afraid to be too bold when valor
Would vanquish one who struggles in the night.

I am afraid of plenty, when my brother
Is not invited to the feast I spread;
I am afraid of fasting, when my hunger
Craves not the riches of the Living Bread!

I am afraid to let Love's altar candles
Grow dim and flicker for the want of care;
I am afraid to let hate's flaring torches
Burn high within the secret place of prayer.

I am afraid to bind what should be broken;
Afraid to break what evermore should hold;
O Gracious Courage, keep me ever fearing
To love earth's tinsel more than Heaven's gold!

The Christian Century

Anna Rozilla Crever

STILL BIRCHES

When birches lift against a chalk-blue sky,
Rock-still, their leaves seem carved in hard green stone

Held in the fingers of an arm whose curve
Was snow before it turned to marble stain . . .
A still birch shifting in a wind, alone:
Its long white body tinkles to the ground—
A drooping girl with green shells in her hair
Who quivers to a lonely forest sound.

Some say they see these quiet branches fly
In rushing Spring wind, mad with drenching air;
Some say they watch these still leaves swoop and swerve
In autumn's flying leap of lunging rains. . . .
But to our eyes that only see the gleam
Of windy skies upon their branches blown
In cool blue summer, they must always seem
Wind-girls of green and silver, cut in stone.

The Midland

Stanley Burnshaw

SONG IN THE SNOWS

Winter was ever a word for scorn
Until this year
When snow first shone in the blue of dawn
Like a moonwhite spear.

Frozen sleet was a bitter sound,
A substance of pain . . .
This year's ice is stone in the hand
Of the sculptor, Rain.

Perhaps some part of my hope has found
An echo-image within
Sunrays making of falling snow
Colored lights in the wind;

Perhaps my blindness has found its orb
As the night its first star-rise:
Some light of kindness given me
New words, new eyes.

Voices

Stanley Burnshaw

FOR YOUTH

Your soft new bones, so neatly joined and little,
They will turn brittle.

Your hair, now crisped and curled, breeze-tossed and
golden,
Will slowly olden.

Hunger and hates that through your dream streets riot,
Will come to quiet.
But stars in blue-blown nights, love's tides within you,
Continue . . . and continue.

Scribner's Magazine

Winifred Davidson

CRICKETS

When on our Loma hills at dusk are blown
High flowing mauve and silver mist-webs thin —
Like torn lace veils — weird syllables begin
To pattern loneliness with creaking drone.
I know not whence they start: what garden stone,
Near that so piercing sweet and wild small din,
Is faintly vibrant while mad crickets spin
Their unremittent treble monotone.

Say not from frail rasped wings such music comes!
These are the ecstasies of magic lyres;
These are shrill quavers of taut golden wires
That summer night-wind violently strums:
Remote, preposterous as fairy choirs,
But stirring as the throb of martial drums.

The San Diego (Calif.) Aztec

Winifred Davidson

COSMOGONY

Beyond some white-hot whirlwind of old Night
Stretched arms of fire, ingathering from the void
Lost stars and drifts of flame; with sun-stuffs toyed
And turned all swiftly homeward toward fierce light.
How luminous that core! How infinite
Those worlds indrawn, those planet babes destroyed!

Like moths blown candleward were they, that joyed
Rotating, trailing streams of death in flight.

Within that incandescent glow was caught
The small dark heart of our young mother Earth:
Enfolding safe these precious sheaths of thought;
These loves and hopes; this exigence of birth;
June roses' dew-sheen and red cries of mirth;
Your eyes, reflecting stars that sun-whorls wrought.

The San Diego (Calif.) Aztec

Winifred Davidson

BLACK FLAME

She hid her secret deep, deep, deep,
And walked on Pokeville's straight, straight street.

Her eyes were curtains—drawn to tell
That shallowness lies in a well.

She said, "I *must* be like the rest,
Silent . . . listless . . . somber-dressed."

But sometimes winds found petals where
She'd woven flames into her hair.

And once a marsh-path hurrying in
Saw dancing prints where she had been.

She played the organ, sang the psalms,
Pieced quilts to sell for mission alms,
And wore black half-mitts on her palms

Till clouds one night that patched the moon
Saw her choke—on a gray fog-tune.

* * * * *

She hid her secret deep, deep, deep,
Beneath the walks on Pokeville street.

But while folks passed her soot-black coffin
A scarlet bird trilled clear and often. . .

A scarlet bird outside the church
Sang from an altar of white birch.

Voices

Queene B. Lister

NEW-MOWN HAY

Today I smelled some new-mown hay,
Lucindy, and — well, you can guess
It made me homesick more or less
For the old farm, though of course I know
It's miles away — and better so.
The children want us here with them;
But all they are, or have, can't stem
The feeling that I'd like to go.

I'd like to see the view you got
From the hill above the pasture lot.
Remember how the hill-tops rolled — just rolled to bluish
gray?
'Pears like 'twould do me good to stay
On the old side-hill, Lucindy, till
The shadows dimmed the old gray mill,
And hid the hills away.

And then I'd like to watch the stars
Come peeking out; then wander through the pasture bars
To our old seat down in the nook
Of alders near the meader brook.
Lucindy, turn your face this way.
Lucindy! — you, too — oh, I say!
Dear, let's go back, and stay a spell —
We two together then can smell
Our fill of new-mown hay!

Interludes

E. Dorcas Palmer

PART II
YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY
FOR 1927

INDEX OF POETS AND POEMS PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

AUGUST 1, 1926 TO JULY 31, 1927

(It has been necessary this year to omit, except in a few cases, poems printed in newspapers)

- ANONYMOUS—Skoal! Charles Lindbergh, Skoal!
Nation, June 1, '27
- AARON, MADELEINE—Illusion
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- ABBEN, FRIEDA GRIEDER—A Jewish Mother to Her Child,
 Christmas, 4 B. C. *Christian Cent.*, Dec., 30, '26
- ABREDER, HERMIA E.—Flotsam *Am. Poetry*, Sept. '26
- ACHTENHAGEN, OLGA—Gypsy Twilight
Foot Prints, May, '27
- Illusion,
Foot Prints, July, '27
- ACKERMAN, ZOE—If I Should Give You Love
Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
- ACKERMAN, BARBARA—Strong
Poetry, Feb., '27
- The White Sun
 " "
- Aspiration
 " "
- Change
 " "
- ACTON, JUDITH—In a Wood *Commonweal*, Nov. 24, '26
- Holy Saturday *Commonweal*, Apr. 13, '27
- ADAMS, CARL B.—Homo Sapiens
Interludes, Jan. Mar., '27
- We of Today
Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- ADAMS, LEONIE—Sundown
New Rep., Oct. 20, '26
- Lullaby,
New Repub., Jan. 26, '27
- The Lost Host
 " " "
- The Vision at Morning
New Repub., Mar. 30, '27
- The Moon and Spectator
Poetry, Mar., '27
- The Mysterious Thing
 " "
- The Gift
 " "
- Twilit Revelation
 " "
- The Lament of Quarry
 " "
- Certainly Beauty
 " "
- Country of the Proud
New Repub., Apr. 20, '27
- The Horn
New Repub., June 22, '27
- Song
New Repub., July 13, '27
- Country Summer
New Repub., July 27, '27
- ADE, GEORGE—A Microbe's Serenade
College Humor, Aug., '26
- ADELSPERGER, DOROTHY—Garden and World
Magnificat, Feb., '27

- ADDISON, MEDORA—Surrender *Commonweal*, Dec. 8, '26
 Madonna *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
 Croesus *Commonweal*, Feb. 23, '27
- ADLER, FREDERICK HERBERT—A Deep Midnight
Cleve. Musical Rev., Aug., '26
 A Pet Seagull *Poetry of Today*, Aug., '26
 In An Arkansas Town *Education*, Sept., '26
 The Music Maker *Cleve. Musical Rev.*, Sept., '26
 A Chinese Laundryman *Foot Prints*, Oct., '26
 To M. A. " " "
 Dead Years " " "
 Jellies and Fruits *Education*, Nov., '26
 In Morgenland *Rectangle*, Nov., '26
 Misty Evening *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Edone (From German by Klopstock) *Foot Prints*, Dec., '26
 Autumn (From Karel Toman) " " "
 To One in Heaven *Education*, Mar., '27
 The New House " " "
 A Lover's Complaint (A Tanka) *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Near Giant's Causeway " " "
 Early Spring *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Mammy's Consolation *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 In a Skyscraper *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 Song for May Day *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 To One Who Ridiculed *Voices*, July, '27
 Midsummer: An Interim *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 Queen Anne's Lace " " "
 Song of the City *Prism*, July-Aug., '27
- ADLER, HARRIET MAY—Early Spring *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- AHEARN, ROLAND—Creation *Commonweal*, Mar. 30, '27
- AIKEN, CONRAD—At a Concert of Music
New Repub., Dec. 8, '26
 Annihilation *New Repub.*, Dec. 1, '26
 Six Sonnets *Poetry*, July, '27
 ALDEN, ADA—Charm *Poetry*, Aug., '26
 The Mills of the Gods " " "
 ALDIS, DOROTHY—High Morning *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 The Secret " " "
 Let the Grass Grow Long " " "
 Inanimates " " "
 The Choice " " "
- ALDRICH, MARIE—Change *Bookman*, June, '27
- ALEXANDER, LEWIS—Dream Song *Palms*, Oct., '26
 A Group of Japanese Hokku " " "
 Quatrains *Black Opals*, Spr., '27
 South Street " " "
 The Black Pageant *Messenger*, Apr., '27
 Durham Streets *Messenger*, June, '27
 Transformation *Opportunity*, June, '27

- ALFRED, ELIZABETH J.—Symbols *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 ALLEN, DEVERE—Good Friday *New Repub.*, Apr. 27, '27
 ALLEN, EFFIE ALGER—Silence *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
 ALLEN, ELEANOR—Requiem *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 A Melody *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 Evening Pastoral *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 When April Comes *Echo*, Apr., '27
 Invocation *Echo*, July, '27
 Lais: An Epitaph *Poet's Corner (Ore. Jour.)*, '27
 Spring Comes to Li Chang *Poet's Corner (Ore. Jour.)*, '27
 ALLEN, GEORGE LEONARD—To a Negro Musician *Opportunity*, June, '27
 ALLEN, KENNETH—Sycamores *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 ALLEN, SALLY ELLIOTT—Hospital Room *Commonweal*, June 8, '27
 ALLING, KENNETH SLADE—Lichen *Commonweal*, Aug. 18, '26
 Night Song *Commonweal*, Sept. 22, '26
 Spider Web *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Dripstone " "
 Sky " "
 Soul " "
 Underworld " "
 Trees and Men *Commonweal*, Nov. 3, '26
 Presage *Commonweal*, Jan. 19, '27
 Bird Flock *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Sand " "
 Cessation " "
 Fog *Commonweal*, Mar. 9, '27
 Time *Voices*, April-May, '27
 Dragon " "
 Duality *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 11, '27
 Retort *Voices*, July, '27
 ALLINSON, BRENT DOW—A Hymn of Halsted Street *Christian Cent.*, Dec. 16, '26
 AMES, LUCILE PERRY—Two in a Garden *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 Morning " "
 Miss Muffet *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 ANDERSON, BERNICE G.—Vanity *Harp*, May-June, '27
 ANDERSON, IDELLA ALDERMAN—The Old Mill *Harp*, May-June, '27
 ANDERSON, W. H.—The Lyric West *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
 ANGEL, RUTH OLIVE—An Apple-Tree Soliloquy *Harp*, May-June, '27
 June Roses " "
 ANGUS, FRANCES R.—Salamander *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 The Country Graveyard *Scribner's*, Nov., '26
 ANDREWS, GEORGE LAWRENCE—Storm *America*, Aug. 14, '26
 Hill Winds *Catholic W.*, Sept., '26
 The Dandy *America*, Oct. 23, '26

- An Old Lothario's Musings *Tales Temptation*, Nov., '26
- Youth Denied " "
- Shadows *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Dec. 27, '26
- Mother *Extension*, Jan., '27
- Sea Cliff *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Jan. 6, '27
- Years After *Argosy*, Jan. 8, '27
- The Wise Yielding *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Jan. 12, '27
- The Mountain Ballad Singer *America*, Jan. 22, '27
- Musings *Literary Lantern*, Jan. 23, '27
- The Drug Clerk *Haldeman-Julius Mon.*, Feb., '27
- The Far Port *Parish Visitor*, Feb., '27
- The Return *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Feb. 3, '27
- Cupped In *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Feb. 5, '27
- Moonlit Fields *America*, Mar. 12, '27
- Evanescence *New South*, Apr., '27
- Spring in the South " " "
- Fantasy *America*, Apr. 2, '27
- Divided *America*, Apr. 9, '27
- Frogs *Argosy*, May 7, '27
- May *Argosy*, May 14, '27
- She Was a Rose *Catholic W.*, June, '27
- The Ex-Soldier *Churchman*, July 31, '26
- ANTHONY, EDWARD—Composite Irish Love Song *Harper's*, Nov., '26
- Romance in a Delicatessen *College Humor*, June, '27
- Nursery Rhymes for an Infant Prodigy *College Humor*, July, '27
- APPEL, BENJAMIN—The Land of the Average *Interludes*, Jan. Mar., '27
- ARMSTRONG, MARTIN—To Helen, An Expostulation *Harper's*, Aug., '26
- The Bird-Catcher *Harper's*, Dec., '26
- The Cage *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 31, '27
- ARTHUR, CHARLOTTE—Red Padraig *Poetry*, Sept., '26
- Wind " "
- Candle-Light and Dawn " "
- The Way of a Star " "
- ASHLEY, LILLAH A.—Domino *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
- On the Road to Emmaus *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- ASKUE, ROWENA RUTH—Yesterday's Lover *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- AUGHILTREE, RUTH—Mrs. Saml. Pepys An Evening *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
- At Home *Circle*, Mar., '27
- An Old Quarrel *Commonweal*, Apr. 27, '27
- Gypsy Wife *Circle*, Apr.-May, '27
- Abe Lincoln's Mother *Country Bard*, Spr., '27
- Spruce Tree House
- AUSLANDER, JOSEPH—Historia Amoris Mea *Voices*, Nov., '26

- Two Poems on Youth *World Tomorrow*, Feb., '27
 Sand Crickets " " " " " "
 Gordian Knot *Voices*, April-May, '27
 Reconciliation " " " " " "
 Crisis *Harper's*, June, '27
- AUSTIN, MARY—Not to You Only, O Pythian
Nation, Dec. 1, '26
Nation, Feb. 23, '27
- Puye
- AVERY, CLARIBEL WEEKS—The Rug Maker
Harp, Nov.-Dec., '26
Commonweal, Mar. 16, '27
 Dark Stars
 When Stars Look Small *Commonweal*, May 25, '27
- AXTELL, REEVES—The Pirate *Lyric W.*, May, '27
- BABCOCK, CHARLOTTE F.—After Reading Li-Po
Am. Poetry, Mar., '27
- BABCOCK, MARY LOWREY—That Night Was Different
Cont. V., June-July, '27
Harper's, Apr., '27
- BACON, LEONARD—Fame
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Mar. 13, '27
- BACON, PEGGY—Holiday
Cont. V., June-July, '27
- BAILEY, EDNA ALBERTA—To You *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
- BAKER, A. REBECCA—Enchantment *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
- BAKER, ELSIE M.—Love-Lit Paths
 Fullfillment " " " " " "
- BAKER, ETHEL BRAXTON—At the Circus
Cont. V., April-May, '27
- BAKER, MARY G.—Gifts *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar. Apr., '27
- Freed *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- BALL, ELIZABETH—Mad *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
- From Oklahoma in Autumn *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
- BALDWIN, FAITH—Winter Sunset *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
- Porto Rico *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
- BALDWIN, MERCY—The Receivers
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
- BALLARD, CHARLES—Moths *Commonweal*, Aug. 3, '26
- Little Images *Lyric*, Dec., '26
- Moth Wing *Lyric*, Feb., '27
- The Frogs *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
- The Lovers *Harp*, May-June, '27
- Jubal *Lyric W.*, June, '27
- BANCROFT, ALBERTA—A Real Estate Agent Makes Inquiry
Lyric W., Sept., '26
- Responsibility *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26
- A Voice Heard at Dusk by a River " " " " " "
- Harvest Law " " " " " "
- Incident " " " " " "
- The Harper: His Prologue " " " " " "
- Heathen Measure *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
- The Street of the Wind *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- Necessity " " " " " "
- Lines To a Statue *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
- Inheritance *Lyric W.*, June, '27

- BANGERT, CARL F.—Waifs of the Sea *Am. Poetry*, May, '27
- BANGS, JANET NORRIS—Reply *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 27, '27
- BARBER, MARY FINETTE—Storm Ship *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
- Moonrise *Step Ladder*, May, '27
- BARCAL, LAURINE BAKER—I Would Go On *Century*, Feb., '27
- BARD, W. E.—The Cotton-Picker's Wife *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
- Oceania " "
- BARDIN, JAMES C.—Fiesta *Southwest Rev.*, Spr., '27
- Drought " "
- BARKER, RICHARD B.—Parting *Foot Prints*, May, '27
- BARNETT, MAVIS CLARE—Wife of the Pioneer *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26
- BARNEY, ANNA LOUISE—Marah *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- BARR, RONALD WALKER—Epitaph for a Virgin *Gold Quill*, Sum., '26
- Song of Twenty-Two *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
- Epitaph for a Courtesan *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- The Clock-Maker *G. V. Quill*, May, '27
- Magdalen *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
- BARRETT, WILTON AGNEW—Evangel *Poetry*, Feb., '27
- BARROW, ELFREDA—In the Homespun Hills *Y. B. Poetry Soc. S. C.*, Nov., '26
- BARROWES-DONALD, H. C.—This Admirable Man *Bookman*, Dec., '26
- Dolce Far Niente *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- Points in Retrospection *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Dark Wood Denizen " "
- Lone Wolf " "
- Certain Contentions " "
- Streak Atavistic " "
- Mundane *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
- Marital *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- Eclipse *Bookman*, July, '27
- John Hears a Voice *Voices*, July, '27
- This Heresy " "
- BARSAM, JEAN—Ruby-Throated Hummingbird *Palms*, Nov., '26
- BARTLETT, HELEN BIRCH—Opiate *Poetry*, Oct., '26
- Sanctuary " "
- October in Illinois " "
- Cat " "
- BARTON, KATHARINE MARIE—Manna *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- BASSETT, RUTH—Climax *Step Ladder*, Oct., '26
- BASSLER, BERNARDINE—A Boquet of Stars *America*, May 7, '27
- BATCHELOR, JEAN—The Realist *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, June 26, '27
- BATEMAN, SYLVIA—Barberry *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27

- BATES, KATHARINE LEE—Tempted
Christian Cent., Sept. 23, '26
 Ecco Il Santo *Forum*, Oct., '26
 What Song Is This *Delineator*, May, '27
 Earth's Apology *C. S. Monitor*, May 28, '27
 Nungesser and Coli *N. Y. Times*, June 23, '27
- BATH, CYRIL J.—A Man is Dead *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- BAYARD, FLORENCE—Now, Said the Moon
Poetry Folio, Mar.-Apr., '27
- BAYM, MAX I.—To a Young Dancer *Opportunity*, Nov. '26
- BEALLE, ALFRED BATTLE—Rain Song
Commonweal, Oct. 27, '26
- BEALS, JESSIE TARBOX—Unknown *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
- BEARD, IRENE HANDLEY—A Fantasy *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- BECK, JOHN OSCAR—Spirals *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
 I Like to Contemplate the Sun
Emerson Quarterly, Nov., '26
 The Cornfield *Poetry*, June, '27
 On Parade: In the Laboratory of the Great Chemist
Poetry, June, '27
- BECKWITH, CELESTE—Precious Cargo
Foot Prints, May, '27
- BEEBE, FRANCES—Philosopher *Independent*, Aug. 21, '26
 Jilted *Independent*, Sept. 11, '26
- BEELER, FLORENCE ASHLEY—Futility
Prism, July-Aug., '27
 September Gloaming *Voice*, Aug., '26
 Southern Harmonies *Pegasus*, Nov., '26
 End of the Road *Northern Light*, Feb., '27
 Unfathomed *Voice*, Spr., '27
 The Wind *Prism*, June, '27
 Ballade of the Forlorn Hope *Pegasus*, Aug., '27
- BEER, MORRIS ABEL—Apologia *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Moon-Flame *G. V. Quill*, Sept., '26
 Portrait of a Patriotic Gentleman
G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
 The Athlete *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Old Streets *City College Alumnus*, Feb., '27
- BEHYMER, L. E.—Lake Tahoe *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
- BELKNAP, JOHN—A Minor Prophecy *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- BELL, LUCIA OSBORNE—Our Perfect Day
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Nov.-Dec., '26
 My Little Lilac Lady
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Jan.-Feb., '27
- BELLAMANN, HENRY—Portrait of a Man
Yale Rev., Oct., '26
- BENET, LAURA—Nursery Rhyme
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Feb. 13, '27
 "Who Looks On Beauty" *Poetry*, Apr., '27
- BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT—The Lost Wife
New Repub., Mar. 9, '27
 Invocation *Sat. Rev. of Lit.* June 11, '27
 Hands *World Tomorrow*, July, '27

- BENET, WILLIAM ROSE—Unappreciated Fauna
Sat. Rev. of Lit. Dec. 4, '26
- BENEDICT, LIBBIAN—I Am Afraid *Poetry*, Sept., '26
- BENEDICT, VERNE TAYLOR—To You
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- BENJAMIN, ISAAC—Blossoms of an Adolescent Bough
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- BENNETT, GWENDOLYN—Dirge *Palms*, Oct., '26
Dear Things " "
Song " "
Moon Tonight *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
Song *Opportunity*, Oct., '26
- BENNETT, GERTRUDE RYDER—Aspiration
Commonweal, June 1, '27
- BENNETT, JOHN—I Want An Epitaph
Sat. Rev. of Lit., July 23, '27
- BERENBERG, DAVID P.—Judith, to Holofernes Living
Buccaneer, July-Dec., '26
Judith, to Holofernes Dead " "
Arcady *Messenger*, Oct., '26
Wayfarer *Messenger*, Feb., '27
Rehoboam *Voices*, Mar., '27
The Song of Abraham *Menorah Journal*, June, '27
- BERGSEN, GERTA—Beggar *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
- BERRY, WILLIAM—Old Portrait *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
Boquet of Lost Delights *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
These Things Are Quickly Gone *America*, July 30, '27
- BICKER, RUTH—The English Sparrow
Foot Prints, May, '27
- BINGHAM, ALFRED MITCHELL—Open Highways
Scribner's, Nov., '26
- BIRD, JAMES—Fire! *Step Ladder*, June, '27
- BIRK, JULIA CLARA—Mermaid *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
- BISHOP, MARION—Tear-Bought *Am. Poetry*, May, '27
- BLACK, MACKNIGHT—Machinery *Dial*, Nov., '26
Machines *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Jan. 1, '27
Turbines *Nation*, Feb. 9, '27
- BLACKMUR, R. P.—Alma Venus *Poetry*, Oct., '26
Last Things *Larus*, Feb., '27
- BLAKE, MARIE—Exit *Commonweal*, Sept. 15, '26
Solace *America*, Feb. 12, '27
- BLANDEN, CHARLES G.—Adventure
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Nov.-Dec., '26
The Fool *Christian Cent.*, Dec. 9, '26
Song *Christian Cent.*, Dec. 16, '26
Retrospect *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 6, '27
Trails *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 15, '27
Octave *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 20, '27
The Secret *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 27, '27
Babylon *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 3, '27
Octave " " "
Teach Me To Smile *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar.-Apr., '27

- Unfathomed *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '27
 Post Bellum Auxilium *Step Ladder*, June, '27
 BLUNDEN, EDMUND—Old Battlefield *Harper's*, Mar., '27
 BLUNT, HUGH F.—The Widow *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 BODENHEIM, MAXWELL—From a Ferryboat Window
 Sat. Rev. of Lit., Nov. 27, '27
 Sonnet to Minna *College Humor*, Dec., '26
 Still Portrait *Dial*, Dec., '26
 Lyric to Eva *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Strange Voices *Free Verse*, Apr., '27
 Reiteration *Bookman*, June, '27
 BOGAN, LOUISE—Second Song *Nation*, Sept. 15, '26
 Dark Summer *Nation*, Oct. 13, '26
 Simple Autumnal *New Repub.*, Dec. 1, '26
 The Drum *New Repub.*, Mar. 30, '27
 Feuernacht *New Repub.*, June 8, '27
 BOGGS, THOMAS—While You're Around
 Free Verse, Apr., '27
 BONER, H.—For a Monstrous Clever Fellow
 Poetry, Mar., '27
 BONNER, AMY—Words *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 BONNER, GRIFFITH—The Foreman *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 BONTEMPS, ARNA—The Sound of the Forge
 Opportunity, Oct. '26
 A Tree Design *Palms*, Oct., '26
 Nocturne at Bethesda *Crisis*, Dec., '26
 Tree *Crisis*, Apr., '27
 A Black Man Talks of Reaping
 World Tomorrow, July, '27
 BORIE, LYSBETH BOYD—Slipping Around
 Junior L. B., May, '27
 Soon " " " "
 Little Clean Boy " " " "
 Silly Mother " " " "
 BORTON, BETH—Opening Night
 Interludes, Apr.-June, '27
 BOSTICK, LOUISE STEDMAN—Life *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 BOSTON, DAVID—Cannibal *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
 With Child *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 BOSWELL, ALAINE B.—The Pool of the Dryads
 Lyric W., June, '27
 BOUEY, MARJORIE M.—The Storm *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 BOWERS, MILDRED—Smoke *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Security " "
 Idyl *Poetry*, May, '27
 Strange " "
 Maybe " "
 Answer " "
 BOYD, EVELYN—Maple Leaves *Tanager*, Nov., '26
 BOYCE, FAITH—Torch *Magnificat*, Feb., '27
 BOYLE, KAY—Portrait *Poetry*, Feb., '27
 To a Seaman Dead on Land " "
 Depart " "

- BRACELEN, ELLEN—Of All Sad Things *Cont. V.*, Dec. Jan., '27
- BRADFORD, GAMALIEL—The Link *Am. Poetry*, Aug., '26
 The Beaten Path *Tanager*, May, '27
 The Best Songs *Am. Poetry*, June, '27
 Virtue *Lyric*, July, '27
- BRADLEY, DORIS L.—Hill Lament *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- BRAGDON, CLIFFORD—On David Morton's "Harvest"
Outlook, June 29, '27
- BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY—Age and Autumn
Palms, Oct., '26
 Rye Bread *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Color-Keys *Cont. V.*, April-May, '27
 By Way of Fire *Harp*, May-June, '27
- BRANIGAN, THERESE CARR—The Minstrel Lad
Magnificat, Mar., '27
- Irish Lullaby
- BRAYLEY, BERTON—Personality *Red Book*, Jan., '27
 All in the Family *L. H. Journal*, Feb., '27
 American Plan *College Humor*, Mar., '27
 Restoration *College Humor*, Apr., '27
 The Materialist
- BRESNAN, CATHERINE—I Have Seen Beauty Once
America, Apr. 2, '27
- BREWER, WILLIAM A.—A Palimpsest *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
- BRIGHT, VERNE—Sea Lure *Beaverton Rev.*, Aug. 13, '26
 Manila *Beaverton Rev.*, Aug. 27, '26
 Sheila *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Bronze *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 The Bluebird *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Spring *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 In My Heart's House *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '27
 Sailor *Beaverton Rev.*, Apr., 22, '27
 Sonnet Symphonique *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
 Gypsy April *Spectator*, June 11, '27
 Dream Journey *Beaverton Rev.*, June 24, '27
- BRINK, CAROL RYRIE—The Fairy Wife *Poetry*, Sept., '26
- BRINKLEY, MAY—Opulence *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Knowledge *Voice*, Aug., '26
 Changeless *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Atavism *Lyric*, Sept., '26
 Illusion *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Memory *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 Harlequin *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Victory *Lit. Lantern*, Jan. 17, '27
 Prodigal *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Futility *Lit. Lantern*, Feb. 28, '27
 To One Who Doubted *Parish Visitor*, Apr., '27
- BROADUS, KEMPER HAMMOND—Philosophers
Poetry, Oct., '26
- BROCKMAN, LUCY N. W.—The Vigil
Am. Poetry, Oct., '26

- BRONSON, FRANKLIN—A Tragic Tale in Verse With a Moral *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
- BROOKER, LOUISE J.—Waves at Play *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- BROOKS, BENJAMIN GILBERT—Matinee Musicale at the Lune Rousse *Poetry*, Jan., '27
- The Vacuum " "
- BROOKS, JACK H.—Memory *Messenger*, June, '27
- BROOKS, OLIVE—A Woman Looks at Weather *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
- BROOKS, WILLIAM E.—Herod *Century*, June, '27
- BROWN, ALICE—Shadows *Harper's*, Nov., '26
- BROWN, EARL BIGELOW—Epitaph *Am. Poetry*, June, '27
- Temple Doors *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 20, '27
- BROWN, GERTRUDE PLUNKET—The Four Last Friends *Y. B. Poetry Soc. S. C.*, Nov., '26
- BROWN, MARION FRANCIS—Prodigal *Bookman*, Dec., '26
- Dish-Washer *Step Ladder*, Apr., '27
- BROWN, MIRIAM—Shoe Shine Blues *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
- BROWN, STERLING—After the Storm *Crisis*, April, '27
- When De Saints Go Ma'ching Home *Opportunity*, July, '27
- BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT—Lines in an Autograph Album, 1836 *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
- BRUENN, LAURIE—Cradle Songs *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
- BRUNER, MARGARET E.—Hunger *Step Ladder*, June, '27
- BRUNCKEN, GERHARD—Snow Night *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- BRUNN, LILLIAN—A While of You and April *Lyric*, Jan., '27
- Threat " "
- BRYAN, JOHN—Sweet Grapes and Silver Lizards *Va. Quart. Rev.*, July, '27
- BRYANT, DOROTHY E.—Flame *Bookman*, Nov., '26
- BRYSON, CLARENCE—Song of the Voodoo Drum *Foot Prints*, May, '27
- Rebellion *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- BUCKLEY, NANCY—"Sitio" *Magnificat*, Mar., '27
- BULLOCK, WALTER—Fashions for Spring *De Pauw Mag.*, May, '27
- BURGESS, DOROTHY—For Roland Hayes *Opportunity*, Dec., '26
- Beyond That Blue *Lyric*, Jan., '27
- BURGESS, ROBERT L.—Junipero Serra *Poetry*, Jan., '27
- Terry " "
- Sutro " "
- William Ralston " "
- Joaquin Miller " "
- BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN—O, They're Seekin' Jamie Tol-liver *Century*, Sept., '26
- Rhyme of a Rouster *Bookman*, July, '27

- BURNET, DANA—Lone Willow *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Antagonist *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 Moon-Storm *Lyric W.*, May, '27
- BURNS, COLETTE M.—The Architect: To F. R. W.,
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
 The Garden *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Gulls *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- BURNS, DOROTHEA—A Little Town *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 A Pessimist Views the World *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE—Luccombe Down
Bookman, Sept., '26
Echo, Oct., '26
- BURNSHAW, STANLEY—Sanctuary
 Earth Wanderer
 Song Before Sunrise *Midland*, Dec., '26
 Still Birches
 Song in the Snows *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Days *Midland*, May, '27
- BURTON, KATHERINE—A Prayer for Ronald
Bookman, July, '27
- BUTLER, JESSIE STORRS—The Garden in September
Commonweal, Sept. 22, '26
- BUTLER, J. ALPHEUS—Dreamers *Opportunity*, June, '27
- BUTLER, THOMAS—For Dorothy *America*, Aug. 14, '26
 "Like a Thief" *America*, Aug. 21, '26
 The Fairy People *America*, Sept. 18, '26
 Dialogue *America*, Nov. 20, '26
 To Those Who Sing Our Lady *America*, May 7, '27
- BYNNER, WITTER—Wind-Women *Dial*, Aug., '26
 Indian Summer *Voices*, Nov. '26
 To a Humming Bird on a Telephone Wire
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
 Self *Nation*, Jan. 1, '27
 On a Naked Hill *Sat. Rev. Lit.*, Jan. 22, '27
 A Hermit-Thrush *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 What Other Shield? *New Repub.*, June 22, '27
 Talk *Voices*, July, '27
 Calendar *Poetry*, July, '27
 A Moth
 To My Mother Concerning a Chapala
 Sunset
 La Francesa
 Montezuma
 Along the Mountain-Margin of Mescal
 Asleep
 A Zarape
 Twilight
 The Storm-Dragon
- CAHN, JULIA LOIS—Excess Energy *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- CAIE, HARRIET—Runes *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Iridescent *The Forge*, Spr., '26
- CAFFEE, EDWARD DAVID—Religion *Crisis*, July, '27
- CALKINS, CLINCH—What Will She Do With Seven Fat
 Years? *Nation*, Dec. 22, '26

Come Tired Young Women	<i>Nation</i> , Jan. 19, '27
The Arms of Grief	" "
Look Back	<i>Nation</i> , Apr. 20, '27
The Skater	" "
Oh Lad So Passionate	" "
I Sometimes Think	" "
The Tree of Heaven	" "
Tribute	" "
Waiting in Line	" "
CALLAGHAN, GERTRUDE—Rain at Night	<i>Commonweal</i> , Oct. 6, '26
Sky-Line at Night	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 9, '27
Hell-Planting	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27
Cock-Crow	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 13, '27
Prodigal	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 27, '27
Penelope, 1927	<i>Voices</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Wonder	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 18, '27
CALLAND, ANNICE—Hills of Port de Paix	<i>Gammadion</i> , Aug., '26
Storm	<i>Artland</i> , Mar., '27
Beauty	" "
Yellow Butterflies	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Life's Scourge	<i>Personalist</i> , Apr., '27
Dance of the Aurora Borealis	<i>Artland</i> , Apr., '27
CAMPBELL, GLADYS—Straw	<i>The Forge</i> , Autumn, '26
Never Silence	<i>Poetry</i> , Jan., '27
A Prairie River	" "
Remembered Landing	" "
For One Defenceless	" "
All That Is Beautiful	" "
Without Gift	" "
Shadows	<i>Dial</i> , July, '27
CAMPBELL, ISABEL JONES—Love Songs	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
CAMPBELL, JEANNETTE HELEN—Responsibility	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr.-May, '27
CANDLER, BEATRICE POST—Autumn	<i>Century</i> , Nov., '26
CANFIL, LOIS—When Love and Truth Have Met	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 6, '27
A New Dawn	<i>Gypsy</i> , June, '27
CANNALES (Lowdermilk), PATRICIA—Penalties	<i>Oracle</i> , '26
Sublimation	" "
CANTY, CATHAL—A Poet Does Not Die	<i>America</i> , Nov. 6, '26
CARLIN, FRANCIS—Under an Irish Lark	<i>America</i> , Dec. 4, '26
The Servant Boy	<i>America</i> , Feb. 19, '27
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus	<i>America</i> , Mar. 12, '27
The Poles	<i>America</i> , Mar. 26, '27
Table-Candles	<i>America</i> , Apr. 23, '27
In Jesus' Coat	<i>America</i> , June, 18, '27
The Rush Ring	<i>America</i> , July 30, '27

- CARMER, CARL LAMSON—One Night in Calera
Poetry, Jan., '27
 Baptizin' *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 16, '27
- CARPENTER, JULIA GILCREST—I Still Shall Know
The Forge, Sum., '26
- CARRINGTON, JAMES B.—When the Dusk Comes Down
Scribner's, July, '27
- CARROLL, EDITH M.—Definitions *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
- CARROLL, ELLEN M.—The Bottom of the Cup
Golden Quill, Sum., '26
 To One Unseeing " " "
 Branded " " "
 The Pool in the City Park *Harp*, Aug., '26
 Deep Dusk "
 To a Nursing Sister in a Hospital
Gammadion, Aug., '26
 In the Fullness of Power *Lit. Lantern*, Sept., '26
 Marking Shoals *Circle*, Oct., '26
 Prayer for a Young Girl *Carolina*, Oct., '26
 Definitions *Harp*, Nov., '26
 Bridal *Pegasus*, Nov., '26
 Old Age *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Middle Age " " " "
 Youth " " " "
 Accident " " " "
 Marking Shoals *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 The Shadowed Hour *Foot Prints*, Dec., '26
 After the Death of One Beloved
Wayfarer, Win., '26-'27
- Finality *Will-o-The-Wisp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- Burial, For a Wanton *Pegasus*, Feb., '27
- After Many Years *Overtures*, Feb., '27
- My Daughter *Carolina*, Feb., '27
- After Many Years *G. V. Quill*, Feb., '27
- April Sorrow *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- April Morning *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- Evening Thought *Extension*, May, '27
- When I Think of Death *Sunshine*, May, '27
- While Ill in a Hospital *Foot Prints*, May, '27
- Flower of Life *Circle*, July, '27
- CARROLL, MARY NELL—On Dit (An Old Woman Keeps House)
Commonweal, May 18, '27
- CARROLL, C. S. C., P. J.—This Dead Shamrock
America, Mar. 19, '27
- CARSON, CAROL—Nature's Elegy *Opportunity*, Sept. '26
- CARY, ROBERT—Dark Forces
St. Paul Pioneer Press, Dec. 19, '27
 Hope *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Lincoln *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Feb., '27
 Flower Imperishable *Prism*, May-June, '27
- CASE, ELIZABETH—To a Stranger at Mass
Commonweal, Jan. 26, '27
 To a Reader of Old Books *Commonweal*, Feb. 2, '27

- It is I Am Rich *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
 Alone at a Concert *Commonweal*, Mar. 2, '27
 CASTLE, ALBERT HARLEN—March *Commonweal*, Mar. 9, '27
 CHADWICK, HELEN CARY—Through Cathedral Windows *Personalist*, July, '27
 CHAFFEE, PORTER MYRON—Life *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 "I Have No Memory of Your Face" *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
 Dialogue
 CHALLENGE, VICTOR E.—June Roses *America*, June 25, '27
 CHALLISS, JAMES COURTNEY—Homesickness *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 CHAMBERS, KATHERINE SCHUYLER—An Old House *Junior L. B.*, Apr., '27
 CHAMBERLAIN, WILL—To Edna, Pointing Out Pictures *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 CHANDLER, E. W.—Changeling *Commonweal*, Aug. 18, '26
 CHANLER, JOSEPHINE HUGHES—The Spirit of the Cross *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27
 CHAPIN, KATHERINE GARRISON—The Honey-Mooners *Scribner's*, Dec., '26
 Outside of the World *Yale Rev.*, July, '27
 CHAPPELL, MARGARET HALE—America *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
 CHASE, POLLY—Remedy for Hurt *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Contrast " "
 Evening . . . Reading Conrad " "
 Sunset Near Sante Fe " "
 Rainbow *Junior L. B.*, Apr., '27
 Fall of Snow *Poetry*, July, '27
 Fall of Leaves " "
 Remedy for Hurt " "
 Finalities " "
 Impact " "
 Dirge " "
 In a Museum " "
 Form " "
 CHATER, ELLEN—Mahatma Gandhi *World Tomorrow*, Oct., '26
 CHEN, KWEI—Evening Walk in Springtime *Commonweal*, Aug. 4, '26
 A Solitary Pine Tree *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 3, '27
 Friends " " "
 A Well in Gobi *Commonweal*, Apr. 8, '27
 My Heavenly Lady at Her Seven-String Harp *World Tomorrow*, May, '27
 My Friend Sends Me a Roll of Silk *Commonweal*, May 18, '27
 CHESWICK, PAUL—Garde Joyeuse *Gypsy*, Oct., '26

- CHEYNEY, RALPH—Villager to His Lady
 Achilles' Heel *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Phase *G. V. Quill*, Sept., '26
 Sex " " " " " "
 Amulet *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Natural *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Society Man " " " "
 Poet to His Daughter " " " "
 Autumn Note *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Epitaph for a Poet " " " " " "
 Portrait " " " " " "
 Montana Mountain Trail " " " " " "
 A Woman Speaks of Pain *Crisis*, Dec., '26
 Parable *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Comrade Jesus *World Tomorrow*, Jan., '27
 Mountain Mood *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 On Reading a Review of "Touch and Go"
G. V. Quill, June, '27
 Second Epithalamium *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- CHEYNEY, GERTRUDE LOUISE—People
World Tomorrow, July, '27
- CHILDE, WILFRED ROWLAND—City Virginal
Commonweal, Oct. 20, '26
 Before All Worlds *Commonweal*, June 8, '27
 Mist Amid Roses *Commonweal*, June 22, '27
 Graalshausen *Commonweal*, June 27, '27
- CHILTON, ELEANOR CARROLL—Identity
Junior L. B., Apr., '27
- CHIPP, ELINOR—Awakening *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- CHOATE, HELEN—Drums *Scribner's*, Dec., '26
- CHRISTMAS, W. W.—September Evening *Voices*, Nov., '26
 In a Neglected Graveyard " " " "
- CHRISTOPHER, ROBIN—A Window *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 One Tail *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
- CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT—Pen Drawing of a Merchant
 Seaman *Bookman*, June, '27
- CHURCH, PEGGY POND—For a Forest Burial
Southwest Rev., Win., '27
 Song For Hanging Out Clothes *Poetry*, Feb., '27
 Escape " " " "
 Changeling *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
- CLAIRMONT, ROBERT—Art Theory *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 One More Night " " " " " "
 The Child and the Moon " " " " " "
 Cattle-Cars " " " " " "
 Bedtime Story " " " " " "
 Great King Gus *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Buried Gentleman *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Sadness Couplet " " " " " "
 Big Black Hearse *Free Verse*, Apr., '27

- CLAPP, FREDERICK MORTIMER—Domus Domini
Poetry, Aug., '26
 Harvesting Ice
 Awake Too Soon
 Cuneiform
- CLANCY, J. D.—Stigmata *America*, Oct. 23, '26
 CLARK, EVELYN BIGELOW—To a Lady *Century*, Dec., '26
 Nocturne *Century*, Feb., '27
- CLARK, FANNIE HUNTER—Not Knowing
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Mar.-Apr., '27
 The Tenants of My Fire *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- CLARK, IMOGEN—An Old London Cry
Commonweal, Apr. 6, '27
- CLARK, IMOGENE—"Blindman's Holiday"
Cont. V., June-July, '27
- CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS—Discovery
Christian Cent., Dec. 9, '26
- CLARK, WILLIAM RUSSELL—Toil Song
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- CLARKE, A. S. C.—Prayer *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 6, '27
- CLAUDEL, PAUL—Seventh Station (trans. by Henry Morton Robinson)
Commonweal, Mar. 16, '27
- CLOUGH, F. GARDNER—To the Cactus Bloom
Lyric W., Jan., '27
- CLAYTON, SUSAN—Glimpses *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- CLAYTON, VISTA—Dead Leaves *Bookman*, Nov., '26
- CLEAR, ALICE—Irony *Bookman*, June, '27
- CLINE, MARY SYLVESTER—The Mathematician
Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
 The Hill Woman *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Regret *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
- CLIVETTE, JUANAYTA—The Night *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
- COAD, BRITTA—Camouflage *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- COATES, GRACE STONE—Recalcitrant *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 The Old Freighter Comes Back in a Ford
Poetry, Sept., '26
 Retribution *Poet's Scroll*, Oct., '26
 Possess the Day
 Mutation
 Pedant
 Uncalendared
 Bare
 Coming
 Memories
 Tang
 After Quarrel
- COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH—The Engineers
Poetry, Aug., '26
 As Ghosts
 It is Not Easy *Bookman*, Oct., '26

- Song of the Three Seeds in the Macaw's Beak
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '27
- The Unprofitable Voyager " "
 Adieu, Sunshine " "
 To Birds " "
 Apparition " "
 No Snake in Springtime *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 The Carter " "
 Easter Rains at Taos " "
 Retired *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 The Aristocrats and Josephine *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 The Ungathered Apples " "
 The Ogre *Dial*, June, '27
 The Blind Musicians *Harper's*, June, '27
 COBB, ANN—The Circus Show *Outlook*, Jan. 5, '27
 The Storm *Outlook*, Feb. 2, '27
- COBLENTZ, CATHARINE CATE—Misunderstanding
Lyric, Aug., '26
- Relearning *Christian Cent.*, Aug. 5, '26
 Opium *Christian Cent.*, Sept. 16, '26
 Faith *Christian Cent.*, Sept. 30, '26
 Poems *Christian Cent.*, Oct. 28, '26
 Faith *Lyric*, Jan., '27
 Immune " "
 Death *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 3, '27
 Judas Iscariot *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 31, '27
 Life *Christian Cent.*, May 5, '27
 Lindbergh and Nungesser *Wash. Post*, May 28, '27
 The Mother of Iscariot *Churchman*, Apr. 9, '27
 Judas Returns the Blood Money " "
 April Flood *Phila. Bulletin*, Apr. 14, '27
 In the Quarry *Lyric*, July, '27
- COHEN, BESSIE—Glass House *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- COBLENTZ, STANTON A.—The Lion and the Lamb
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
- On a Church Huddled Between Skyscrapers
G. V. Quill, Mar.-Apr., '27
- The Racers *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Self With Self " "
- CODY, S. J., ALEXANDER J.—Clouds *Magnificat*, Jan. '27
- COE, KATHERINE HUNTER—The Soul of You
Poets' Scroll, Nov., '26
- Impressions of the Rockies *Lariat*, Apr., '27
 The Call of the Desert *Poets' Scroll*, May, '27
- COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM—Her Soul In Every Part
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Aug. 28, '26
- The Foolish Virgins *Bookman*, Dec., '26
 Golden Falcon *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 5, '27
 The Firebird *Voices*, July, '27
- COLLIER, JOHN—Excuse in Autumn *Dial*, Aug., '26
- COLLINS, JOSEPH KINNEY—Poplars
Commonweal, Aug. 18, '27

- COLLINS, KENNETH L.—Acquisition
Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
 Frost Flowers
 “ “ “
 Fulfilled *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26
- COLLINS, LILLIAN FOSTER—A Song for the Unsing
Foot Prints, May, '27
- COLTON, DEANE WHITTIER—Moon-Calf *Palms*, Nov., '26
- COLUM, PADRAIC—At Cashel *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 21, '26
 Asses *Dial*, Sept., '26
 David Ap Gwillam's Mass *Commonweal*, Feb. 16, '27
 Aquarium Fish *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 12, '27
 The Jackdaw *New Repub.*, Apr. 13, '27
 The Little Fox
 “ “ “
 The Swallow *Commonweal*, June 8, '27
- COLWELL, JANE L.—Today I Shall Go A-Maying
Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
 A Persian Maiden *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
- COLWELL, LAVERNE WEBSTER—Orison
Interludes, Apr.-June, '27
- COMINS, MARGUERITE LOUISE—The Voyage
Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
- CONANT, ISABEL FISKE—Warning *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Off-Shore Fog
 “ “ “
 Requiem *Commonweal*, Nov. 3, '26
 Indian Graveyard-Montauk *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Village of Ghosts
 “ “
 Survey “ “
 Continental Heritage *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Colors of Life *America*, Feb. 5, '27
 Your Selves *America*, Mar. 5, '27
 Remembered Drama *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Pattern “ “
 Dreams *Harp*, May-June, '27
 Old Age Speaks *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD—Splintered Jewels
Commonweal, Sept. 22, '26
 Down the Sea
 “ “
 Desert Island “ “
 Ploughing the Cane-Fields *Commonweal*, Dec. 1, '26
 Guayama Seine “ “
 Jayuya Shower “ “
- CONNER, RUTH IRVING—Preference *Lyric*, Aug., '26
 Shoes *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 In the Silence *Lyric* Dec., '26
 Straws and a Wind *Step Ladder*, Dec., '26
- CONVERSE, MAY FRINK—Red-Bug *Harp*, May-June, '27
- COOGLE, ESTHER—Gold *Kentucky F. L. & P.*, Spr., '27
- COOK, G. WHITEFIELD—Blind *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- COOKE, LE BARON—Lives *Spur*, Aug., '26
 Wreckage
 In a Mist *Spur*, Nov., '26
 Bridge *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27

Song	<i>Spur</i> , Jan., '27
Intoxication	"
Autumnal Music	<i>Poetry</i> , Mar., '27
The Wind	<i>Town and Country</i> , Apr., '27
An Artist	" " " "
Alien	" " " "
April's Eyes	<i>Spur</i> , Apr., '27
To One	<i>Town and Country</i> , June, '27
Burden	" " " "
Lines in Confidence	<i>Stag</i> , July, '27
Question	"
Disaster	<i>Town and Country</i> , July, '27
COOK, REGINALD L.—Thrush Song	<i>Bookman</i> , May, '27
COOPER, MARY HALE—The Ol' Machine	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Win., '27
Dogwood Bloom	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
COOKSLEY, S. BERT—Girl in an Autumn Garden	<i>Golden Quill</i> , Sum., '26
Village	"
Answer	<i>Echo</i> , Aug., '26
The Return	<i>Commonweal</i> , Aug. 18, '26
Impasse	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Moon Magic	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
The Lonely	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '26
Beauty	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
With Change	"
For a Girl	<i>Southwest Rev.</i> , Win., '27
Rendezvous	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
Babylon	<i>Echo</i> , Jan., '27
Song for Elaine	<i>Gypsy</i> , Mar., '27
The Eternal Mercy	<i>Nation</i> , Mar. 16, '27
Judas	<i>Poetry Folio</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Wednesday Night	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '27
Bed Springs	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , May '27
Agitator	<i>Midland</i> , May, '27
Internal Suture	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , May, 21, '27
Second House Down	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 25, '27
Sonnet in Green and Gold	<i>Echo</i> , May, '27
Marsh Children	<i>Gypsy</i> , June, '27
Java Town <i>Books</i> : N. Y. <i>Herald Tribune</i> , June 26, '27	
Notes for a Diary	<i>Voices</i> , July, '27
Third House Down	"
Old People	<i>Dial</i> , July, '27
COPPARD, A. E.—The Sluggard	<i>New Repub.</i> , Oct. 6, '26
Curfew	<i>New Repub.</i> , Oct. 20, '26
CORBIN, ALICE—New Mexico Sky	<i>Dial</i> , Aug., '26
CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY—Flame and Water	<i>Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Mountain Men	"
Difference	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Song	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
White Famine	<i>Palms</i> , Nov., '26
Stony Christ	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26

Poet Sleep	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Dec., '26
Pruning Vines	
	<i>Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune</i> , Feb. 6, '27
Driving Sheep	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27
Deacon's Dobbin and His Two Para-	
dises	" "
Walled Out	" "
Only the Soundless Songs	" "
Four Winds	" "
Hay Harvest	" "
Sea Lover	<i>Harp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
After Song	<i>Voices</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Old Maid	" "
Birds of Thought	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
To a Drift of Oregon Bluejays	
	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 4, '27
On Cedars Dammed Across a River's Course	
	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , June, '27
Flesh-Wise Pots	" "
Warm Stone Woman	<i>Nation</i> , July 27, '27
CORY, CECILIA—Afternoon Tea	<i>Boulevardier</i> , May, '27
CORY, DANIEL MACGHEE—Only in Words	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
COUCHMAN, EVELYN—Home	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '27
COUSINS, MARGARET—On Receipt of a Lace Paper Valen-	
tine	<i>College Humor</i> , Mar., '27
COWAN, S. LLOYD—My Ship	<i>Buccaneer</i> , July-Dec., '26
La Hora Azul	" "
Break Me, O Beauty!	" "
Waiting	" "
COWDERY, MAE V.—Hidden Moon	<i>Black Opals</i> , Spr., '27
My Body	" "
Goal	" "
COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT—White Cloud and Black	
	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , July, '26
Perverse Quatrains	<i>Lariat</i> , July, '26
Human Grandeur	<i>Lariat</i> , Sept., '26
Endeavor	" "
Flowering Faith	" "
Autumn Carol	<i>Country Bard</i> , Aut., '26
Murray	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Sept., '26
Red Roses in the Rain	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Oct., '26
Look on Your Hands	" "
A Hustler Becalmed	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Nov., '26
His First Girl	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Jan. '27
Warm Little Hand in Mine	<i>Wayfarer</i> , Win., '27
Adrian Vesper's Christmas Cup	
	<i>Country Bard</i> , Win., '27
At the Beautiful Gate	<i>Country Bard</i> , Spr., '27
The Bay-Window	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Mar. '27
Betrayed	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
Encounters	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
Modesty	" "

- COWLEY, MALCOLM—The Urn *Poetry*, Nov., '26
 Bill George " "
 Empty Barn, Dead Farm " "
 Laurel Mountain " "
 Chestnut Ridge " "
 Bones of a House " "
- CRANE, HART—Repose of Rivers *Dial*, Sept., '26
 At Melville's Tomb *Poetry*, Oct., '26
 To Brooklyn Bridge *Dial*, June, '27
 To Emily Dickinson *Nation*, June 29, '27
- CRANE, NATHALIA—Desire *College Humor*, Jan., '27
- CRAWFORD, CLAY—Corn Shocks *Century*, Oct. '26
- CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM—Stand in Starlight *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Teach Me, Harlot Earth *Free Verse*, Apr., '27
- CREIGHTON, ALAN B.—Boats *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '27
- CRESSON, ABIGAIL—A Child *Poetry*, Aug., '26
 April Again *Good Housekeeping*, Apr., '27
- CREVER, ANNA ROZILLA—Fleeting Imagery of Yosemite Falls *Books (San Jose)*, June 26, '27
- CROOL, PETER—Paris *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
- CROSS, MARGARET VIRGINIA—Landscape (Niobrara Valley, Northern Nebraska) *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 The Name of Deirdre *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
- CROWELL, GRACE NOEL—Silver in the Sun *Century*, Feb., '27
 New Houses *Good Housekeeping*, Mar., '27
 Red Chimneys *Outlook*, July 6, '27
- CRUIKSHANK, DOROTHY—The Puritan *Poetry*, Aug., '26
 Loneliness *Lyric*, Feb., '27
- CULBERTSON, AMY—Values *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
- CULLEN, COUNTTEE—Sonnet to a Scornful Lady *Opportunity*, Aug., '26
 A Song of Sour Grapes *Palms*, Oct., '26
 The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth *Poetry*, Nov., '26
 Two Thoughts of Death " "
 Thoughts in a Zoo *Crisis*, Dec., '26
 To Lovers of Earth: Fair Warning *Harper's*, Feb., '27
 One Day We Played a Game *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Protest *Harper's*, Mar., '27
 The Poet Puts His Heart to School " "
 At the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Mar. 6, '27
- CUMMINS, RUBY—Revelation *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
- CUNEY, WARING—Grave *Palms*, Oct., '26
- CUNNINGHAM, MARGARET LOUISE—Mary's Offering *Magnificat*, Feb., '27
- CUNNINGHAM, NORA B.—The Maple *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 I Shall Try to Pretend *Commonweal*, Oct. 20, '26
 Deatsy *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27

- CURTISS, EDITH CLARKE—Sacrilège *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 CURTRIGHT, WESLEY—Death *Opportunity*, Sept., '26
 CURRAN, PAULINE—Blarney and Blather *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 CUTAJAR, MARY WIGHT—Golden Strings *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 CUTHBERT, CLIFTON—Snow-Flakes *Prism*, May-June, '27
 Analogy *Voices*, July, '27
 CUTHBERT, RUPERT—Stoic *Cont. V.*, April-May, '27
 D., H.—Halcyon *Poetry*, June, '27
 DALTON, POWER—Manna *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 The Star That Was *Commonweal*, Apr. 27, '27
 Gold *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Oriflamme " "
 Transmutation *America*, June 25, '27
 DALY, JAMES J.—Open-Air Theatre in March *Commonweal*, Mar. 30, '27
 DAMM, VIRGINIA E.—The Captive *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 DAMON, S. FOSTER—Moment *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 14, '26
 Epitaph *Nation*, Sept. 22, '26
 Epitaph Upon a Philosopher " "
 Epitaph in a Garden " "
 Commentary *Nation*, Dec. 29, '26
 Summer Lawn-Party *Scribner's*, July, '27
 DARGAN, MARY LOUISE—Compensation *Y. B. Poetry Soc. S. C.*, Nov., '26
 DARVIN, LEONARD—Star Fancy *Opportunity*, Sept., '26
 Street Paving *Opportunity*, June, '27
 D'ASSISI, FRANCESCO—The Cantico Del Sole (trans. by
 L. W. Spencer and L. Cavallara) *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 DAVENPORT, SAMUEL R.—Land Love *Echo*, Apr., '27
 DAVIDSON, DONALD—Martha and Shadow *Nation*, Aug. 18, '26
 Fire on Belmont Street *Y. B. Poetry Soc. S. C.*, Nov., '26
 DAVIDSON, EDWARD—Shadow in the Roof *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 25, '26
 The Pedlar *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 8, '27
 DAVIDSON, GUSTAV—Con Diligenza *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 DAVISSON, OSCAR—Last Night *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Feb. 19, '27
 DAVIDSON, WINIFRED—For Youth *Scribner's*, '27
 Cosmogony *San Diego (Calif.) Aztec*, '27
 Crickets " " " "
 In Storm *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN—To a Clumsy Lover *Sat. Eve. Post*, Aug. 7, '26
 Love Is a Sleep *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 The Trees Are Tall *Commonweal*, Oct. 13, '26
 The Gasoline Age *Sat. Eve. Post*, Oct. 16, '26
 Guilty Love *Commonweal*, Oct. 20, '26
 Cargoes for Marianne *Commonweal*, Oct. 27, '26
 I Choose *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26

To Prospectives Suicides	<i>College Humor</i> , Dec., '26
Joan of Arc	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 2, '27
Daily Wings	<i>L. H. Journal</i> , Feb., '27
The Coachman Waits	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb.-Mar., '27
Penny Show	<i>New Cow</i> , Mar., '27
Girl	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 9, '27
Lanterns	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Let Us Leave Eden	<i>Prism</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Prayer of a White Blackbird	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Apr., '27
Recalled	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 8, '27
Honeymoon	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , May, '27
Moss Agate	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
God in Maple Street	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 25, '27
Ships	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , June, '27
The Laughter of the Sea	<i>Lyric W.</i> , June, '27
DAVIES, W. H.—Love's Plans	<i>Bookman</i> , Dec., '26
Storms	<i>New Repub.</i> , July 13, '27
The Time of Dreams	<i>New Repub.</i> , July 20, '27
DAVIES-WOODROW, CONSTANCE—Renunciation	
	<i>America</i> , May 7, '27
DAVIS, F. MARSHALL—Portrait of an Old Woman	
	<i>Crisis</i> , Apr., '27
DAVIS, H. L.—White Petal Nanitch	<i>Poetry</i> , Jan., '27
DAVIS, HELEN BAYLEY—The Mother	<i>Lyric</i> , Dec., '26
DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON—Bones	<i>Nation</i> , Sept. 1, '26
John	<i>Century</i> , Sept., '26
Noel	<i>Lyric</i> , Dec., '26
Gab'iel's Horn	<i>Harp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
"There's Many a Pear Tree White With Bloom"	
	<i>Carolina</i> , Apr., '27
Break My Bubbles	" "
Harvest	<i>Lyric</i> , May, '27
The Garnet Ring	" "
To Robert Browning	<i>Lit. Lantern</i> , May, '27
DAVISON, EDWARD—The Ugly Duckling	
	<i>Harper's</i> Nov., '26
Judas	<i>Bookman</i> , Dec., '26
DAWSON, GRACE STRICKLER—Whim	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
Melting Snow	<i>Century</i> , Apr., '27
To One Long Absent	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
DEARMER, GEOFFREY—The Ornithorhyncus	
	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Apr. 30, '27
DE FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN—Heloise	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '26
Words	" "
Remittance Man	" "
All Passes	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
DELONG, JUANITA—Your Words	<i>Step Ladder</i> , Jan., '27
DENT, PAUL—Blind Yesterdays	<i>Commonweal</i> , Oct. 13, '26
DE ROULET, MARIE ANTOINETTE—Once For an Hour	
	<i>America</i> , Jan. 15, '27
Portrait of a Lady	<i>America</i> , Apr. 23, '27
DEUTSCH, BABETTE—Interim	<i>Bookman</i> , Sept., '26
September Afternoon	<i>New Repub.</i> , Oct. 6, '26

- Animula Vagula *Nation*, Oct. 13, '26
 Variation on an Old Theme *College Humor*, Apr., '27
 Ballade for a Lady Who Contemplates Suicide *World Tomorrow*, July, '27
 The Poor Poet *College Humor*, July, '27
 To Certain Companions *Va. Quart. Rev.*, July, '27
 DEWITT, S. A.—Sonnet for Minor Poets *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 DICKSON, MARGARETTE BALL—The Rain *Step Ladder*, Nov., '26
 He Can Not Die (In Memory of Marion Seashore) *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Two Cinquains *Step Ladder*, June, '27
 Just As Our Dreams *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 DIEHNEL, ELLIE TATUM—Unanswerable *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 DIER, CAROLINE LAWRENCE—June *Am. Poetry*, June, '27
 Toilers *Echo*, July, '27
 Old Books "
 DILLEY, MILLICENT DAVIS—Wood Sorel *Personalist*, July, '27
 DILLINGHAM, ELIZABETH—The Poet's Wife *Scribner's*, Nov., '26
 DILLON, GEORGE H.—The Wintry Spring *The Forge*, Sum., '26
 Fall of Stars *Poetry*, Aug., '26
 Again "
 To Losers "
 The Hard Lovers "
 Fairy Tale "
 En Route "
 Love Like Fear "
 As Dancers "
 Serenader "
 On a Bridge *Dial*, Oct., '26
 The Flame "
 A Letter in Autumn *New Repub.*, Dec. 1, '26
 Twilight in a Tower "
 Man Amid Rocks *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Snow *Poetry*, Feb., '27
 Self-Portrait *Voices*, July, '27
 Moment "
 Song in a Garden *Dial*, July, '27
 DIVINE, CHARLES—Beware, My Friend *Prism*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 On a Ferryboat, November *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 I Have Seen Great Poppies *Munsey's*, Jan., '27
 On Far Hills *Munsey's*, Feb., '27
 A Moth Flutters to Rest *Munsey's*, June, '27
 Commutation *Lit. Rev. N. Y. Eve. Post*, June 18, '27
 I Like a Reverent Town *Commonweal*, June 22, '27

- The Quay at Susa *Munsey's*, July, '27
 The Chenango *Lariat*, July, '27
 Dreamers *Voices*, July, '27
 The Book of Knowledge " "
 Environment " "
 Skyscrapers " "
 Another Subway Is Being Built
Lit. Rev. N. Y. Eve. Post, July 9, '27
 DODGE, ANNE ATWOOD—Pilgrimage *Poetry*, Mar., '27
 In An Orchard " "
 Mason's Island *Harper's*, July, '27
 DODGE, NORMAN LEWIS—Monologue in a One-Way Street
Larus, Feb., '27
 DODGE, LOUIS—High Moments *Scribner's*, Dec., '26
 Destiny *Scribner's*, Apr., '27
 DOLK, LESTER—Poem *De Pauw Mag.*, Oct., '26
 DONOVAN, LOIS—Arena *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 Catechumen *Magnificat*, Jan., '27
 As It Was in the Beginning
 DOOLING, MAURICE—Adventure *Commonweal*, Mar. 23, '27
 DOUGLAS, GILEAN—Nightfall
Interludes, Apr.-June, '27
 DOW, DOROTHY—Every Poet Knows *Bookman*, July, '27
 There Was a Time *College Humor*, Nov., '26
 Tea Table Talk *College Humor*, Apr., '27
 Traveler's Love *College Humor*, May, '27
 DOWNEY, FAIRFAX—Father's First Christmas
Bookman, Dec., '26
 DOWNING, ELEANOR—Love's Garden *America*, Aug. 14, '26
 DOYLE, S. J., LOUIS F.—The Master Builder Speaks
America, Jan. 15, '27
 DRACHMAN, JULIAN M.—Excalibur *Palms*, Nov., '26
 Romance " "
 Outcast *Free Verse*, Apr., '27
 DRAKE, DOROTHY—On the Road to Abley Hill
Lyric W., May, '27
 DRAKE, RUBY ROSE—To Memory *Am. Poetry*, Apr., '27
 DRAKE, SIDNEY—Santa Teresa *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 The Widow at Forks Farm *Midland*, July, '27
 A Girl in a New York Office " "
 DRAPER, BEATRICE ALLEN—Arid Places
Century, Sept., '26
 DRAVO, MARGARET DUNCAN—Hands *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 DRESBACH, GLENN WARD—Trail Song
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
 From a Mountain *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 The Balcony " "
 Tell Us How " "
 After the Rain *Poetry*, Jan., '27
 Interval *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 The Bouquet " "
 A Wave of Roses *Commonweal*, June 29, '26

- Song *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
 Cedar " "
 Choice *Voices*, July, '27
 Thoughts When the Clock Ticks " "
 The Little Wolf *Commonweal*, July 6, '27
 When We Have Pondered *Commonweal*, July 13, '27
 DREWRY, GUY CARLETON—Laughter *Am. Poetry*, Aug., '26
 DRINKWATER, JOHN—Audit *Bookman*, Dec., '26
 DRISCOLL, LOUISE—Hunger *World Tomorrow*, June, '27
 Invitation " " "
 Portrait *World Tomorrow*, July, '27
 DUBOIS, WILLIAM—Sonnet on the Saxophone *College Humor*, June, '27
 DU BOIS, WILLIAM E. B.—The Song of America *Palms*, Oct., '26
 Poem " "
 DUFFY, P. J. O'CONNOR—Tidings *America*, Nov. 13, '26
 Belated Gifts *America*, Jan. 8, '27
 Little By Little *America*, Feb. 5, '27
 DUGGAN, EILEEN—Juniper *Commonweal*, Oct. 6, '26
 Fire *Commonweal*, Oct. 13, '26
 The Little Peoples *Commonweal*, May 11, '27
 DUMONT HENRY—Pilate to Jesus *Step Ladder*, Sept., '26
 DUNCAN, MABEL S.—Johann Sebastian Bach *Step Ladder*, Nov., '26
 DUNNING, RALPH CHEEVER—Finale of Rocco: A Poem
 in Terza-Rima *Dial*, Oct., '26
 The First Foray " "
 The Hermit *Dial*, May, '27
 DUNSANY, LORD—To Those That Come After *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 11, '26
 In His Own Country *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 4, '26
 DU PONT, MARCELLA M.—The Exile *Junior L. B.*, May, '27
 DWYER, MARY H.—Monica at Communion *Commonweal*, Apr., '27
 DYE, JOHN HOMER—Inconstant *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 DYKSTRA, LESLIE—The Old Black Chimney *Good Counsel*, Sept., '26
 Because She Is Very Old *Bookman*, Nov., '26
 Butterfly Legend *Good Counsel*, Feb., '27
 DWYER, MARY H.—Charlotte Bronte at the Confessional *Commonweal*, July 13, '27
 EASTMAN, MAX—Dagger *Nation*, Nov. 10, '26
 EBERHARDT, JOHN—Chums *Insurance*, Sept., '26
 Fishin' " "
 The Play Band " "
 The Boy's Problem " "
 "Mother Dear" " "
 EDELMAN, KATHERINE—Shutters *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 The Slayer *Harp*, May-June, '27
 EDMAN, IRWIN—Because I Give Myself *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27

- To a Friend *Century*, Apr., '27
EDMUNDS, EUGENIE—Peter *Junior L. B.*, Dec., '26
Two Songs " " " " " "
EDSON, C. L.—Tiger Lilly *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
EDDY, BIRDSALL OTIS—Via Dolorosa
Commonweal, Apr. 13, '27
EDDY, LEFA MORSE—The Land of Make-Believe
Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
The Dreamer's Land " " " " " "
Modern Poetry *Lantern*, May, '27
EISENBERG, EMANUEL—Words to an Unwise One
G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
ELEANORE, SISTER M.—The Missionary
America, Mar. 19, '27
ELLISTON, GEORGE—Anticipation
Catholic Women's News, Aug., '26
Four Fold *Lyric*, Aug., '26
Singing *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
Piano Played *Lyric*, Oct., '26
Chapel *Catholic Women's News*, Dec., '26
Old Room " " " " " "
Do Not Fear Me *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
Color of Air *Voice*, Win., '26-'27
Shawl *Lariat*, Jan., '27
Completeness " " " " " "
Going to Sleep *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
Lure *Tanager*, Mar., '27
April's Love Heart " " " " " "
Tower *Prism*, Mar., '27
Christ Picture *Catholic Women's News*, Apr., '27
Return *Catholic W.*, Apr., '27
Silence *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '27
Hill Top *Prism*, July, '27
Witches' Answer *Echo*, July, '27
ELMENDORF, MARY J.—June Hunger
Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
Reversion *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
When I Look at a Sunset " " " " " "
Meditation *Commonweal*, Nov. 17, '26
The Ideal *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
The Road to Jericho *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
Ballad of Timothy Ware *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
ELWOOD, MILDRED—Fragments *Foot Prints*, July, '27
EMERY, JOSEPHINE—To an Ancestor
Commonweal, Jan. 26, '27
EMBRY, JACQUELINE—Apology *Century*, Feb., '27
To a Stern Photograph *Century*, June, '27
EMERSON, GARETH—The Hermit of Crescent Bay
Lyric W., Oct., '26
EMERY, GILBERT—Soldier-Dead *Scribner's*, Apr., '27
EMMINGER, FRANCES—Clover *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
Shall I Remember More? *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
EMORY, WILLIAM CLOSSON—Rainbows *Gypsy*, Dec., '26

- Parallel *Echo*, Feb., '27
Drouth *Foot Prints*, July, '27
ENGELS, NORBERT—Versailles *Commonweal*, Dec. 8, '26
White Lilies Grow There Now *America*, Mar. 19, '27
Ave Maria! *America*, May 7, '27
ENGELS, VINCENT—Prayer for a Lonely Night
Commonweal, May 11, '27
EPSTEIN, HEPBURN—A Gentile Woman in a Synagogue:
Yom Kippur *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
Tipiwaken *Harp*, May-June, '27
ERICSSON, EMILY—Image
" "
ERSKINE, GLADYS SHAW—Cui Bono
Cont. V., Feb.-Mar., '27
Pixie Folk *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
ETTER, KIRBY—April at the Grand Canyon
Lyric W., Apr., '27
EVANS, ABBIE HUSTON—The Woman *Poetry*, Feb., '27
EVERETT, LAURA BELL—From the Water Comes the Fire
Lyric W., Nov., '26
FAGIN, N. BRYLLION—I Do Not Love You
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
Cacophony *Pegasus*, Feb., '27
Walt Whitman Greets John Burroughs
Free Verse, Apr., '27
Legerdemain *Lyric W.*, May, '27
FAIRLEIGH-STONE, JANET—Romance of a Fringed Shawl
Lariat, Mar., '27
FAIRSON, KENT—Gamut *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
FALSTAFF, JAKE—Noah *Nation*, Nov. 10, '26
FARNUM, LOUISE KOBBE—Sarah *Junior L. B.*, Dec., '26
FARRAN, DON—Gypsy Blood *College Humor*, Feb., '27
FARRAR, JOHN—Hymen *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
FARRINGTON, HARRY WEBB—Through Night and Snow
Christian Cent., Mar. 3, '27
As He Walked With Us *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 31, '27
FARWELL, GERTRUDE—Francesca *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
FAUSETT, JESSIE—The Return *Palms*, Oct., '26
Dead Fires " "
Words! Words! " "
FAUST, HENRI—Beyond Green Acres *Lyric*, Nov., '26
White Requiem *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
White Requiem *Lyric*, Feb., '27
"Not To Life's Bawdy House" " "
The Flower of This Death *Lyric*, Mar., '27
Whistles *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
Ploughman *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
FAVERTY, FREDERIC E.—A Fancy *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
FEARING, KENNETH—My Mermaid
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Dec. 12, '27
Bracelet *Nation*, May 25, '27
Triumph *Scribner's*, June, '27

- Old Men *Poetry*, July, '27
 Rain; For Lura Blackburn " "
 Caricature of Felice Ricardo; For M. " "
 The City Takes a Woman; " "
 For K. H. " "
- FEENEY, S. J., LEONARD—Twelve O'Clock
America, Jan. 1, '27
 Love's Young Dream *America*, Feb. 5, '27
 The Way of the Cross *America*, Apr. 2, '27
 Mater Pulcherrima *America*, May 7, '27
- FELDMAN, JESSE HUGO—For Alice *Bookman*, Oct., '26
- FELT, SETH JEHIEL—Into Your Beautiful Stillness
Lyric W., Dec., '26
 Pastoral Song *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Spring in Spain *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
- FERNE, AVIS—An Aesthete *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY—This Foreman
Nation, Feb. 16, '27
 I Saw You Staring (To George Looms, 1886-1926)
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Mar. 13, '27
- FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON—Loreine: A Horse
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Sept. 18, '26
- FIELD, ARTHUR—Five O'Clock *Palms*, Nov., '26
- FIELD, BEN—Swords *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER—Satyr Face
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Camelot *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Prone on the Grass *Midland*, Nov., '26
 Subtropical " "
 Temperate " "
 Staccato *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Then Is This Ultimately *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- FIELD, SARA BARD—Spinster *Poetry*, Sept., '26
 Poet's Child " "
 To Kay " "
 Wild Flowers " "
 Lovers " "
 Sum *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
- FIELD, WRIGHT—Service *Am. Poetry*, May, '27
- FILLERY, WILLIAM EDMUND—The Singer
G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
- FINLEY, JOHN—Missolonghi *Scribner's*, Nov., '26
 One Moon *Scribner's*, Dec., '26
- FISCHER, RAYMOND P.—Miniature of an Old Man
Bookman, Mar., '27
- FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD—The Sky
Christian Cent., Jan. 20, '27
 In the Beginning *Sewanee Rev.*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 Sunrise *Christian Cent.*, Feb. 10, '27
 The Race *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 10, '27
 Foretokening *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
- FISHER, VARDIS—Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '27

- FITZGERALD, MARY S.—Nail-Prints *Poets' Scroll*, Sept., '26
 Transplanted *Poets' Scroll*, '27
 An Etching *Woman's Viewpoint*, Dec., '25
 The Treaty Oak *Poets' Scroll*, Apr., '27
 Heralds *Step Ladder*, June, '27
 A Pine Tree in Winter *Poets' Parchment*, July, '27
- FLANAGAN, DOROTHY BELLE—Watched Pot
College Humor, Jan., '27
 And People Say Love is Strong as Death
College Humor, Mar., '27
- FLANDERS, HELEN HARTNESS—If Life Falls Apart
Am. Poetry, Nov., '26
- FLANNER, HILDEGARDE—October Night
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Oct. 9, '26
- FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD—To the Unknown God
Poetry, Dec., '26
- FLEXNER, HORTENSE—For Them the Night
New Repub., Oct. 6, '26
 Unspoken *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Scientist *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Contemporary *Poetry*, May, '27
 Adopted Son " "
 The Lie *Harper's*, June, '27
- FLOHR, NATALIE—Back to Earth *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
- FLYNN, CLARENCE E.—The Chameleon
Commonweal, Dec. 1, '26
- FOLEY, VIRGINIA—Quietness *Commonweal*, Mar. 2, '27
- FORD, ANNE R.—A Flood-Stricken Mammy
Foot Prints, July, '27
- FORD, FORD MADDOX—Winter Night Song
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Jan. 23, '27
- FORTUNE, JAN ISBELLE—Query *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
 June Rain " "
 Star Chant *Greenwich V. Q.*, '27
 Yucca Flower " " "
 Five O'Clock " " "
 Willow Tree " " "
- FOX, RUTH MARY—Prayer *America*, Aug. 21, '26
 Carrying Christ *America*, Dec. 25, '26
- FRADA, ANNA—Psalm of Awakening
Muse & Mirror, Oct.-Nov., '26
- FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER—Abnegation *Poetry*, June, '27
 Prairie Night " "
- FRANKEL, MICHAEL—Problem for Astronomers
Voices, July, '27
- FREEDMAN, B. M.—Malay Boy *Poetry*, May, '27
- FRENCH, HERBERT G.—Folk Song *Gypsy*, June, '27
- FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS—"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"
Commonweal, Sept. 22, '26
- FROST, FRANCES M.—Memory *Bookman*, Dec., '26
 Contradiction *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
- FROST, IDA E.—Companionship *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27

FROST, ROBERT—Once by the Pacific	
Sand Dunes	<i>New Repub.</i> , Dec. 29, '26
A Winter Eden	<i>New Repub.</i> , Dec. 15, '26
The Cocoon	<i>New Repub.</i> , Jan. 12, '27
The Times Table	<i>New Repub.</i> , Feb. 9, '27
Bereft	" " "
Tree At My Window	<i>Yale Rev.</i> , July, '27
The Minor Bird	" " "
The Rose Family	" " "
The Common Fate	" " "
FRYE, GRACE—Life's Shoes	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG—Wheat Field	<i>The Forge</i> , Spr., '26
The Cowboy	" " "
Night Sounds	" " "
Rebel	" " "
Monday	<i>The Forge</i> , Sum., '26
One Plus One	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
When You Brought the Flambeau	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
Winter Day Mood	<i>Harp</i> , Sept.-Oct., '26
On the Market	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Oct., '26
Black Pansy	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
The Invader	" " " " "
Voices	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Nov., '26
Mountains Talk	<i>Am. Mercury</i> , Nov., '26
Necessities	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
On Making a Fiddle	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
The Country Doctor	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 5, '27
Minutiae	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Mar. 31, '27
1860	<i>The Forge</i> , Spr., '27
First Sign	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 30, '27
Consanguinity	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Grandsire	<i>Tanager</i> , May, '27
The New Bridge	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
Why and Why?	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
Motoring at Night	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 22, '27
Country Graveyard	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 29, '27
FUSON, A. U.—I Long for the Wide Open Spaces	
	<i>Kentucky F. L. & P.</i> , Spr., '27
FUSON, H. H.—The Burning Bush; To Sally Lyttle Hat-	
ton	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Oct., '26
My Song	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
FUSON, MARY JANE—The Willow Tree	
	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Oct., '26
FUSON, MERRITT HIRAM—Bud Shirley	
	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Win., '27
GAINES, FRANCES—God's Country	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
GALE, MARION PERHAM—These Are You	
	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Sept., '26
Love Cannot Bind Her	" " "
Hymn to Lincoln	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Feb., '27
GALLATIN, NEAL—For a New Love	<i>Harp</i> , Sept. Oct., '26
Churches	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26

- GANE, HOMER G.—“When the Morning Stars Sang Together” *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
 GARD, ELOISE—Barn Swallows *Bookman*, June, '27
 GARDNER, OPHA M.—To Moselle *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
 GARESCHE, S. J., E. F.—Monserrat *Catholic W.*, Feb., '27
 GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES—Lord's Day *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 GARRISON, DOROTHY—Loneliness *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Conflict *Am. Poetry*, Feb., '27
 Shepherd's Prayer *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '26
 GARRISON, THEODOSIA—The Clock *Independent*, Aug. 14, '26
 GASSNER, JOHN WALDHORN—For a Thief Lynched *Nation*, Aug. 4, '26
 GATES, V VALERIE—Closed Dreams *Midland*, Mar., '27
 Train Song “ “
 Miracle “ “
 GERRY, HELEN—Ami *G. V. Quill*, May, '27
 GESSLER, CLIFFORD—Go Then *Poetry*, Oct., '26
 A Lily of Cathay *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Nor Any Man's *Southwest Rev.*, Win., '26-'27
 For One Leaving the Bright Islands *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, Jan., '27
 Only the Wise *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 A Hawaiian Picture *College Humor*, Apr., '27
 You Will Love Twilights *Harp*, May-June, '27
 Still Intervals *Gypsy*, June, '27
 Panel of Leaves “ “
 Trade Wind Drift “ “
 Panel of Moonlight “ “
 Panel of Silence “ “
 From the Hawaiian Sea *Aloha*, '27
 GIDLOW, ELSA—Little Lives, Little Deaths *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr., 2, '27
 GILBERT, ELLA FRANCIS—Dedication *Our Dumb Animals*, Nov., '26
 GILBERT, ANNE KELLEDY—Whistler's Mother *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Marah *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
 Touring With Anne *Lyric W.*, May, '27
 Moods *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Approach *Good Housekeeping*, Sept., '26
 Wondering *Nat. Humane Rev.*, Dec., '26
 Remorse *Catholic W.*, Jan., '27
 Unison *Our Dumb Animals*, Aug., '26
 The Homeward Trail *Good Housekeeping*, May, '27
 GILBERT, WILLIAM B.—Memorial Day (The Surgeon of Soissons) *Commonweal*, May 25, '27
 GILDAY, JOHN P.—One Poet *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 GILDEA, JOHN ROSE—A Poem *Commonweal*, Aug. 18, '26
 City Mood *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Portrait (R. C.) *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27

- GILLETTE, CHARLES—Quarter to Eight *Poetry*, Jan., '27
- GILL, RODERICK—Reconciliation *Commonweal*, Feb., 16, '27
- GILLETTE, CHARLES—House Framing *Voices*, Feb., '27
- GIDDINGS, JOSEPH ADDISON—On a Spring Morning
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
- GILMAN, BIRDENA COOPER—Spring in Kentucky
Ky. Folk-Lore, July, '27
- GILMORE, FLORENCE—Lost Dreams *America*, Jan. 29, '27
- An Old Nun Talks to Herself *America*, Mar. 26, '27
- GINSBERG, LOUIS—Girls at Night in the Park
Lyric W., Sept., '26
- My Songs *G. V. Quill*, Sept., '26
- Refreshments *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
- Interlude " " " "
- A Protest Against Her Method " " " "
- City Streets *Voices*, Nov., '26
- Stuffed Birds *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- Winter Morning After Sleet *Commonweal*, Jan. 26, '27
- Wet Lilacs *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
- Spring Meadow *Commonweal*, May 4, '27
- Hymn to Evil *Poetry*, July, '27
- GIVEN, ELSPETH—These Are the Kings of Judah
Commonweal, Mar. 16, '27
- GLENN, BESS—The Confidante
Y. B. Poetry Soc. S. C., Nov., '26
- GLINES, ELLEN—Grapes: A Fable for Poets
Poetry, Apr., '27
- Challenge " "
- Vampire " "
- GLOVER, KATHERINE—A Child's Song of Growth
Good Housekeeping, Apr., '27
- GODDARD, GLORIA—Hospital Walls
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Oct. 23, '26
- Speed *Voices*, Nov., '26
- Failure *Voices*, July, '27
- Tapestry " "
- GODSEY, FLORA I.—A King *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- GOLDING, LOUIS—Beauty's Wars *Poetry*, Dec., '26
- Greece Remembered " "
- Sicily and England " "
- GOODMAN, SYLVIA—The Cynic *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- GOODMAN, ISIDORE—Desperation *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- GORDON, DON—Columns *Lyric*, July, '27
- The Over-Song *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
- The Spartan Hills *Lyric*, Feb., '27
- Legend of the Tree *Lyric*, Sept., '26
- GORDON, RUTH M.—They Can Still Sing
Century, June, '27
- GORMAN, HERBERT S.—Land's End
New Repub., Oct. 13, '26

- These For Your Hurt *Nation*, June 22, '27
 GOTTSCHALK, LAURA RIDING—For All Our Sakes *Nation*, Aug. 11, '26
 For One Who Will Believe " "
 GOULD, ALICE—Heart's Eyes *Commonweal*, Apr. 20, '27
 GOULD, ALICE LAWRY—Old Letters *Step Ladder*, Nov., '26
 Observation *Voices*, July, '27
 GOULD, CORA SMITH—Transatlantic *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 GRAHAM, GLADYS WILMOT—Stoic Jest *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Lapidary *Voices*, Mar., '27
 GRANT, EVA—Harbor *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 GRAVES, ALFRED PERCIVAL—Lough Leane *Poetry*, May, '27
 GRAVES, ROBERT—The Taint *Harper's*, Sept., '26
 Pure Death *Nation*, Nov. 11, '26
 The Bait *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 The Cool Web " "
 In the Beginning Was a Word " "
 An Independent *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 2, '27
 GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK—In the Birch Woods *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
 Poetry *Lyric*, Feb., '27
 The Sage Thrasher *Lyric W.*, May, '27
 GRAY, JR., JOHN L.—To Joan, Three Years Old *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 GRAY, PHILLIP—Two Sonnets *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
 The Song Fatigues the Singer *Lyric*, Sept., '26
 God Startles Me *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 I Walked With God *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Homeward Bound *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Stereotype *Greenwich V. Q.*, '27
 Measure of Beauty *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 She Stood Erect *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 Be Silent Love *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
 Illusion *Lyric*, July, '27
 GREEN, BRENDA—Who Will Buy? *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 GREEN, EMMA—To Jack, My Collie *Country Bard*, Aug., '26
 December *Am. Pen Women*, Dec., '26
 GREEN, JULIA BOYNTON—Meridian *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 GREENFIELD, ANNE LOUISE—Remembrance *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 GREENWOOD, R. R.—Words *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 Of Jed, the Seeker *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 GRIERSON, SAMUEL—The Ditch Digger *Echo*, Oct., '26
 A Day's Work *Echo*, Nov., '26
 GUE, BELLE WILLEY—Point Loma's Height *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 Guided *Orpheus*, Feb., '27
 California Spring *Sat. Night*, Apr. 23, '27
 The Fairies Playground *Child's Garden*, May, '27
 The Hidden Plan *Lariat*, May, '27
 After Earth's Night *Attic Salt*, May 14, '27

- Autumn Leaves *Contemporary Poets*, June, '27
 Silent Protest *Rose Cross*, June, '27
 When I'm Big *Kindergarten-Primary*, June, '27
 That Year *Attic Salt*, July 14, '27
 GUITERMAN, ARTHUR—When Falstaff Met the Wife of
 Bath *Scribner's*, Nov., '26
 The Code *Outlook*, July 27, '27
 GUNDERSON, GERTRUDE B.—Understanding
 Christian Cent., Dec. 9, '26
 Mountain Wind *Pasque Petals*, May, '27
 Bereaved *Christian Cent.*, July 14, '27
 GURNEY, DOROTHY FRANCES—Sundry Times and Divers
 Manners *Commonweal*, Jan. 5, '27
 The Great Singing *Commonweal*, Mar. 23, '27
 GUTHRIE, RAMON—Richard Coeur-de-Lion
 Bookman, Dec., '26
 GWATHMEY, MARGARET CABELL—Golden Day
 Lyric, Jan., '27
 HACKETT, RALPH EMERSON—Three at Dusk
 Century, Sept., '26
 Song of the Wave *Century*, Oct. '26
 HAGER, ALICE ROGERS—Even After Years *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
 The Hands of Kilian the Harper *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
 Rheims *Good Counsel*, May, '27
 Lost Beauty *Gypsy*, June, '27
 HAINES, HELEN—Twin Doves *Lyric*, Feb., '27
 HALDANE, CHARLOTTE—Sketch *Bookman*, June, '27
 HALEY, FRANCES—Dream-House
 Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
 HALEY, LAURA MARGARET—The Vagabond's Ballad
 Independent, Sept. 11, '26
 Song for the First Snow *Independent*, Nov. 27, '26
 Philosophy *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
 Prayer *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
 Tramp's Winter Song *Voices*, Feb., '27
 The Pool *Voices*, July, '27
 Love Song *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
 HALEY, MOLLY ANDERSON—The Architect
 Christian Cent., Feb. 3, '27
 Suicides *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Arrow-Heads *Commonweal*, Mar. 2, '27
 Wedgewood *Commonweal*, Mar. 16, '27
 "Country Home" Front Entrance
 Cont. V., June-July, '27
 His Secretary " " "
 HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN—Live Epitaphs
 Nation, Aug. 25, '26
 So Chaste a Thing is Loneliness
 Commonweal, Dec. 1, '26
 Sonnets for a Son *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Nathalia " "
 Testament " "
 The Sale *Poetry*, Mar., '27

- Massacre in June *Commonweal*, June 29, '27
 The Vintner *Sat. Rev. Lit.*, July 23, '27
 HALL, FLORENCE FOSTER—The Poets Take Counsel
 Step Ladder, Mar., '27
 HALL, LENA—Restrain
 Old Houses " "
 Discovery " "
 One Year *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 HAMILTON, A.—I Sing *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27
 HAMILTON, CHRISTIAN—Fern-Seed *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 HAMBURGER, JANE C.—Plea To a Critic
 Foot Prints, July, '27
 HAMMOND, JOSEPHINE—"How Beautiful She Was!"
 Lyric, Aug., '26
 HAMILTON, MARION ETHEL—Rachel Laments
 Voices, Apr.-May, '27
 There Is a Garden *Commonweal*, July 20, '27
 HAMILTON, RUTH—The Fire Fairy *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 HANES, LEIGH BUCKNER—Passing of Old Dirt Roads
 Lyric, Aug., '26
 Oak Tree *Lyric*, Sept., '26
 Lines at the Home of Mary, Mother of Washington
 Va. Quart. Rev., Oct., '26
 Beneath Apple Blossoms " " " "
 Like Autumn *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 A Maple in Autumn " "
 Mountains *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Santa Claus
 Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Dec. 19, '26
 Spring Gone Dry *Voices*, Feb., '27
 The Old Woman *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 Pruning a Peach Tree *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 Michael at the Sheepfold *Lyric*, July, '27
 HANLON, JOHN—Hemlocks *Commonweal*, Oct. 27, '27
 Bridge Player *Commonweal*, Nov. 3, '27
 Bacchanals in Blue *Commonweal*, Nov. 17, '26
 Violet *College Humor*, Dec., '26
 The Cliff Hamlet *Commonweal*, Jan. 26, '27
 Dancer *Commonweal*, Mar. 30, '27
 Wind *Commonweal*, June 29, '27
 HARDY, EVELYN—Ballad *Scribner's*, July, '27
 HARE, JOE—Poplars *Echo*, Dec., '26
 Poet and Cockerel *Echo*, June, '27
 HARRINGTON, KATHARINE S.—Whispering Grass
 Poetry, Nov., '26
 HARRINGTON, LOUIS J.—Mary's Quest
 America, Dec. 25, '26
 HARRIS, LYNN H.—Deus in Machina *Personalist*, Jan., '27
 HARRISON, HENRY—Arguments *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 For a Man Who Was Continuously Sick
 Harp, Jan.-Feb., '27
 For a Poet Who Loved to Give
 Poetry Recitals " "

- For a Hero *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Answers to Questions *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Epitaph for an Athiest *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 HARRISON, MARJORIE—The Clown *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 10, '27
 HARRISON, SONIA C.—Burlesque Chorus Girl *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Death Report *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Springtime *G. V. Quill*, May, '27
 HARRISS, R. P.—For One Who Would Not Weep *Lyric*, Feb., '27
 A Short List for Anne *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 HARRIS, RAMSAY L.—Ecclesiastes, 12:1-7 (Metrical Rendering) *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 HARTMAN, BLANCHE T.—Indomitare *Step Ladder*, June, '27
 HARTMAN, JOE—The Realist *Echo*, May, '27
 HART, MARJORIE COMSTOCK—A Boy Reads *Lyric*, Mar., '27
 HARTSOCK, ERNEST—Prayer *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 The Pied Piper *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Epitaph For a Poet *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 L'Esprit D'Amour *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Epitaph for a Pedant *G. V. Quill*, June-July, '27
 Epitaph For a College President *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
 HARTWICH, ETHELYN MILLER—Shakespeare's Garden *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '26
 By Request *Poets' Scroll*, Oct., '26
 A Birthday Wish " " "
 In Due Season *Lariat* Nov., '26
 Retrospect *Pegasus*, Nov., '26
 Waiting *Am. Poetry*, Jan., '27
 Sunset Clouds *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '27
 Shavings *Lariat*, Mar., '27
 To A Snowdrop *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '27
 After A Gift of Wild Violets in October *Poets' Scroll*, Mar., '27
 Hidden *Poets' Scroll*, May, '27
 Miracles of June *Am. Poetry*, June, '27
 Treasure Shared *Pasque Petals*, June, '27
 Unseen *Lariat*, June, '27
 My Spanish Chateau *Poets' Scroll*, July, '27
 HARVEY, VICTORIA ADELAIDE—"She Can't Bake Bread" *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 HARWOOD, RUTH—Dolorous *Poetry*, Aug., '26
 The Sea Gulls *Lyric W.*, May, '27
 HASELTINE, BLANCHE SAGE—Lumber *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 HASTE, GWENDOLEN—The Alien *Overland*, Aug., '26
 The Oregon Trail *Survey Graphic*, Sept., '26
 Epilog " " "
 The Wedding Journey " " "
 The Child " " "
 The Chosen " " "

- Decorations by Thoreau
 MacDonald *Survey Graphic*, Sept., '26
 Colter's Hell *Poetry*, Jan., '27
 Heritage *Midland*, Jan., '26
 Epitaph on a First Citizen *Nation*, May 4, '27
 HASTINGS, CRISTAL—Coffers of Neptune *Echo*, Oct., '26
 A Lubber's Plea *Outlook*, '27
 Transmutation *Good Housekeeping*, Mar., '27
 Last Voyage *Echo*, Apr., '27
 HAWKINS, LAWRENCE FAULKNER—Ghost Love
G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
 The Unseen *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 HAWKINS, MARY S.—My Ford *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 HAYES, DONALD JEFFREY—Confession
Opportunity, July, '27
 HAYNES, LOUISE MARSHALL—A Hallowe'en Riddle
Storyland, Oct. 31, '26
 The Latest News *St. Nicholas*, Dec., '26
 Playing Ball *Storyland*, Jan., '27
 Happy New Year! *Storyland*, Jan. 2, '27
 Company *Storyland*, May 22, '27
 The Memorial Day Procession *Storyland*, May 29, '27
 On the Street Corner *Storyland*, June 26, '27
 The Little Wanderer *Storyland*, July 17, '27
 HAYS, H. R.—Villon *Poetry*, Jan., '27
 HEALY, THOMAS—Dreamer *Commonweal*, Apr. 27, '27
 When I Was Young *Commonweal*, May 11, '27
 HEARST, JAMES—The Burden *Midland*, Aug., '26
 First Snow " "
 The Contract " "
 In April " "
 The Experiment " "
 The Reason for Stars *Midland*, Dec., '26
 Protest *Independent*, Dec., '26
 Beauty *Independent*, Feb. 26, '27
 Reflection *Bookman*, May, '27
 Theology *Midland*, June, '27
 HEATH, MONROE—Masque *Century*, Jan., '27
 HEAZLITT, CLARENCE WATT—Fire and Tow
Buffalo Arts, June, '27
 A Cemetery Avenue by Moonlight
Ky. Folk-Lore, July, '27
 HEDGES, ADA HASTINGS—Evening *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 HELLER, SAMUEL—Winter Etching *The Forge*, Spr., '26
 Ghost *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Chant for Sleep *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 HELMAN, REBECCA—A Factory Girl Dreams at Work
Country Bard, Win., '26-'27
 Lines From a Factory " " "
 A Factory Girl Gives Thanks *Country Bard*, Aug., '26
 To a Very Old Woman *Gammadion*, Aug., '26
 For the World's Eyes *Voices*, Spr., '27
 One Day *Ch. Register*, Mar. 31, '27

- Meeting a New Friend *Am. Needlewoman*, May, '27
 HENDERSON, DANIEL—An East-Side Funeral *Poetry*, Mar., '27
 Prayer for the Huntea *Commonweal*, Oct., '26
 HENDERSON, RALPH E.—The Mule Train *Tanager*, Nov., '26
 The Mule Train *Tanager*, May, '27
 HENDERSON, RUTH EVELYN—John Baptist *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 Face In a Crowd *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 HENDRICKS, WALTER—College and Pleasantly Times *College Humor*, Aug., '26
 Cheerful and Loveliness *College Humor*, Apr., '27
 Our Amusement " " "
 College Class Poem " " "
 A Lovely Cabaret Amusement " " "
 Poem " " "
 When Im and Usher To " " "
 College Chums " " "
 Windfalls *Voices*, July, '27
 To— " "
 Before I'd Eat a Singing Bird " "
 HENSEY, ALICE FERRIN—Storm's Past *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
 Jungle-Trailing Along the Equator *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 Carmen F., Half-Half *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 HERALD, LEON SARBIAN—Dust *Dial*, Aug., '26
 Grief " "
 To an Immigrant *World Tomorrow*, Mar., '27
 HERMAN, KATE—Perplexity *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Of a Greenwich Village Poet *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Dowry *Free Verse*, Apr., '27
 HICKEY, AGNES MACCARTHY—Miracle *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 HICKS, GEORGE WOODS—Western Sunset *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 HIERONYMUS, R. E.—To a Steam Turbine-Generator *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 HIGGINS, JOHN LEE—Dissonance *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Wanderers in the Shadow *Step Ladder*, Nov., '26
 Deferred *Lyric*, Dec., '26
 A Night of October *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '27
 Lament *Poets' Scroll*, Feb., '27
 In Retrospect *G. V. Quill*, Feb., '27
 One Prayed to Her All His Days *Lyric*, Mar., '27
 Dissonance *Step Ladder*, Apr., '27
 Hushed Wolves *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 The Haunted House *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '27
 Voices *Prism*, May-June, '27
 Bird Fountain " "
 HILL, ELDON—Adversity *De Pauw Mag.*, Dec., '26

- HILL, FRANK ERNEST—Autumn Threshold
New Repub., Sept. 15, '26
 April Motley *New Repub.*, Apr. 27, '27
 The Rock Wrestler *New Repub.*, May 11, '27
- HILLYER, ROBERT—Six Pastorals
Independent, Aug. 21, '26
 Pastoral *Poetry*, Nov., '26
 Portrait " "
 Watching " "
 XXth Century " "
 Phoenix *Dial*, May, '27
 On Looking into a Book on the Late Amy Lowell
Bookman, May, '27
- HILTON, CHARLES A.—Ghosts
Muse & Mirror, Oct.-Nov., '26
- HINCHMAN, WALTER S.—Manhattan *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- HINES, HERBERT H.—Little Prayers
Christian Cent., Feb. 24, '27
 Revelation *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 10, '27
- HODGSON, CECIL E. G.—Lady Wanderlust
Lyric W., Feb., '27
- HOISINGTON, MAY FOLWELL—Hurdy-Gurdy
Golden Quill, Sum., '26
 "With My Black Locks Flowing"
 (From original Afgani) " " "
 Lanterns *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Attar *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 April Hokko *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
 Child Sigrid *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
- HOLBERG, RUTH LANGLAND—My House In Order
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
 Manhattan Spring *Commonweal*, May 4, '27
 Hale Street, Rockport *Independent*, June 25, '27
 For a Country Church *Independent*, July 30, '27
- HOLBROOK, WEARE—Eddie Marony (ne Rabinowitz)
College Humor, Nov., '26
 Postscript *College Humor*, Dec., '26
- HOLDEN, RAYMOND—Sonnets to Speak a Name
Poetry, Nov., '26
 Dead Morning *New Repub.*, Dec. 1, '26
 The Linden Boughs Are Bare *New Repub.*, Jan. 5, '27
 Cock Crow Night *Sat. Rev. Lit.*, Mar. 19, '27
 The Man Economy Has Caught *Nation*, Apr. 13, '27
 Spring in a Dry Valley *New Repub.*, Apr. 27, '27
- HOLLADAY, ELISE URQUHART—"November in Virginny"
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Nov.-Dec., '26
 The Song *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- HOLLANDER, ALVA M.—Nocturne
Buccaneer, July-Dec., '26
- HOLLANDER, RITA G.—Fantasie
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
 Waterways *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Trees At Night *Foot Prints*, July, '27

- HOLLIDAY, W. J.—Lowly Ones *Christian Cent.*, Dec. 30, '26
- HOLLINWOOD, OLIVE—Hicky Picky Lane *Foot Prints*, May, '27
- HOLME, JAMIE SEXTON—Permanence *Voices*, Nov., '26
- Twilight " "
- Sand *Echo*, July, '27
- HOOKE, BRIAN (trans.)—Two Sonnets by Rostand: To Coquelin; To Sarah *Century*, June, '27
- HOPKINS, RUTH E.—Leaves *Commonweal*, Sept. 15, '26
- HORNE, FRANK—"He Knows Life" *Crisis*, Feb., '27
- HOUSMAN, LAURENCE—A Sonnet *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
- Post Mortem *Va. Q. R.*, Jan., '27
- Post-Mortem *Yale Review*, Apr., '27
- HOWARD, S. J., JOSEPH F.—The Shepherds' Song *America*, Dec. 25, '26
- HOWARD, KATHARINE—Beauty Possessed Me *Poetry*, Nov., '26
- HOWARD, MERCY BALDWIN—Compensations *Voices*, Feb., '27
- HOWE, BEA ISABEL—The Cowslip Pillow *Voices*, July, '27
- The Dew May Wound " "
- HOWE, FAYE—Hounds of Wind *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
- HOWE, M. A. DEWOLFE—The Two Companies *Independent*, June 18, '27
- HOWELL, MARGERY ELDREDGE—Mary's Boy *Lyric*, Dec., '26
- HOWELL, MARGERY—Truth-Seekers *Lyric*, Apr., '27
- HOWES, GRACIA CLEMENTINE—The Wanderers *Voices*, Feb., '27
- HUBBELL, LINDLEY WILLIAMS—The Ballad of the Dark Brother *Bookman*, Aug., '26
- To One Who Tarries *Lyric*, Oct., '26
- Song *Poetry*, June, '27
- Where Music Is " "
- Sinner " "
- HUDSON, HOYT—Falling Asleep *Midland*, Oct., '26
- Bow-Men " "
- Late Meeting " "
- New Kittens " "
- HUDSPETH, WILLIS—A Back-Yard Carnival *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- HUGHES, LANGSTON—Pictures to the Wall *Palms*, Oct., '26
- Fog " "
- Hard Luck *Opportunity*, Oct., '26
- Misery " "
- Bound No'th Blues " "
- Lonesome Place " "
- Down an' Out " "
- To Beauty *Crisis*, Oct. '26

Suicide	<i>Poetry</i> , Nov., '26
Red Roses	" "
Po' Boy Blues	" "
Hard Luck	" "
Dressed Up	<i>Palms</i> , Nov., '26
Walls	" "
Beale Street Love	" "
Wind	" "
Moon	" "
Sun	" "
Rain	" "
Hard Daddy	
Mulatto	<i>Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune</i> , Jan. 1, '27
Mona	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Jan. 29, '27
Wise Men	<i>Opportunity</i> , June, '27
Poem for Youth	<i>Messenger</i> , June, '27
Tapestry	" "
HUGHES, RUSSELL MEREWETHER—	<i>Crisis</i> , July, '27
McD.	Civilization: For E.
HUME, KATHERINE A.—	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Indians at Albuquerque	
HUMPHRIES, ROLFE—	<i>Step Ladder</i> , Nov., '26
Text for a Bitter Vision	
He Visits a Hospital	<i>Nation</i> , Oct. 13, '26
Darkling	<i>Voices</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
Sestet for Zeppelins	" "
HUNT, ROBERT BOOKER—	
Mademoiselle La Delicieuse	
HUNTER, W. F.—	<i>College Humor</i> , Dec., '26
Adventure Kentucky F. L. & P.	Apr., '27
HUTCHINSON, VELMA BYERS—	
Widowed	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
HUTCHISON, HAZEL COLLISTER—	
Snow Light	
Croquis	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
Annunciation	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
Drawings in Sanguine	<i>Foot Prints</i> , May, '27
HYNER, HELEN VON KOLNITZ—	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
High Priestess	
HYER, HELEN VON KOLNITZ—	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
High Priestess	
ISSEL, HELNA—	" "
To a Stranger	
IVEY, B. S.—	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
The City of Fountains	
JACKSON, WINIFRED VIRGINIA—	
Mysteries	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
Tales of Women	<i>Maine Bulletin</i> , Dec., '26
Flesh-Pots	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
Stumps	" "
Gray Man	<i>Gypsy</i> , Mar., '27
JACOB, CARY F.—	<i>Voices</i> , Spr., '27
Lament in Springs	
JAGGARD, HERBERT ARMSTRONG—	
Deadlock	
JAMES, BERTHA TEN EYCK—	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
A Wind Goes	
Eve and Adam	<i>Poetry</i> , Jan., '27
JAMES, EULA—	" "
On Golgotha	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Feb. 10, '27

- JAMES, MARIE WITTBOLD—Defence *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 JAVITZ, ALEXANDER—Words Until the Day Break
Menorah Journal, Feb., '27
 JENKINS, OLIVER—Aquatint: Girl in Amber
College Humor, Dec., '26
Independent, Feb. 12, '27
 Scherzo
 Vigil
 New Hampshire *Am. Mercury*, '26
 Night-Etching *Free Verse*, Spr., '27
 JEFFRIES, J. GRAYDON—Carbon, Indiana *Writer*, Aug., '26
 Trees in Winter *Lariat*, Mar., '27
 To a Statue of Venus
 Violets *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON—Vanguard *Nation*, Oct. 6, '26
 In Memoriam: George Sterling, 1869-1926, Vale
 Voices, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Lost Harbor; For George Sterling
 New Repub., Mar. 30, '27
 Primavera *Commonweal*, Apr., '27
 Mirabila *Commonweal*, May 11, '27
 JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS—Karma *Messenger*, Aug., '26
 Finality *Crisis*, Sept., '26
 Song of the Sinner *Palms*, Oct., '26
 Decay *Crisis*, Nov., '26
 Courier
 Wishes *Crisis*, Apr., '27
 JOHNSON, HELENE—Mother *Opportunity*, Sept., '26
 Magula *Palms*, Oct., '26
 Love in Midsummer *Messenger*, Oct., '26
 Summer Matures *Opportunity*, July, '27
 JOHNSON, JAMES WELDON—The Judgment Day
 Century, Apr., '27
 JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE—Reassurance *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Song
 Healing *Parish Visitor*, Oct., '26
 "If Every River—" *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Hylas *Prism*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Exile *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 The Sea *Harp*, May-June, '27
 Poetry *Eng. Teachers'*, June, '27
 JOHNSON, NORMAN—Caution *Commonweal*, Oct. 20, '26
 JOHNSON, RICHARD V.—The Androgyne
 G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
 Song
 The Old Bawd Advises *G. V. Quill*, May, '27
 JOHNSON, SIDDIE JOE—As I Like It *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 Christmas House *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Christmas Shopping *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 JOHNSON, WILLARD—Night Poem *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
 The Lost Words
 On Revisiting a Happy Hunting Ground at Dusk
 Palms, Nov., '26
 Philadelphia Jazz

- JOHNSON, WILLIAM SAVAGE—April Snow in Kansas
Harp, May-June, '27
- JOHNSON, WINIFRED—Let This Be Read *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
- JOHNSTON, DAVID—Jude *Mountaineer*, May '27
- JOHNSTON, ESTHER—The Gardener on a May Morning
Independent, May 7, '27
- JOHNSTON, THOMAS J.—Freedom *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '27
- JONES, ALEXANDER—The Logs They Roll
Forrester, June '27
- JONES, RUTH LAMBERT—Alarum *Poetry*, Feb., '27
- JONES, SUE CARMODY—My Mirror and My Chest
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- From Three Little Windows
- JONES, JR., THOMAS S.—The Birds of Whitby
Boston Trans., Aug. 21, '26
- Lindisfarne
Clonmacnoise
Harvest
Resurrection
" " "
- JONES, VINCENT—The Veils of Cusamonga
Pegasus, Aug., '26
- Apprehensive Al
We Love Them Both
Wild Buckwheat
Temptation
Brooding Hills
Whipped?
Dear Rose
Ye Cedars
Ardor and Dreams
Tradition
Optimism of a Yellow Dog
Siren of the Midnight
Fox News
God's Own Domain
How Oft the Thing Despised
Embittered
The Relations of Things
Done In Oil
Vapor
Beauty
Poets' Scroll, Sept., '26
Wasp, Oct. 16, '26
Pegasus, Nov., '26
Lariat, Nov., '26
Poets' Scroll, Nov., '26
Lariat, Dec., '26
Poets' Scroll, Dec., '26
Lariat, Feb., '27
Poets' Scroll, Feb., '26
Pegasus, Feb., '27
Voice, Spr., '27
Lariat, Apr., '27
Wasp, Apr. 23, '27
Poets' Scroll, May, '27
Lariat, June, '27
Poets' Scroll, June, '27
Lariat, July, '27
Overland Mo., July, '27
- JONSON, ARTHUR—Imperturbability *Lariat*, Sept., '26
- Evening Song (Trans. from Scandinavian of Daniel Fallstrom)
Music (Trans. from Scandinavian of E. G. Geiger)
Melody (Trans. from Scandinavian of Bo Bergman)
The Northland (Trans. from Scandinavian of J. L. Runeberg)
Echo, Sept., '26
" "
" "
" "

Quatrains	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Nov., '26
Definition	" " "
Song	" " "
Meeting	" " "
Spell	" " "
Hypocrites	" " "
A Rose at Christmas	<i>Spectator</i> , Dec. 18, '26
Astronomy	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Jan., '27
Cosmic Certitude	" " "
Heavenly Geography	" " "
Cosmography	" " "
When Love Came	" " "
Our Love	" " "
Snow Capped Mountain	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , May, '27
In Exile	<i>Oregon (Portland) J.</i> , June 26, '27
Silence	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , July, '27
JORDAN, LAURENCE—Retreat	<i>Nation</i> , Aug. 18, '26
KAHN, ERMINIE—Shadows	<i>Poetry Folio</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Nude Figure	" " "
KAHN, HELEN R.—I Knelt in Silence Dim	<i>America</i> , Apr. 12, '27
KALAR, JOSEPH—Silence: A Nocturne	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
KANTOR, MACKINLEY—The Big Parade	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Aug., '26
Excursion Tickets, \$3.00	<i>College Humor</i> , Aug., '26
Spit-Fire	<i>Voices</i> , Nov., '26
The Snow of the Okoboji	<i>Midland</i> , Dec., '26
Pansy Ladies	<i>College Humor</i> , Mar., '27
April	<i>College Humor</i> , May, '27
The Wet Boy Running	<i>Voices</i> , July, '27
KATTERJOHN, ELSIE—Church Bells	<i>Bookman</i> , Sept., '26
KEARNS, JOHN—The Soul	<i>Tanager</i> , May, '27
KEATING, NORMA—To a Don Juan	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
KEECH, LILIAN SUE—Sea Mists	<i>Bookmakers</i> , Spr., '27
Limitations	<i>Lariat</i> , Mar., '27
Flower Girl	<i>Lariat</i> , Apr., '27
Spring Rain	<i>Granite Mo.</i> , Apr., '27
The Leaven	<i>Lariat</i> , June, '27
Omens	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
Summer	<i>Granite Mo.</i> , July, '27
KEENER, O. L.—Youthful Adventure	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
KELLOGG, LUCIE—Purification	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Apr., '27
KELLY, MARY AGNES—Recompense	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
KELLY, EDWIN M.—The Wife	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
KELLY, GRACE VERONICA—"Katey Rhue"	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
KEMP, HARRY—The Answer (To Rudyard Kipling)	<i>Nation</i> , Oct. 6, '26
KENYON, BERNICE—This April	<i>Scribner's</i> , Apr., '27
KENYON, THEDA—Heredity	<i>Scribner's</i> , June, '27
Radio	<i>Independent</i> , July 9, '27
KENNEDY, THOMAS—New Elegy	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr.-May, '27

- KERNAN, MARY FLOWDEN—A Creed *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- KEYTING, MARGARET LEE—Gifts *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
- Second Youth " " " "
- Prelude for a Book of Verse " " " "
- Down the Ways " " " "
- Security *G. V. Quill*, Sept., '26
- Song of a Fool *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
- The Eternal Feminine " " " "
- Grand Larceny " " " "
- Cosmic Bad Manners *Commonweal*, Nov. 24, '26
- Benediction *Commonweal*, Mar. 9, '27
- KING, STODDARD—Ballard of the Spirit of Christmas *Bookman*, Dec., '26
- KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE—Dreams *Am. Poetry*, Aug., '26
- Anvil *Crisis*, Sept., '26
- Ghosts *Lyric*, Oct., '26
- Absence *Lyric*, Jan., '27
- Remembering: To L. W. R. *Lyric*, Mar., '27
- Surprise *Poetry*, May, '27
- KIRK, RICHARD—When You Are Sleeping *Step Ladder*, Sept., '26
- KIRKLEY, DONALD—Death and Dancing *Nation*, Jan. 1, '27
- KIRKWOOD, MARIE—The Convent Garden *Commonweal*, Nov. 10, '26
- KITT, JESSIE WEBER—The Phantom *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
- Penitence *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- KITTLE, GOLDSMITH—Painted Desert *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
- Portrait " " " "
- KNOX, ETHEL LOUISE—At a Lecture *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
- The Market *Bookman*, Feb., '27
- KNOWLES, HERBERT—The Door-Keeper *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- KOENIG, ELEANOR C.—The Colt Laughs *Bronxville Rev.*, '27
- Transmission " " " "
- Hardy's Jude *Bronxville Rev.*, '26
- Moon Philosophy *Bronxville Rev.*, '27
- Move Forward " " " "
- Far Minstrel " " " "
- In My Father's House *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Economy *Commonweal*, Apr. 27, '27
- KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL—Appreciation *America*, Aug. 28, '26
- A Robin Sang *America*, Sept. 18, '26
- Quest *America*, Jan. 29, '27
- Wasted Hours *Century*, Feb., '27
- City Moon *America*, Mar. 26, '27
- A Lowbrow Hears Amy Lowell *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- The Cardinal's Garden *America*, May 21, '27

Sailor	<i>Boulevardier</i> , May, '27
Wild Flowers	" "
KRARUP, MIRIAM HEIDEMAN—Moon of Gold	<i>Boulevardier</i> , June, '27
Fire-Moon	" "
I'll Build a Bower of Beauty	" "
I Must Not Look Upon His Face	" "
New Songs for a New Love	" "
To One Bringing Solace (G. S. G.)	" "
I'll Weave a Web of Laughter	" "
KRESENSKY, RAYMOND—Prayer for One Who Loves	
Winds	<i>Golden Quill</i> , Sum., '26
In Iowa Again	" "
There's Nothing to Hurry About	<i>Forge</i> , Sum., '26
Oases	<i>Step Ladder</i> , Aug., '26
The Ragged Edge	<i>Midland</i> , Sept., '26
The Scrub Woman	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Company Coming	<i>Commonweal</i> , Oct. 20, '26
State Street This Time of Year	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
Crosses	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Dec., 16, '26
Prayer of a Hobo	<i>Adventure</i> , Jan., '27
Blue Gold	<i>Step Ladder</i> , Jan., '27
Footloose and Free	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27
Dancing High	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 2, '27
Afternoon in a Church	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Mar. 31, '27
What Is the Wind to You?	<i>Forge</i> , Spr., '27
Silver Toes	<i>Harp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Is This Not Enough to Bear?	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 13, '27
A Quiet Step	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 4, '27
Where the Old House Stood	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 6, '27
Songs for a Baby Angel	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 27, '27
KREYMBORG, ALFRED—The Ditty	the City Sang
	<i>College Humor</i> , Jan., '27
White Crepe on the Door	<i>New Repub.</i> , Mar. 30, '27
Change	<i>Dial</i> , Apr., '27
White in the Dark	" "
Traveller	" "
Epitaphs	<i>Nation</i> , July 20, '27
KROLL, MARY JANE—After the First Love	
	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Sept., '26
Changes	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
KRUGER, DOROTHY—The Sun-Flower Man	
	<i>Opportunity</i> , Dec., '26
Dark Dreaming	<i>Crisis</i> , July, '27
KRUPP, NAHAMI—Chameleon	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr.-May, '27
KUSKULIS, ELIZABETH—On the Road to Damascus	
	<i>Echo</i> , Oct., '26
The Quest	<i>Art Lover</i> , Oct., '26
Moods	<i>Lariat</i> , Nov., '26
Beds	<i>Beau</i> , Feb., '26
A Garden	<i>Am. Federationist</i> , Mar., '27
The Way	<i>Golden Rule</i> , Mar., '27

- The Parthenon *Prometheus*, Mar., '27
 Divine Obstetrics *Echo*, May, '27
 KUTNICK, SAMUEL—The Street Singer *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 KYOMEN, MAKI—Tanka *Palms*, Nov., '27
 Hokku *Palms*, Nov., '26
 Question " "
 Dead Butterfly " "
 Old Men " "
 LAHUIS, MINNIE M.—When the Heart Sings *Christian Cent.*, Dec. 16, '26
 LAING, A. K.—Prescription for an Egotist *Midland*, Dec., '26
 A Song for Alter Ego *Palms*, Jan., '27
 He Remembers His First Song " "
 Dream in April " "
 Song of the Beloved " "
 Old Roads " "
 Fame *Independent*, Jan. 29, '27
 Dirge for a Singer *Independent*, Feb. 26, '27
 Flame Dancers *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Sonnet For an Educator " "
 Twenty-Second Spring *Midland*, Mar., '27
 At Sunset *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 The Half-Remembered *Commonweal*, June 8, '27
 Andrews *Independent*, July 23, '27
 LAMSON, MARTHA NEWTON—Appraisalment *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 A Plains-Dweller " "
 LANE, FRANK H.—July Fourth *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
 A Game With the Blind Lord *Am. Poetry*, Apr., '27
 LANHAM, C. T.—Armageddon *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 Patience *America*, Feb. 26, '27
 Remnants *America*, May 14, '27
 Monotone *America*, July 2, '27
 Te Deum *America*, July 23, '27
 LARAMORE, VIVIAN YEISER—Know Thyself *Lyric*, Aug., '26
 October *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 Though They Be Legion *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Blind Girl *Lyric*, Jan., '27
 Monody *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 That I Have Found You Lovely *Lyric*, June, '27
 Spring Comes to the South " "
 On Having and Had " "
 LARSSON, R. ELLSWORTH—Recitative for Voice and Reeds *Dial*, Nov., '26
 Leda: Poem for a Torse by Archipenko *Poetry*, May, '27
 The Inward Turning Eye *Dial*, July, '27
 LARKWORTHY, WINIFRED—Rhapsody in Blue *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 LATTIMORE, R. A.—Cemetery *Voices*, July, '27

- LAWRENCE, GORDON—Nevertheless *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Magnolia Season *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Minuet *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Market Report, With Variations *Free Verse*, Apr., '27
 Ice Age *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- LAWRENCE, IRMA C.—In Ye Olde Days
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- LEAHY, L. A.—Spring *Commonweal*, May 4, '26
- LEARY, ELEANOR M.—"And Joseph Also Went Up . . .
 To Bethlehem" *America*, Dec. 25, '26
- LEBOLD, MEDDIE MAZE—The White Lotus
Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
- You " " " "
 The River " " " "
 Art *Lariat*, Mar., '27
 Floral Tribute " "
 Tune in on Melody " "
 Modernity " "
- LECHLITNER, RUTH—Autumn Walk *Midland*, Nov., '26
 To Roses—And a Little Brown Leaf
Midland, Apr., '27
- LE CLERCQ, JACQUES—Exit Homunculus
New Masses, Oct., '26
 More Majorum *G. V. Quill*, Feb., '27
 Communion *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Beggar in Seville *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Group *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- LEE, AGNES—The Glove Worker *Poetry*, Dec., '26
- LEE, AUSTIN—Two Sonnets *Harper's*, Aug., '26
- LEE, BORGHILD LUNDBERG—The Path *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Thoughts for a Young Girl *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
 I Would Not Wake *Harp*, May-June, '27
 Curtains " "
- LEE, LAWRENCE—A Ship Before the Wind
Bookman, Sept., '26
 Epitaph *Century*, Sept., '26
 This Passionate Young Pride *Va. Quart. Rev.*, Oct., '26
- Flute " " " "
 A Tree in the City " " " "
 A Song After Farewell *Century*, Jan., '27
 The Fox Hunt *Va. Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '27
 Down at the Big Aquarium
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Feb. 13, '27
- Mr. Murphy
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Feb. 13, '27
- The Fox Hunt *Yale Review*, Apr., '27
 Helen's Three Daughters *Va. Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '27
 Spring in Chinatown *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 7, '27
 May Day *Scribner's*, June, '27
 The Hounds of Life *Bookman*, June, '27
 The Vassar Walks *Century*, July, '27
 Subway Builders " "

- LEE, ROBERT CRANSTON—Rainy Night—London
Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
 Impressions—Gibraltar " " "
- LEHMER, EUNICE MITCHELL—Mizpah of Benjamin (To
 William Frederic Bade) *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 13, '27
- LEIGH, A. B.—In Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon
Lyric W., Dec., '26
- LEITCH, MARY SINTON—The Hidden Side of the Moon
Lyric W., Sept., '26
 Pity the Great *North Am. Rev.*, Sept.-Nov., '26
 The Swallow *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 The Ship " " "
 Before *Personalist*, Oct., '26
 Foreboding *Carolina*, Oct., '26
 To David, Singer of Israel " " "
 In Her Garden *Lyric*, Jan., '27
 Sunset and Evening Star *Attic Salt*, Win., '26-'27
 The Road to London *Journal Am. Poetry*, '26
 To Nero *Lyric*, Mar., '27
 Flight *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 Definition *Lyric*, May, '27
 The Phantom Rose: To George
 Sterling " "
- LEMONT, JESSIE—Storm *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 Artemidora *Century*, Feb., '27
 Ecce Ancilla Domini *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
 Ad Vigiliis Albas *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- LEONARD, DOROTHY—Locust Leaves
Commonweal, June 22, '27
- LESEMANN, MAURICE—The Death of a Hill Girl, New
 Mexico *Poetry*, Oct., '26
 Ranchers " "
 Sheep Herders " "
- LEWIS, CORA G.—In My Garden *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- LEWIS, JANET—Napoleon at Elba *Voices*, Feb., '27
 The Tennis Players " "
 The Manger " "
- LEWIS, LILIAN—My Mistress Whimsey
Lyric W., Dec., '26
 Morning and Evening *Lyric W.*, June, '27
- LEWIS, MAY—Hour Unperishing *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Anne of Austria *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Time *Voices*, Feb., '27
 April *Commonweal*, Apr. 6, '27
 The Butler *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Charity *Poetry*, June, '27
 Music " "
 The Grapes Are Sour " "
 Vertige *Commonweal*, June 22, '27
 Inconstancy *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
 Traveler's Dust " "
- LEWIS, O.M.I., PAUL A.—To an Irish Singer
America, Oct. 23, '26

- The Calvary of Christ *America*, Jan. 8, '27
 LIEBERMAN, ELIAS—Lost Perfumes *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Portrait *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 LINDERMAN, FANNIE B.—To an Irish Lad *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
 LINTON, MARTHA—Fire *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Rebellion (To Ali Baba) " "
 To My Daughter *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 LISTER, QUEENE B.—Bitterness *Munsey*, Aug., '26
 From a Sand Dune *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Perversion *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 Three Persons and One *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Black Flame " "
 What a Man Must Do (or "Salt") " "
 Tonight I Walk *Sunset*, Feb., '27
 Love Is— *Sunset*, June, '27
 Yellow Bells and— *Voices*, July, '27
 Reflections *Sunset*, July, '27
 I Never Knewed *Poetry*, July, '27
 Sleep *Commonweal*, July 6, '27
 LITTLE, KATHARINE DAY—Child's Choice *Scribner's*, June, '27
 LITTLETON, PAUL—Leaves *Cont. V.*, Apr., '27
 LITTLEWORT, DOROTHY—Prayer of a Teacher *Commonweal*, June 29, '27
 LOGAN, JOHN A.—A Toast to Country Life *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Oct., '26
 LONG, HANIEL—Polasek in Sante Fe Canon *Echo*, Apr., '27
 To a Wild Sunflower *Echo*, July, '27
 Letter After a Visit *Nation*, July 6, '27
 LONGLEY, SNOW—A Believer *Lyric W.*, June, '27
 Last Rites *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 31, '27
 LOOMIS, BATTELL—Love Is Akin to Pity *Step Ladder*, Mar., '27
 LORD, JACKSON—The Outcast *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 LORD, S. E. CHURCHSTONE—The Holy Child *W. I. Christian Rec.*, Oct.-Dec., '26
 LOVING, PIERRE—Shrine Mountain *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 LOWDEN, SAMUEL MARION—The Young Dreamer *Unity*, Nov. 20, '26
 LOWDERMILK, PATRICIA CANNALES—Concealment *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 LOWE, ELIZABETH E.—Mara Falls In Love *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
 Mara Buys a Harp " "
 LOWE, HERMAN—Bury Me In Bowling Green *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Oct., '26
 LOWE, PEARL—The Winds *Kentucky F. L. & P.*, Win., '27
 LOWE, ROBERT LIDDELL—Beauty *Palms*, Nov., '26

- LOWE, WILLIAM HERMAN—Down Beside the Sycamores
Ky. Folk-Lore, July, '27
- LOWELL, AMY—"Rode the Six Hundred"
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- LOWENFELS, WALTER—It Rains All Night
Poetry, Mar., '27
- Farmland " "
 Rain in the Desert " "
 Cloudburst " "
- LOWIE, RISA—Old-Man-Coyote Chants an Enemy to
 Sleep *Bookman*, Mar., '27
- LUCIANI, VIRGILIO—Fantasia *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
- LUHRS, MARIE—Ocean Easement
Commonweal, June 29, '27
- LUKE, LOU MALLORY—Despair
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- Discovery *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- Enigma *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '27
- LULL, RODERICK ALLYN—The Yard *Poetry*, Oct., '26
- Condemned " "
 At the Death Hour " "
 Church " "
 Freedom " "
- LUTES, DELLA THOMPSON—The Fog *Century*, Nov., '26
- LYMAN, JR., DEAN B.—Thus Theseus *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
- LYMAN, FLORENCE VAN FLEET—To a Sweetheart
Prism, Aug., '26
- Youth and Age *Poets' Scroll*, Nov., '26
- Days When Nature Makes Us Happy
Attic Salt, Dec. 11, '26
- To Thy Friend, Dear Mistress Content
Attic Salt, Jan. 15, '27
- Windows *Poets' Scroll*, Jan., '27
- My Choice *Poets' Scroll*, Feb., '27
- Service *So. Churchman*, Feb. 5, '27
- To Rose *Attic Salt*, Feb. 19, '27
- Rain Song *Poets' Scroll*, Mar., '27
- At Spring Again *Poets' Corner*, Mar. 15, '27
- Hearts Desire *Poets' Corner*, Apr. 12, '27
- At Home *Poets' Scroll*, May, '27
- Golden Marriage *Poets' Scroll*, July, '27
- Do They? *Poets' Corner*, July 26, '27
- To a Sweetheart *Prism*, July-Aug., '27
- MACDONALD, WILSON—Where Shall I Walk?
Scribner's, June, '27
- MACDOUGALL, JR., ARTHUR R.—Creeds
World Tomorrow, Mar., '27
- MACGILLIVRAY, RINA—Perfect Pattern
Harp, May-June, '27
- MACLEAN, MATHARINE ALLISON—To One Growing Old
Commonweal, Mar. 16, '27
- Yellow Jasmine *Commonweal*, May 4, '27

- MACY, ETHEL WOODRUFF—Doric *Poetry*, June, '27
 Inconstant " "
- MADELEVA, SISTER M.—As One Finding Peace
Commonweal, Aug. 11, '26
 Questions on a Nun's Habit *Commonweal*, Dec. 8, '26
- MACK, MAYNARD—To My Mother *Nation*, Apr. 27, '27
- MACKAY, MIRZA FRENCH—Tea *Lyric W.*, May, '27
- MACKENZIE, JEAN MOWAT—On a Crowded Street Car
Foot Prints, May, '27
 Words *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 Soul Shrouds *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- MACKEY, LISA STILLMAN—The Poet to His Love
Junior L. B., Dec., '26
- MACY, MARGARET—A Wish *De Pauw*, May, '27
- MADSEN, EVELYN—In a Wood *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- MARGARET, HELENE—To George Sterling
Step Ladder, Jan., '27
- MAGEE, FLORENCE CHAMPREUX—Vignettes of Old St.
 Mary's *America*, May 28, '27
- MAGIL, A. B.—Words for the Death of a Poet (Yebash:
 1872-1927) *Monorah Journal*, Apr., '27
- MAHONEY, ANNE—Premonition *Q. V. Quill*, Sept., '26
- MALET, DORA—Skyline *Boulevardier*, Mar., '27
 Confidence " "
 New York Spring " "
 Smoke " "
- MALLOY, ETHEL—Glory of the Morning
Am. Poetry, July, '27
- MALLOY, MARY A.—Red Tulips *Commonweal*, Apr. 13, '27
- MANCHESTER, LESLIE CLARE—Sky-Land, Ho!
Am. Poetry, Oct., '26
- MANGAN, JOHN SHERRY—April Fourth, "Vesper Adest"
Gypsy, Mar., '27
 Nocturne *Commonweal*, Jan. 19, '27
 Resurgam *Commonweal*, June 25, '27
- MANLEY, LOUISE—Peacocks in Snow
Junior L. B., Dec., '26
- MANNES, MARIA—Still Life *Junior L. B.*, Apr., '27
- MANNING-SANDERS, RUTH—Prodigal *Bookman*, Oct., '26
- MANSFIELD, MARGERY SWETT—Fable of a Little Sister
Poetry, Sept., '26
 Advice Before Roughing *Bookman*, Nov., '26
 Little Fugue *Poetry*, June, '27
 Friendship *Good Counsel*, May, '27
 Mystic on Wheels *Commonweal*, May 18, '27
 Poets . . . Not Only *Poetry*, June, '27
- MARCO, ANGELA—Snow Bound
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Feb. 17, '27
 Moon in the City *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 New Leaf " "
- MARCONNIER, BYRNE—For D. L. *Commonweal*, May 11, '27
 Remembrance *Commonweal*, June 22, '27

- Longing *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27
 The Lass of Cornwall *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
 MARIELLA, SISTER—The Fourth Season *Commonweal*, Apr. 13, '27
 To a Carrara Virgin *America*, May 7, '27
 Midsummer Madness *Commonweal*, July 27, '27
 The Jefferson Highway *America*, July 30, '27
 MARFIELD, DWIGHT HUNTER—A Love Song *Poetry*, June, '27
 MARINONI, ROSA ZAGNONI—Rebels *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Grotesque " "
 Forethought *G. V. Quill*, Sept., '26
 Bet to Remain Unsolved *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Plucking the Peacock *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Treason *Poets' Scroll*, Nov., '26
 Retrospection *Oklahoma Woman*, Nov., '26
 Old Follies *Poets' Scroll*, Nov., '26
 Cameo *Lariat*, Jan., '27
 Hospital Shadows *Carroccio*, Win., '27
 Keepsakes *Overland*, Feb., '27
 Benediction *Lariat*, Feb., '27
 Magdalene *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 Us Moderns *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Small Town Neighbors *Lariat*, Spr., '27
 Careful Diogenes " "
 Mussolini the Immortal *Carroccio*, Spr., '27
 No One Understands *Lariat*, Spr., '27
 Neighbors " "
 Cordefo *Oracle*, Spr., '27
 Lot Trading *Ozark Life*, Spr., '27
 Pateran *Beads & Charms*, Spr., '27
 Dusk on the Bay of Naples *Prism*, Mar., '27
 Mariengarn *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Misericordiosa *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Traps " "
 Phosphor *Occult Digest*, Apr., '27
 Winter *Oklahoma Woman*, Apr., '27
 The Artist *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 Epitaph On a Grave in Potters' Field *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 That Would Make a God of You *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, June 5, '27
 The Gift *Lariat*, July, '27
 Eau Forte *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27
 A Dance *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 And May He Understand *Household*, July 19, '27
 Perhaps *Occult Digest*, Sum., '27
 MARKHAM, ANNA CATHERINE—The Summer Rain *Lyric W.*, June, '27
 MARKS, JEANNETTE—Estrangement *Bookman*, Oct., '26
 MARKUN, LEO—The Triumph of Caliban *Commonweal*, Sept. 15, '26
 To a Minor Caesar *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26

- The Precocious Child Speaks
Commonweal, Jan. 19, '27
- Arouse No Gods
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Jan. 21, '27
- A Puritan
Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- MARLATT, EARL—History
Boston Trans., Nov. 5, '26
- High Tide
" " "
- Locarno
" " "
- Paderewski Plays a Nocturne
" " "
- Pierrot Theologizes
" " "
- Lent
Poetry, Apr., '27
- Cloistered
" "
- Overtones
Jour. of Expression, June, '27
- MARSH, CHARLES HOWARD—A Venetian Night
Lyric W., Dec., '26
- On a Prostitute Redeemed
Lyric W., Feb., '27
- MARSHALL, ROMIE P.—"Sole Mio"
Kentucky F. L. & P., Spr., '27
- MARTIN, AGNES ROBERTS—Violet Grass
Good Counsel, May, '27
- MARQUIS, NEETA—Cricket
Lyric W., June, '27
- MASON, ARTHUR—Release
Bookman, May, '27
- MASON, FRANCIS—Horoscope
Commonweal, Sept. 16, '26
- The Path
Commonweal, Apr. 27, '27
- The Operation
Lyric, July, '27
- Apocalypse
" "
- MASTERS, EDGAR LEE—Bacchus
Nation, Mar. 2, '27
- MATHEWS, ELVA DEP.—Tight-Rope
Junior L. B., Mar., '27
- Hunchback From the West
Junior L. B., Apr., '27
- MATHEWSON, LOUIS CLARK—A River
Foot Prints, July, '27
- MATHEY, FABYAN—Valediction
Bookman, Sept., '26
- MATSON, MABEL CORNELIA—Biographical
Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
- MATTHEWS, ALVIA—Love Rides the Old Trail
College Humor, Nov., '26
- MATTHEWS, H. R.—Chicory Blooms
Ky. Folk-Lore, Oct., '26
- MAURY, BROOKE—Youth
Century, Oct., '26
- MAY, BEULAH—Hollyhock and Palm
Forge, Spr., '26
- The Procession of the Four Kings
Lyric W., Sept., '26
- The East
Gypsy, Oct., '26
- God of Dreams
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
- The Dream Seekers
Step Ladder, May, '27
- The Dead Year
Overland, Oct., '26
- MAYER, ELIZABETH—Day's Child
Lariat, Aug., '26
- Love-Letters and Roxana
Lariat, Nov., '26
- Venetian Song
Lariat, Dec., '26
- Annunciation
Columbia, Feb., '27
- St. Elizabeth of Hungary
Ave Maria, Feb. 12, '27
- The Sycamores
Living Church, Feb. 12, '27
- The Apparition of Christ to His Mother
Little Flower Circle, Apr., '27

- To a Profile Portrait in the Ambrosiana
Am. Poetry, May, '27
- The Spectator
Ave Maria, May 23, '27
- A Churching
Columbia, June, '27
- A Garden in Hebron
Magnificat, July, '27
- MAYNARD, THEODORE—Changes in Love
Commonweal, Jan. 26, '27
- Rain
Commonweal, Feb. 2, '27
- McBLAIR, ROBERT—Change
Poetry, Oct., '26
- Cavalier
 “ “
- Ancestral Oil Portrait
 “ “
- Poet Laureate of Albemarle County
 “ “
- McCALL, J. E.—The New Negro
Opportunity, July, '27
- McCARROLL, BILLY—Kansas Sand Hills
Harp, May-June, '27
- McCARTHY, DENIS A.—Where the Brown Streams Run
America, Aug. 28, '26
- McCARTHY, JOHN RUSSELL—Midway
Lyric W., Oct., '26
- Odd!
Forum, Nov., '26
- When Hills are Green
Los Angeles Sat. N., Feb. 15, '27
- Without Garments of Flesh
Lyric W., Mar., '27
- Alice
Los Angeles Sat. N., Apr. 18, '27
- Afterward
Will-o'-The-Wisp, May-June, '27
- McCARTY, DIXIE—The Infidel
Poetry, Dec., '26
- McCLURE, ABBE—Teller of Tales
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- McCOLL, JOHN—Fame
College Humor, July, '27
- McCOMBS, HAROLD—Onward
Ky. Folk-Lore, Oct., '26
- Harvest Moon
Ky. Folk-Lore, Win., '27
- Unreturning
Ky. Folk-Lore, July, '27
- MCCORD, DAVID—Sonnet
Sat. Rev. Lit., Oct. 2, '26
- Elegy
Independent, Dec. 18, '26
- The Fog
Independent, July 16, '27
- MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA—Any Wife to Any Husband
Buccaneer, July-Dec., '26
- Jael
Golden Quill, Sum., '26
- To the Velvet Cloak of Marie Antoinette
Gypsy, Oct., '26
- To Daphne
Lyric, Sept., '26
- Gray Goose
Century, Nov., '26
- Dido
Poetry, Nov., '26
- Everlasting Flower
Lyric, Feb., '27
- Bondage
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
- Descent
Lyric, Mar., '27
- Grey Sea
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- Calm
 “ “
- Unrest
 “ “
- Storm
Foot Prints, May, '27
- Arachne
Gypsy, June, '27
- Martyrs
Buccaneer, July-Dec., '26
- MCCOY, JOHN CALVIN—Life and Death
Christian Cent., Feb. 17, '27
- MCCREARY, F. R.—Snow
Voices, Feb., '27

- McFARLAND, ALICE—April Song *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- McGIFFERT, GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON—St. Francis (On All Souls Night) *Congregationalist*, Sept. 30, '26
The Voice of the Field of Achaemendides *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- McGINLEY, PHYLLIS—Inland *Commonweal*, Mar. 23, '27
- McGOWAN, CECILIA—To an Old Man Sitting in the Sun *Foot Prints*, May, '27
- McGRATH, JACK—The Nights Grow Long *College Humor*, July, '27
- McGUIRE, HARRY—Harkness Memorial Tower (Yale University) *Commonweal*, Feb. 16, '27
Elizabeth *Echo*, Apr., '27
- McINTOSH, MAVIS—Face Down *Commonweal*, Sept. 15, '26
March Morning *Commonweal*, Mar. 30, '27
Fragment *Commonweal*, July 7, '27
- McKAY, CLAUDE—Desolate *Opportunity*, Nov., '26
My House " "
America In Retrospect " "
In the Hospital *Crisis*, Feb., '27
- McKENNA, DANIEL J.—All Hallows' Eve *Commonweal*, Oct. 27, '26
- McKIBBEN, OLIVE BEATRICE—Lies *Am. Poetry*, Feb., '27
- McKINLEY, LULIE HARD—Clairvoyant *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- McKINNEY, KATE SLAUGHTER—Blue Crane *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
Cinquain *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
The Poppy Fields of Sergey *Lantern*, May, '27
- McKNIGHT, FLOYD—Sardonyx *Century*, Aug., '26
- McLANE, JAMES—The Weed in the Wall *Dial*, Oct., '26
- McLAREN, FRANCIS R.—Sunshine *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
- MACLEAN, KATHARINE ALLISON—The Little Owls *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
- MCLEAN, MARGARET—The Spendthrift Wife *Junior L. B.*, Mar., '27
- MCLEOD, LeROY—A Boy Plowing *Poetry*, Mar., '27
Adolescent " "
- McMEEKIN, ISABEL—Old Louisville *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Spr., '27
- McMULLEN, DYSART—The Annunciation *Magnificat*, Mar., '27
- McNALLY, MIRIAM—A Birch in Autumn *Tanager*, Jan., '27
- McPARTLIN, CATHERINE—The Annunciation *Magnificat*, Mar., '27
- McVICKAR, DOROTHY—Sea Gulls of St. Ives *Palms*, Nov., '26
- MEAD, RUTH BERNICE—Fishers *Harp*, May-June, '27
Summer Sunrise *Echo*, May, '27
- MEARS, OWEN—Comparative Religion *Nation*, 15, '26

- MEEKER, MARJORIE—Winter Harvest
New Repub., Mar. 2, '27
 Through These Bright Windows Voices, Apr.-May, '27
 Night *New Repub.*, May 4, '27
- MEEROPOL, ABEL—November, 1918 *Opportunity*, Nov., '26
 Some Early Spring *Opportunity*, June, '27
- MEGRAIL, MARY—A Change of Muse *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 " " " "
- MEISLING, VAUGHN FRANCIS—Awakening
Commonweal, June 8, '27
- MELVIN, HAROLD WESLEY—Prodigal *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Star-Peddler *Lyric*, Dec., '26
 One Moment Facing Stars *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Plow Horses March Into the Sunset
Lyric W., Apr., '27
 Bronze Brook
 Not Out of Sunrise *Lyric W.*, May, '27
 Pygmalion to Galatea *Lyric*, July, '27
- MENEFEE, KATE RANDLE—Apprehension
Am. Poetry, Aug., '26
 The Shawl *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 Golden Laughter *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- MEREDITH, CLYDE ROBE—Indian Summer
Rainbow, Sept., '26
 Ulixi Carmen *L'Alouette*, Oct., '26
 The Reply of the World's Desire " "
 Oh, Dies Caniculae *Pegasus*, Oct., '26
 Catulus, Carmen Ci *Pegasus*, Feb., '27
 Wisdom *Voice*, May, '27
 Memorial Day *Granite Mo.*, May, '27
 You *Oracle*, June, '27
- MEREDITH, EUGENIE DUM.—'Rastus Philosophy
Oracle, Sum., '27
 'Rastus Sings " "
 Sacrifice *Pegasus*, Sum., '26
 Dreamer *L'Alouette*, Sum., '26
 Avalon " "
 Ocean City, Maryland *Little Journeys*, Sum., '26
 Buttercup Game *Laurel*, Sum., '26
 Unveilmment *Voice*, Aug., '26
 Song of Winter " "
 A Ballata A Hiver " "
 Hills of Jefferson *Spirit of Jefferson*, Aug. 25, '26
 Shenandoah, The Beautiful *Spirit of Jefferson*, Aug. 25, '26
- Eloquence
Lit. Lantern (Va. Pilot, Norfolk), Aug., '26
 De Die In Diem *Rainbow*, Sept., '26
 For King Autumn " "
 Why " "
 A Jeu d'Esprit *Bookmakers*, Aut.-Win., '26
 The Clams *So. Churchman*, Oct. 9, '26
 Sheathed *So. Churchman*, Oct. 23, '26

- Twilight Sings to Earth *Lantern*, Nov., '26
 Longing *So. Churchman*, Nov. 13, '26
 Go, Solemn Sun *Pegasus*, Nov., '26
 Touchstones *So. Churchman*, Dec. 8, '26
 Earth *So. Churchman*, Dec. 25, '26
 Smiles *So. Churchman*, Jan. 15, '27
 Essence *Pegasus*, Win., '26-'27
 Fairy Ballad *Laurel*, Fall-Win., '26-'27
 Mary Lou " "
 The Eurhythmist *Voice*, Win., '26-'27
 Reality *So. Churchman*, Mar. 3, '27
 Moths Are Foolish Things *Bookmakers'*, Spr., '27
 Filmy Fog " "
 Immortality " "
 Ora Et Labora *Little Journeys*, May, '27
 Lullaby " "
 On Heaven's Sea *Granite Mo.*, May, '27
 When Fair Daylight *Roland Park*, June, '27
 Some Roads *Granite Mo.*, June, '27
 MERRILL, ARTHUR TRUMAN—Hyacinths *Voices*, Nov., '26
 The Snow Tiger *Voices*, Mar., '27
 MERRILL, LOUIS TAYLOR—No Armistice *World Tomorrow*, Dec., '26
 MERRYFIELD, GLADYS BOVARD—After Harvest *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
 MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW—Hanging Day *Lyric*, Aug., '26
 Afterwhile *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 Dutch River Scene *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Hired Help *Lyric*, Jan., '27
 Grandma *Lyric*, Feb., '27
 Four Ladies *Lyric*, Mar., '27
 A Sonnet for the Tropics *Step Ladder*, June, '27
 MESEREAU, MILDRED—Peculator *Opportunity*, May, '27
 METTENET, MARTHA S.—Mammy Rocks Her Baby *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 MEYER, EMMA VORIES—To a Tree *Poetry*, July, '27
 MEYER, MERLE ROBERTA—The Sinking Sun Is a Pirate Ship *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 MIDDLETON, SCUDDER—The King *Palms*, Nov., '26
 Apology " "
 Beyond Tamara *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Dec. 26, '26
 After Her Going *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Dec. 26, '26
 MIGEL, PARMENIA—Portrait *Poetry*, Sept., '26
 MILES, JOSEPHINE—Peace *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT—All Hallows Eve (extract from "The King's Henchman") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 19, '27
 MILLER, D. J.—Art *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Oct., '26
 Lullaby *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27

- MILLER, HARRY EDWARD—The Great Blue Heron
Interludes, Apr.-June, '27
- MILLER, J. CORSON—In Perpetuum *America*, Sept. 4, '26
Heart of the Poet *America*, Oct. 2, '26
Midnight *Voices*, Nov., '26
Of a Certain Contemporaneous Poet: For G. S.
Lyric W., Nov., '26
Sea-Coral *America*, Nov. 6, '26
Valley of the Vanished Kings
Commonweal, Nov. 24, '26
Memorabilia *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
Akbar, the Slave, Sings Before Death
Harp, Nov.-Dec., '26
Initiative *Christian Cent.*, Dec. 9, '26
On An Old Woman Who Has Known Sorrow
America, Jan. 29, '27
Eagle *Voices*, Feb., '27
Silences *America*, Feb. 12, '27
The Sunset Horn from Caerleon
Commonweal, Feb. 23, '27
Flame-Fruit *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
Paradox *Lyric*, Mar., '27
Musician *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
Sleepers *Commonweal* May 18, '27
Wizard *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '27
Pantomime *Echo*, June, '27
"Who Consorts With Wisdom" *Lyric W.*, June, '27
Elegy *Echo*, July, '27
Rain-Witch *America*, July 2, '27
Song *America*, July 30, '27
- MILLER, NORMA—Diana Knows
Lyric W., Dec., '26
Sabbath *Lyric W.*, May, '27
- MILNE, A. A.—Furry Bear
Harper's, Aug., '26
Knight-In-Armor *Harper's*, Sept., '26
Cherry Stones *Harper's*, Oct., '26
Forgiven *Harper's*, Feb., '27
The End *Harper's*, May, '27
Swing Song *Harper's*, June, '27
- MIRIAM, SISTER—The Solvent *Magnificat*, Mar., '27
- MINITER, EDITH—Independence
Commonweal, June 29, '27
- MIRICK, EDITH—At Spring
Lyric, Apr., '27
Caravans *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
As Once to Pan
" " "
To a Child *L. H. Journal*, Feb., '27
- MISH, CHARLOTTE—Vagabond *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
Houses *" " " "*
Beauty Passed Me *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
Quiet Hearts *Lariat*, Nov., '26
Living Poems *Munsey*, July, '27
- MISNER, CHARLES H.—The King Incognito
Magnificat, Jan., '27

- Lines Inscribed in an Anthology of Poets
Magnificat, Feb., '27
- MITALSKY, FRANK—Walking at Night *Poetry*, June, '27
 Elegy to a Lover " "
 Girl in Green " "
 Stallion " "
 Angles " "
- MITCHELL, ANNA VIRGINIA—Dogwood
Ky. Folk-Lore, Oct., '26
 Song for Summer *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Win., '27
- MOAKLEY, HELEN ELIZABETH—Wee Wife
Step Ladder, Sept., '26
 Regret *Step Ladder*, Dec., '26
- MOLL, ERNEST G.—Earth Blindness *Echo*, Aug., '26
 Silence Between Lovers *Echo*, Mar., '27
- MONRO, HAROLD—Where She Lives *Dial*, Nov., '26
- MONROE, HARRIET—The Climb *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- MONTGOMERY, LOUISE MOSS—Poems for Parade
Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
 The Lost Patrin *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- MONTGOMERY, L. M.—To a Desired Friend
Commonweal, Jan. 5, '27
- MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER—Wild Geese
Am. Review, Sept.-Oct., '26
 To Barine (Trans. from Horace) *Oracle*, Oct., '26
 Biography *Forum*, Dec., '26
 To a Wine Jar: About to be opened in Honor of
 Corvinus *Lyric*, Feb., '27
- MONTGOMERY, RUTHERFORD GEORGE—Aqua Vitae
Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
- MONTGOMERY, WHITNEY—The Bridal Bed
G. V. Quill, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Kamarad! " " "
- MOORE, CATHERINE—Vibration *The Forge*, Spr., '26
 Mountains *Commonweal*, June 8, '27
 Shadows *Commonweal*, June 22, '27
 Lines *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
- MOORE, ELIZABETH EVELYN—Madwoman *Reviewer*, '26
 Epitaph " "
 Prescience " "
 Dirge *Prism*, '26
 Disillusion *Lyric*, Mar., '27
 Sonnet *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
- MOORE, VALVERA—Offering *Buccaneer*, July-Dec., '26
- MOORE, VIRGINIA—Tighter'n Hell
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Dec. 11, '26
- MORCEAU, MADGE—The Cup and the Lip
G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
- MORE, BARBARA—"Through a Glass, Darkly"
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD—Worthless
Golden Quill, Sum., '26
 Changeless " "

The Word	<i>Lit. Lantern (Va. Pilot, Norfolk)</i> , Sept. '26
Dust	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Sept.-Oct., '26
The Miracle	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
The Kiss	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
Bitter Sweet	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
Lost	" "
Tansy	" "
Color	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
Pegasus	<i>Lit Lantern (Va. Pilot, Norfolk)</i> Dec., '26
Life	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
"Why Will You Hold to Sorrow"	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
Discovery	" " "
The Certain Guest	<i>Ladies H. J.</i> , Jan., '27
His Hands	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Jan. 20, '27
Erosion	<i>Magnificat</i> , Jan., '27
Beauty	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
Then	<i>Harp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
Time	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Feb. 10, '27
How Vast Is Heaven?	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Feb. 24, '27
Wild Plums	<i>Gypsy</i> , Mar., '27
"Beauty Has Laid Her Hands Upon My Eyes"	<i>Am. Ins. Union</i> , Mar., '27
Life and Love	" " " "
Red Poppies in the Wheat	" " " "
In April	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
The Unreturning	<i>Lytic W.</i> , Apr., '27
The Return	<i>Personalist</i> , Apr., '27
The Dream Denied	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , May-June, '27
The Dunes	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
A Song of Envy	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , July-Aug., '27
Lowlands	" "
Memory	" "
The Mirror	" "
A Song of the Sea	" "
Sand Dunes	" "
Waiting	" "
The Reaper	" "
Wind On the Dunes	" "
The Stranger	" "
Where?	" "
MORGAN, ANGELA—Celibate	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June-July, '27
MORGAN, EDWIN—Prayer	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '26
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER—Chateau de Missery	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Aug. 7, '26
Side Lights on Toulemonde	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Feb. 12, '27
Invocation to an Audience	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Mar. 5, '27
Three Old-Fashioned	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Apr. 9, '27
Toulemonde, IV	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , May 7, '27
The Coroner's Going A-Maying	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , June 4, '27

- Chipmunks in the Wall *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 9, '27
 Translations from the Chinese *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 11, '26
 Translations from the Chinese *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 25, '26
 Translations from the Chinese *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Nov. 27, '26
 Translations from the Chinese *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 4, '26
 Translations from the Chinese *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 6, '27
 MORLEY, S. GRISWOLD—The Unknown Spark *World Tomorrow*, Oct., '26
 The Conquerors *World Tomorrow*, Mar., '27
 MORRILL, BELLE C.—Our Campfire *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
 MORRIS, MARYS YOUNGS—Stokes Poges *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 MORRISSETTE, PAT—Student at Lunch *Poetry*, June, '27
 Evening Song of a Young Scholar " "
 MORROW, ELIZABETH—This Pine-Tree *Scribner's*, Dec., '26
 Youth Passes *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 St. Francis of Assisi *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 MORROW, MARCO—Youth *Harp*, May-June, '27
 The Wall *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 MORTON, DAVID—Midnight *Bookman*, Sept., '26
 Ministration *Outlook*, Sept. 1, '26
 Visitation *Commonweal*, Sept. 29, '26
 Identity *Harper's*, Dec., '26
 Fantasy *Commonweal*, '27
 One Winter Hill *College Humor*, Feb., '27
 Aubade *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Ambiguity *Outlook*, June 1, '27
 Archive of a New Girl in Town *Bookman*, June, '27
 MOSKOWITZ, NICHOLAS—Festival of the Winds *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 After Midnight *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Street *Free Verse*, Apr., '27
 Poem *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 MOZLEY, LOREN—And an Older Poet *Palms*, Nov., '26
 Sage *Echo*, Dec., '26
 MOYER, SELMA ALICE—Chrysanthemums *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 MULLEN, JOHN—Sonnet of Dead Cities *Commonweal*, July 27, '27
 MULLINS, HELENE—Ode to Thalia *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26
 Last Page in the Diary of a Suicide *Bookman*, Oct., '26
 To My Father *Commonweal*, Oct. 13, '26
 Golgotha Revisited *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 A Valediction to Life *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Sonnet Written in a Moment of Exasperation *College Humor*, Jan., '27

- A Singer is Silent *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Dead Mr. Pepys *College Humor*, Apr., '27
 Titania *Yale Review*, Apr., '27
 On the Death of an Aged Poet *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 Villanelle of a Sad Summer *Commonweal*, Aug. 18, '26
 To Marie *Voices*, July, '27
 MURPHY, CHARLES R.—The Aspens *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 Meditation *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Psycho-Analysis " "
 Autumn Song " "
 Lincoln *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Children of Light *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 MUSSER, BENJAMIN—Jongleur De Dieu *America*, Oct. 2, '26
 NADELSTEIN, MARION—A Lovely Lady *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 New Music *Palms*, Nov., '26
 NARDI, MARCIA—Any Woman *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Jan. 30, '27
 You Called Me . . . Dear *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Jan. 30, '27
 When Women Talk *Nation*, Mar. 30, '27
 NATHAN, ROBERT—Nightmare *Harper's*, Dec., '26
 There is a Winter *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 25, '26
 This Last Sweet City *Harper's*, May, '27
 NEEDELS, EMMA EVERETT—Love Unrequited *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
 Dear Little Girl *Am. Poetry*, Apr., '27
 NEILL, ISABEL—Kildeer's Cry *Lariat*, May, '27
 Snow in Spring *Lariat*, July, '27
 NELSON, CHARLES BROWN—Carnival *Midland*, July, '27
 Goldfish at Dusk *Midland*, Apr., '27
 NESRAL, EDNA CLARE—Admonition *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H.—Convicts of God *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 NEWLIN, EDITH CAROLYN—New Friends and Old *Lyric*, Sept., '26
 NEWMAN, ISRAEL—Arbor Vitae *Lyric*, Aug., '26
 Evening Skyline *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
 Harbor *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 Winnowing *Harp*, May-June, '27
 Meeting *Echo*, July, '27
 NEWMAN, MARY A.—Song of Many Loves *Opportunity*, Aug., '26
 NEWMAN, RITA S.—A Florist's Window *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 NEWSOME, EFFIE LEE—Capriccio *Crisis*, Sept., '26
 Jack O-Lantern *Crisis*, Oct., '26
 The Hasty Apples " "
 The Flying Regiment " "

On Concertina	<i>Crisis</i> , Oct., '26
Roll Call	<i>Crisis</i> , Nov., '26
The Bird in the Cage	<i>Crisis</i> , Feb., '27
At the Pool	" "
Bluebird	<i>Crisis</i> , Apr., '27
I Saw a Silly Little Ship that Had no Sort of Sail	<i>Crisis</i> , July, '27
Mattinata	" "
NEWTON, CHARLOTTE—White Magic	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov., '26
Poplars	" "
NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND—Pediment	<i>Commonweal</i> , Sept. 8, '26
Refraction	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , Nov. 13, '27
Light	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , May 28, '27
NICHOLS, JOHN TREADWELL—Poems	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June-July, '27
Surf	" " "
Poems	" " "
Surf	" " "
NICHOLSON, HAZEL—Sonnet to My Mother	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
NICHOLSON, J. U.—Not Easily I Remember	<i>College Humor</i> , June, '27
NIC PILIP, MAIRE—There is a Dorset Orchard	<i>America</i> , Nov. 6, '26
In Brightlingsea	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 27, '27
NIBLEY, HIGH—The Freight Train	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
NOE, COTTON—The Feud	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
NOGUCHI, YONE—The Keepsake	<i>Poetry</i> , Aug., '26
NORCROSS, ELLINOR L.—Requisites	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Mar. 10, '27
NORMAN, CHARLES—Chant of the Old Men in the Woods	<i>Nation</i> , Dec. 1, '26
Of Lonely Things	<i>Bookman</i> , Feb., '27
White Gulls	<i>Bookman</i> , Mar., '27
New York	<i>Bookman</i> , May, '27
The Lone Corner of Yesterday	<i>Bookman</i> , July, '27
NORTON, HELEN G.—The Misunderstanding, I	<i>Harp</i> , Sept.-Oct., '26
The Misunderstanding, II	" "
NORTH, JESSICA NELSON—Advice to Young Lovers	<i>The Forge</i> , Spr., '26
Legerdemain	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '26
Hensel	" "
Deity	" "
Impersonal	" "
Greeting Without Voice	" "
The Long Leash	<i>The Forge</i> , Spr., '27
Biography	<i>Nation</i> , May 4, '27
NORTH, STERLING—Element	<i>Dial</i> , Apr., '27
NOVAK, SONIA RUTHELE—Unsung	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Trump	" "
Strawberries	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb.-Mar., '27

NUGENT, BRUCE—My Love	<i>Palms</i> , Oct., '26
NUKI—Adonis	<i>Golden Quill</i> , Sum., '26
Anodyne	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
OAKS, GLADYS—To a Psychiatrist	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '26
The Charge	<i>Echo</i> , Dec., '26
Judas Meditates About the Christ	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '26
A Study in Frustrations	
Four Lines for Thomas	<i>Echo</i> , Feb., '27
The Ruthless Romantic	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , July 9, '27
O'BYRNE, CATHAL—Rain	<i>America</i> , Sept. 4, '26
A Vagabond Tryst	<i>America</i> , Sept. 25, '26
For a Dead Poet	<i>America</i> , Oct. 23, '26
Loneliness	<i>America</i> , Feb. 26, '27
The Old Woman	<i>America</i> , May 21, '27
ODHNER, MADEFREY—Puppets	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 30, '27
O'GALLAGHER, JOHANNA—Joy	<i>Gypsy</i> , Oct., '26
OHE, MADGE—Circumscribed	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
The Clavilux	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
It Was I Who Shaped Him	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
O'DONNELL, C.S.C., CHARLES L.—Consequences	
Resolution	<i>America</i> , Oct. 9, '26
Beatitude	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '26
Vesperal	
Design for a House	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 2, '27
Conclusions	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 23, '27
In the Upper Room	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 2, '27
Marginals	<i>Poetry</i> , Apr., '27
Address to the Crown	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr., '27
Questionnaire	<i>America</i> , Apr. 16, '27
O'DONNELL, T. C.—Quest	<i>America</i> , May 7, '27
OLDROYD, ALICE WILSON—Posture	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
OLIVER, WADE—Gypsy	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
Love, Rake the Ashes	<i>Gypsy</i> , Mar., '27
Tintallon Castle	" "
Christ Speaks	<i>Outlook</i> , June 29, '27
Banqueters	<i>Poetry</i> , July, '27
Shadow Song	" "
OLSEN, CHARLES OLUF—Life Flattened Out	
Jealous Gods	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Iron Billets	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
Beads	" " " "
No Relation	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27
I Went Wishing for Inaudible Songs	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 6, '27
Kingdoms	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 4, '27
A Tribute	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 18, '27
"Applesauce"	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
OLSON, TED—Laughter	" "
Hypothesis	<i>Poetry</i> , Nov., '26
Books Are so Full of Lovers	" "
Second Season	<i>Lyric</i> , Dec., '26
	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26

Copyreader	<i>Nation</i> , Dec. 15, '26
Transient	<i>Midland</i> , Mar., '27
The City in the Sea	<i>Lyric</i> , Mar., '27
Song For a Sterile April	<i>Lyric</i> , Apr., '27
Sin of Omission	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Genesis XXXIX	<i>Echo</i> , May, '27
O'NEIL, DAVID—Venice	<i>Poetry</i> , Aug., '26
Political Annunciation	" "
Second Avenue Shylock	" "
Soul States	" "
The Nature of the Beast	" "
Times Square	" "
O'NEIL, GEORGE—Fable	<i>New Repub.</i> , Sept. 22, '26
Stable Boy	<i>Commonweal</i> , Sept. 29, '26
Worthy of Atlas	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , June 25, '27
OPDYCKE, MARY ELLIS—Gray	<i>Harper's</i> , Feb., '27
ORIS MARION—The Public Reading Room	<i>Gypsy</i> , Oct., '26
ORR, HUGH ROBERT—In That Far Morning	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
OSBORN, ALBERT—A Parable of the Surf	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '27
OSBORNE, MAUD FREEMAN—Rocky Mountain Flora	<i>Trail</i> , '27
The New Year	<i>W. Home Mo.</i> , '27
Cloud Pictures	<i>No. Lights</i> , '27
Useless	<i>Voice</i> , '27
White Rose	" "
And So Have Served	" "
O'SHEEL, SHAEEMAS—Landscape with Figures, 1850	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , Jan. 29, '27
OSWALD, GERALD R.—Predatory	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
OWEN, SARA—Revenge	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Aug., '26
Conclusion	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Sept., '26
PALMER, BESSIE PRYOR—Comparisons	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Dec., '26
House of My Heart	<i>Lariat</i> , Dec., '26
Fugitive	<i>Churchman</i> , Jan. 22, '27
Sympathy	<i>Churchman</i> , Feb. 12, '27
Child's Prayer	<i>Ch. Advocate</i> , Mar. 25, '27
Sheep	<i>Churchman</i> , Apr. 30, '27
Clouds	" "
Maid of Almesbury	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
Knowledge	<i>Lariat</i> , May, '27
PALMER, STUART—Fancy	<i>College Humor</i> , July, '27
PALMER, TONY—Skein	<i>Larus</i> , Feb., '27
Gew-Gaws of Grief	" "
PANGBORN, MARY CATHERINE—April Heritage	<i>America</i> , Apr. 16, '27
PARKER, HELEN BAKER—Absence	<i>Century</i> , Mar., '27
PARKER, JOHN N.—Pots and Kettles	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Sept., '26
Diploma	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Lune Sanglante	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
The Backslider	<i>Harp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27

- PARKER, WILLIAM R.—Moonlight *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 PARMENTER, CATHERINE—October *Commonweal*, Oct. 20, '26
 Night on the Prairie *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '26
 Home *Magnificat*, Jan., '27
 March *Commonweal*, Mar. 16, '27
 Prayer *Delineator*, June, '27
 The Old Sea-Dog *Century*, July, '27
 PARROTT, PHILENA L.—Poet and Philosopher *Am. Poetry*, Mar., '27
 PARTRIDGE, EVERETT—To a Fundamentalist on the Virgin Birth *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 PATCHING, PEGGY—It's the June Wind *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Woven in Lavender *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 PATTERSON, ANNA—Aria *Kentucky F. L. & P.*, Spr., '27
 PATTERSON, JR., R. M.—To a Haunted House *Commonweal*, Oct. 27, '26
 PAULDING, GOUVERNEUR—Man in Cafe *Commonweal*, Jan. 19, '27
 PAULEN, ARLO—The Quiet Place *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 PAULSEN, EZRA J.—Luther Burbank *Woman's Jour.*, Oct., '26
 PAYNE, ALICE BLACKWELL—But Scarlet Cannot Wait *College Humor*, Nov., '26
 And Dreams of Wings *Va. Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '27
 It Might Have Mattered " " "
 Lines to My Ancestors *College Humor*, July, '27
 PEACH, ARTHUR WALLACE—Joel's Version *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Jan. 3, '27
 Oasis *Commonweal*, Mar. 9, '27
 The Old Homestead *Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Apr. 17, '27
 PEARCE, JOHN ED.—In Virginia *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Oct., '26
 PEASE, JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN—Motif *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 PEASLEE, CLARENCE L.—Race *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Orchestration *Lantern*, May, '27
 PECK, EILEEN—A Pattern of Dreams *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 I Shall Come Home Again *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
 PEEL, ROBERT A.—Caravan Lore *Lyric*, Jan., '27
 Request *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 PERCY, MARY CRUTTENDEN—This That I Long For *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
 Mt. Will " " "
 PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER—Two Sonnets *Lyric*, Mar., '27
 At Portofini *Va. Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '27
 Even In Love " " "
 Not to be Naming You " " "
 No Anodynes *Lyric*, July, '27
 PERDUE, MIRIAM—Silver and Gold *Lantern*, May, '27

PERLZWEIG, JUDITH—Love	<i>Poetry</i> , Aug., '26
Climbing	“ “
First Snow	“ “
Frozen Lake	“ “
Tree	“ “
Dancing	“ “
Fountain	“ “
Dancing Dust	“ “
Eyes of the Dark	“ “
Wind	“ “
PERNIKOFF, SARAH B.—A Surburban Street of Wealth	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
PERRY, CHARLOTTE HUNGERFORD—Briefly Lad She Mourns	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '26
Thee	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27
New Poet	“ “
Master	“ “
PERRY, ELEANORE L.—I Do Not Understand	<i>America</i> , May 14, '27
Fickleness	<i>America</i> , July 2, '27
PERSHING, GEORGE—Over a Tomb	<i>Echo</i> , July, '27
PETER, RUTH—Departure	<i>Gypsy</i> , Mar., '27
PETERSON, EDWIN L.—Second Growth	<i>Opportunity</i> , June, '27
PETRI, LORI—Crowds	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Sands	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
Blue	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
Sheep	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
The Leper	<i>Harp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
The Fish Peddler	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '27
Great Salt Lake	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
Spinster	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , May-June, '27
PFEIFFER, EDWARD—Sirens	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 6, '27
PFEIFFER, LA REE—Hospitality	<i>Harp</i> , Sept.-Oct., '26
PHILLIPS, CHARLES—Prelude in a Daisy Field	<i>America</i> , June 18, '27
Inscription for a Book	<i>America</i> , July 23, '27
Rose in the Rain	<i>America</i> , '27
Joyce Kilmer in Heaven	“ “
Inscription For a Book	“ “
PHILLIPS, GEORGE—Soliloquy	<i>College Humor</i> , Nov., '26
PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO—Dreary Days	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
The Migly Prayers of Multitudes Arise	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Night Comes	<i>Pegasus</i> , Nov., '26
My Plum Tree	<i>Voice</i> , Win., '27
Pittsburg	<i>Pegasus</i> , '27
The Spirit of Pittsburg	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
Transeat	<i>Rectangle</i> , May, '27
The Spirit of Pittsburg	<i>Catholic Observer</i> , May 26, '27
Go To Sleep	<i>Congress Outlet</i> , Apr., '27
In a Ribbon Tied Basket	<i>Step Ladder</i> , June, '27

- PHINNEY, LESLIE H.—Path O' Dreams *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
- PHLEGAR, THELMA—Maples *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
- To a Certain Portrait *The Forge*, Spr., '27
- Water Song " "
- Wind Song *Commonweal*, Mar. 2, '27
- PIERCE, DOROTHY—The Shoeman *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- PILIP, MAIRE NIC—For My Brother Who Took Ship *America*, Sept. 4, '26
- Tick-Tack *America*, Feb. 19, '27
- Now Spring *America*, Mar. 26, '27
- PILKENTON, HENRY E.—The Poet *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Oct., '26
- PINCKNEY, JOSEPHINE—Paysage *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 30, '26
- PIPER, EDWIN FORD—Down Under *Southwest Rev.*, Spr., '27
- Bead Work *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- At Boler's in the Seventies *Midland*, Mar., '27
- Rustlers *Poetry*, Mar., '27
- Riding Men " "
- PIXLEY, OLIVE—Pastal: Echo Park at Night *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- PO, LI (trans. Cheng Yu Sun)—The Long War *Poetry*, Aug., '26
- Sorrow Untold " "
- The Green Water " "
- Chu Ong Chou and the Butterfly (trans. by May Folwell Hoisington) *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- POLLARD, LANCASTER—Morning Song *Opportunity*, May, '27
- PORTER, ALICE—Haunted *Echo*, Oct., '26
- PORTER, JOY WENDEL—March Memories *Pegasus*, Nov., '26
- POSEGATE, MABEL—The Companion *Poetry of Today*, Sum., '26
- Down in the Heart *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
- POST, MARY BRINKER—Windy Monday *Poetry*, July, '27
- POTAMKIN, HARRY ALAN—African Sculptor *Opportunity*, Sept., '26
- POTTER, ALICE—Poseur *Echo*, June, '27
- POWELL, HELEN REED—Sonnet *Lyric*, Nov., '26
- POWERS, JESSICA—Old Bridge *Forge*, Sum., '26
- At Mary's Shrine *Commonweal*, Oct. 13, '26
- The Only Door *Commonweal*, Jan. 12, '27
- PRESSLEY, JANET—Mary Agnes *Forge*, Spr., '26
- Apocalypse " "
- Brazen " "
- Choice " "
- Defense " "
- Sagacity " "
- PRICE, RUTH CLAY—Trail's End *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
- Trail's End *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
- Dancing Girl of Utica *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
- Ballade of Phantom Ships *Weird Tales*, Jan., '27

Bearing Your Burden	<i>Golden Rule</i> , Jan., '27
The Power of Prayer	<i>Christ Mind</i> , Jan., '27
Wilkins vs. Hill	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
The Ballad of Hallie	" "
The Plight of John McBride	<i>Mystery</i> , Mar., '27
The Ballade of Templestowe	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '27
Climbing the Heights	<i>Golden Rule</i> , June, '27
PRICHARD, ALVIN—Longing	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
PRIDEAUX, TOM—The Poet to His Friend	<i>Palms</i> , Nov., '26
Titanesque	" "
PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN—The Madonna's Lamp	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 19, '27
PROKOSCH, FREDERIC—New-Englander	<i>Century</i> , Jan., '27
Old Man's Song	<i>Bookman</i> , Feb., '27
Into Exile	<i>Va. Quart. Rev.</i> , July, '27
Second Tryst	" " " "
Rocking-Chair	" " " "
PROSPER, JOAN DARETH—Velvet Sleeves	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Apr., '27
Orientale	<i>Lyric W.</i> , June, '27
PROWSE, GERTRUDE C.—June Evening in Surrey	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
PUCKETT, NEWBELL NILES—Jazz	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
PURCELL, ELSIE B.—In Houses of Glass	<i>Nuggets</i> , Sept., '26
Let Them Grow	<i>Motour</i> , July, '27
PURNELL, IDELLA—Obedience	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Tropical Earth	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
At Nine Corners	<i>Harp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
The Everlasting Song	<i>Good Housekeeping</i> , Feb., '27
The Second Daughter	<i>Nation</i> , April 27, '27
Strange Harbours	<i>Echo</i> , June, '27
PUTNAM, FELICIA—Graveyard Shift	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Riding Herd	" " "
PUTNAM, H. PHELPS—For Two Friends	<i>Yale Rev.</i> , Jan., '27
QUARLES, EDWIN—Need	<i>Lyric</i> , Dec., '26
Tincture	" "
The Chamber	" "
Passage	" "
Lament	" "
Need	" "
Era	<i>Lyric</i> , Mar., '27
Sea	" "
QUAST, CORA—After February Snow	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Feb., '27
QUIRK, CHARLES J.—The Worm	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 18, '27
At Dawn	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 1, '27
RADER, GRETCHEL L.—Go To It	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
RAMSAUR, HUGH WILGUS—To Autumn	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
RAMSAY, JANET—Prisoner	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27

- Sargasso *New Repub.*, Mar. 30, '27
RAMSAY, JOAN—Arthurian *Lyric W.*, May, '27
Nocturne *San Franciscan*, May, '27
RANLETT, JOSEPH—Lindbergh's Spring *Cont. V.*, June, '27
RANLETT, SUSAN ALICE—The Doves of Mary *Magnificat*, Feb., '27
RANSOM, JOHN CROWE—Little Boy Blue *New Repub.*, Sept. 22, '26
Morning *Harper's*, Dec., '26
Ghosts *Harper's*, Dec., '27
What Ducks Require *New Repub.*, Apr. 27, '27
RATCLIFFE, DOROTHY UNA—At Winpenie Abbey *Commonweal*, Aug. 4, '26
Nursery Nocturne *Commonweal*, Nov. 10, '26
Song for Music *Poetry*, July, '27
RAVENEL, BEATRICE—Embers *Poetry*, Sept., '26
The Old Fisherman " "
Ancien Regime *College Humor*, Apr., '27
Warning *College Humor*, May, '27
RAY, LOUISE CRENSHAW—Anniversary *Will-o'-The Wisp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
Untenanted *Lit. Lantern*, Nov. 29, '26
Dusk On the Lake (November) *Will-o'-The Wisp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
Rondeau " "
White Myrtles by a Deserted House *Commonweal*, Dec. 1, '26
Towing a River Junk *Commonweal*, Feb. 2, '27
Chinese Temple Gate " "
Return *Will-o'-The Wisp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
Moonshiner *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
Rose Jar *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
Whip-poor-Will *America*, May 14, '27
Sappho Sings From a New York Skyscraper *America*, May 29, '27
Insufficiency *Will-o'-The Wisp*, May-June, '27
Lines to Anne *Ave Marie*, June 11, '27
RAYMUND, BERNARD—Clytie *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
Birds in Winter *Lyric*, Jan. '27
REDEGAR, HERBERT HOUGH—To Whom Much is Given *Magnificat*, Jan., '27
REED, ELIZABETH FROST—If I Lived in Space *Bookman*, June, '27
REED, RUSSEL S.—My Poems *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
Your Poems " " " "
REELY, MARY KATHARINE—Epitaph *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH—Shepherding *New Repub.*, Dec. 29, '26
Ownership " " " "
Your First Love *New Repub.*, Mar. 30, '27

Thrift	<i>Harper's Apr.</i> , '27
A Windy Night	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , May 14, '27
A Scent	<i>New Repub.</i> , June 1, '27
REEVES, PAUL—Surrender	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Every Moment	" " " "
Dream Castle	" " " "
REICH, JR., HENRY—Masks	<i>New Leader</i> , Oct. 2, '26
For a Coquette	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Song	" " " "
Epitaph for a Janitor	" " " "
Nature Disrobes	<i>Lantern, N. Y. Her. Trib.</i> , Dec. 7, '26
Keats in Hades	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , '27
To a Tailor's Sad Iron	<i>Lantern, N. Y. Her. Trib.</i> , Jan. 15, '26
To a Typist	<i>Your Broadway—N. Y. Eve. Graphic</i> , Feb. 21, '27
Mad Moon	<i>Northern Light</i> , Mar., '27
Dancing Negroes	<i>Free Verse</i> , Apr., '27
Elemental	<i>Jewish Forum</i> , May, '27
The Juggler	<i>Prism</i> , May-June, '27
Library	<i>Jewish Forum</i> , June, '27
History	<i>Voices</i> , July, '27
David	" " " "
REID, DOROTHY E.—Behind a Coffee Urn	<i>Poetry</i> , Mar., '27
Kings	" " " "
Fig Leaf for a Stone Memorial	" " " "
Men	" " " "
Capitulation	<i>Voices</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Crisis	" " " "
Staccato	" " " "
Ambulant	" " " "
Words	" " " "
Aftermath	" " " "
The Sniper	<i>Tanager</i> , July, '27
REID, PEGGY—Cherry Blossoms	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Wisdom	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
Crucifixion	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Apr., '27
REILEY, J. W.—When We Bilt the Syrup Down	<i>Kentucky F. L. & P.</i> , Spr., '27
RICE, ALBERT—Black Madonna	<i>Palms</i> , Oct., '26
RICE, CRAIG—Out of Purple Valleys	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Nov., '26
RICE, CYPRIAN—The Secret	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 13, '27
RICE, RUTH MASON—Clocks	<i>Golden Quill</i> , Sum., '26
Marquesas	" " " "
Counter-Irritant	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
Immunity	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
RICH, H. THOMPSON—Courage	<i>Poetry</i> , Apr., '27
Noises	" " " "
RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS—Ode to the Theatre	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
The Passion Flower	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '27
Remembering	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27

- RIDER, ALICE PHELPS—The Unforgotten
Interludes, Apr.-June, '27
- RIDGE, LOLA—Alliance
New Repub., Dec. 15, '26
- RIDING, LAURA—The Map of Places
Nation, May 4, '27
- RIGGS, LYNN—The High Words
Bookman, Sept., '26
- Bird Cry
Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Mar. 13, '27
- The Corrosive Season
Nation, Mar. 23, '27
- RIPLEY, SHERMAN—Hilda
Voices, Nov., '26
- Avocations
Step Ladder, Apr., '27
- Silence
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- Escape
 " "
- Manhattan
Cont. V., June-July, '27
- RITTER, MARGARET TOD—Ordeal by Fire
Commonweal, Aug. 18, '26
- Autobiographical Comment
Commonweal, Nov. 3, '26
- Noel
Lyric, Dec., '26
- Remorse
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
- Tranced Legato
Commonweal, '27
- Pigeon-Holes
Cont. V., Feb.-Mar., '27
- Forfeit
Commonweal, Mar. 23, '27
- Miniature Spring Song
Lyric, Apr., '27
- Diptych
Echo, May, '27
- Roads, Helen Pursell—Romany
Lyric W., Nov., '26
- ROBB, IZETTA WINTER—Youth
World Tomorrow, June, '27
- ROBERTS, JOSEPHINE E.—Awakening
Bookman, July, '27
- ROBERTS, NELLIE RISHER—In the Woods
Poets' Scroll, Aug., '26
- Genevieve the Fair
Poets' Scroll, Sept., '26
- The Soul That's Sensitive
Pegasus, Feb., '27
- ROBERTS, WALTER ADOLPHE—Jade
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- ROBINSON, ANNE MATHILDE—Good Night
Boys & Girls, Aug., '26
- Good Morning
 " "
- Santa Claus
Lariat, Aug., '26
- The Empty Nest
 " "
- Song of Autumn
Country Bard, Sept., '26
- When Betty Dances
Wayfarer, Win., '27
- The Inner Eye
Am. Poetry, Feb., '27
- For Sale
Country Bard, Spr., '27
- Coins
Am. Poetry, Mar., '27
- April and May
Lyric W., Apr., '27
- Lover
Springfield Rep., Apr. 3, '27
- From a Potomac River Bridge
Interludes, Apr.-June, '27
- Songs of a Day
Lariat, June, '27
- Kites
 " "
- Precedent
Poets' Scroll, June, '27
- Quietude
 " "
- ROBINSON, EDWIN MEADE—The Jester
Foot Prints, May, '27
- ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON—Always a Bell
America, Aug. 21, '26
- Soul to Body
Century, Sept., '26

All I Remember	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '26
Refuge	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Life Echo	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
Candles	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 2, '27
Earth-Canonized	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 9, '27
Ghost Echoes	<i>America</i> , Feb. 19, '27
Separation	<i>Century</i> , Mar., '27
White Tones	<i>America</i> , July 16, '27
ROBINSON, W. W.—Creeping Fear	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
Frailty	" " "
ROCHE, LORETTA—Words For One Absent	
	<i>Buccaneer</i> , July-Dec., '26
For a Portrait	<i>Va. Quart. Rev.</i> , Oct., '26
Song on a Still Afternoon	" " "
Opal	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
Cadence	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 6, '27
RODGER, SARAH ELIZABETH—Harbor Waiting	
	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
Hoof-Beats	<i>Poetry</i> , Mar., '27
Quest	" " "
ROGERS, MARJORIE—Sonnet	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
Illusion	<i>Foot Prints</i> , May, '27
ROLWING, MARY—Phantasy	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 30, '27
ROMATKA, ANTON—Frost Moon	
	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
The Poet's Prayer	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
ROMIG, EDNA DAVIS—Lincoln	
	<i>Daily Camera (Boulder, Colo.)</i> , Feb. 12, '27
Knowledge	<i>Window</i> , Feb. 14, '27
If I Should Bring a Gift	" "
Another Volume	" "
Influence	<i>Col. Chautauqua</i> , Mar., '27
"Ay, But to Lose Our Bottles in the Pool"	
	<i>Lyric W.</i> , June, '27
ROOF, KATHERINE METCALF—In the Garden of Versailles	
	<i>Echo</i> , Aug., '26
Apartments to Let	<i>Echo</i> , Nov., '26
Etheric	<i>Echo</i> , June, '27
ROONEY, MARY M.—Anklets	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 26, '27
ROOT, E. MERRILL—Pretty Polly	
	<i>Mod. Quarterly</i> , Sept.-Dec., '26
For Scholars	<i>Forum</i> , Oct., '26
Jonathan Edwards	<i>New Masses</i> , Oct., '26
Background	<i>Voices</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
The Sower	" "
Il Duce	<i>Mod. Quarterly</i> , Jan.-Apr., '27
Wishing	<i>Ch. Century</i> , Jan. 13, '27
Youth and Death	<i>Ch. Century</i> , Jan. 20, '27
Sursum Corda	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 26, '27
Beyond Light	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb.-Mar., '27
Flames	" " "
Annunciation	<i>World Tomorrow</i> , Mar., '27
April Rabbit	<i>Poetry Folio</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27

Astronomy	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Mar. 3, '27
Our Castle in Spain	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Mar. 24, '27
Vision of the Trees	<i>Voices</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Strollers on Eternity	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , May, '27
Esoteric	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
Into Nature	<i>Opportunity</i> , July, '27
RORTY, JAMES—Words for a Young Woman Who Wanted to Die	<i>Nation</i> , Sept. 8, '26
A Niece of the Old Lady from Dubuque	<i>New Masses</i> , Oct., '26
Another Niece	" " "
The River	<i>Nation</i> , Oct. 13, '26
Spring Breakers	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
Almost Eureka!	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
Boy and Gull	" "
The Innocents	" "
At Any Bench	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
The Wind Beyond Time	<i>Nation</i> , June 8, '27
ROSE, BLANCHE WALTRIP—Vision	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
Admonition	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '27
One Woman	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , May, '27
Mystery Woman	<i>Lyric</i> , July, '27
Miqua	<i>Echo</i> , July, '27
ROSE, HERBERT—Mediocrity	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
ROSE, MILTON S.—Twilight	<i>Echo</i> , Feb., '27
Day-Fall	" "
Night	" "
The Laughing Gull	<i>Echo</i> , May, '27
To a Liverwort	<i>Echo</i> , June, '27
ROSEN, SIEGFRIED—Unearthly	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Conflict	<i>Buccaneer</i> , July-Dec., '26
ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN—Soliloquy in Daytime	<i>Midland</i> , Sept., '26
Iowa	<i>Century</i> , Nov., '26
Oxford	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '26
ROWE, EDITH—Irish Linen	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
ROYAL, ARIEL—Bitter Herbs	<i>Buccaneer</i> , July-Dec., '26
Bloom O' Mystery	" "
Introduction	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
Cui Bono?	" "
Hearts Are Not Made Like That	" "
Choose	" "
First	" "
ROYCE, PENFIELD—Futility	<i>Commonweal</i> , Nov. 3, '26
RUFFIN, SARA OSBORNE—Conscience	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Sept., '26
RUSS, PENELOPE—Mine for the Plucking	<i>College Humor</i> , Mar., '27
RUSSELL, MARY HOLBROOK—Realities	<i>Bookman</i> , Oct., '26
RUSSELL, SYDNEY KING—Night	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
Catullus to His Love	<i>College Humor</i> , Dec., '26
Dust	<i>Sports & Vanities</i> , Feb., '27
Sonnet	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
Old King Jazz	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Apr., '27

- Sonnet *Lyric W.*, May, '27
 RUTHENBURG, GRACE H.—On a Stem *Poetry*, Aug., '26
 Genii " "
 Legacy " "
 RUTHERFORD, ROBERT—Caryatides *Century*, Dec., '26
 RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD—In a Forest *Scribner's*, June, '27
 A Lad Reads Homer *Va. Quart. Rev.*, July, '27
 RYAN, ANNE—Of This Old Square *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Sonnet " " " "
 RYAN, KATHRYN WHITE—Pieta *Commonweal*, Sept. 22, '26
 Cathedral *Commonweal*, Oct. 27, '26
 My Shadow *Voices*, Nov., '26
 The Subway *Commonweal*, Mar. 2, '27
 Ebb Tide *Commonweal*, Mar. 23, '27
 SAMALMAN, ALEXANDER—The Broken Vase *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 SAMPSON, HARRIET—Cloak of Pride *Commonweal*, Oct. 6, '26
 Meagre Fragrance *World Tomorrow*, Nov., '26
 Eastern Pioneer " " "
 Puritan Legacy " " "
 To a New Apartment House *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
 SAMPSON, GAIL DONHAM—The Kiss *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
 SANDERS, MYRA—A May-Day Superstition *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27
 SANDERS, OTTYS—Oblivion *Poetry*, Dec., '26
 Beggars of the Sea " "
 A Minstrel From the Island of the Moon " "
 SANDOZ, PAUL—Soldiers, Riding *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
 Song *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 In an Old Garden *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Once They Were Walking *Echo*, June, '27
 Though There Be Tears *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
 SANGSTER, MARGARET—In Memoriam (Rudolph Valentino) *Photoplay*, Jan., '27
 SAPIR, EDWARD—Thoughts on the Soul *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Escape into the Night *Nation*, June 1, '27
 When Long in His Eye *Poetry*, July, '27
 The Tribune Tower " "
 He Implores His Beloved " "
 Blowing Winds " "
 SARETT, LEW—Black Omen *Bookman*, May, '27
 Articulate Thrush *Dearborn Ind.*, June 4, '27
 SARGENT, JR., SAMUEL M.—Chiroptera *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Rain Etching *Poetry*, Jan., '27
 SASSOON, SIEGFRIED—One Who Was With Me *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 14, '26

- SAUNDERS, WHITE LAW—If I Might Choose My Going
Lyric, Sept., '26
 What Laughing God
 Haunted House *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 The First Grave-Digger " " " "
 Speaks " " " "
 Black Mood *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Spring Songs *Town Topics*, Mar., '27
 Old Kentucky—A Pioneer Character
Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Wild Plum Petals *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 A Maid, Just Buried, Thinks *Tanager*, July, '27
 In the Manner of Thomas Hardy " "
 The Seamstress " "
 SAWYER, FRANCES—Jungle Pool *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Forfeit *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 SAXTON, BYRD B.—An Ol' Clothes-Line
Kentucky F. L. & P., Spr., '27
 SCHANKE, HARRIETT—Words *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN—The Poetry Cure
Cont. V., Feb.-Mar., '27
 SCHEFFAUER, ETHEL TALBOT—Adam the Dreamer
Poetry, Apr., '27
 Herds at Evening " "
 Three Unknown Lyrics by Heinrich Heine
Bookman, May, '27
 SCHIMBERG, ALFRED P.—A Horseman of Christ
America, Aug. 7, '26
 SCHNEIDER, DANIEL E.—Moon of Falling Leaves
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
 SCHOLL, JOHN WILLIAM—Phantom Bells
Am. Poetry, Dec., '26
 To a Pot of Freesias " " "
 SCHROY, PAULINE—The Reason
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
 SCHUELL, HILDRED—The Little Box *De Pauw*, Oct., '26
 Colour Prints *De Pauw*, May, '27
 SCHULTZ, LULU MINERVA—Sterile
Lariat, Nov., '26
 Night *Extension*, Mar., '27
 April *Extension*, Apr., '27
 Tony *Poets' Scroll*, July, '26
 God Alone Knows *Ky. Folk-Lore*, July, '27
 SCHWAB, ANTONIA Y.—Evening in Havana
Am. Poetry, Oct., '26
 A Memory *Lantern*, May, '27
 Old White Lace *America*, July 9, '27
 SCOLLARD, CLINTON—Forgotten Cities
Commonweal, Aug. 4, '26
 Thanksgiving Song *Commonweal*, Nov. 24, '26
 The Drama's End: Navada *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 The Faun *Commonweal*, Apr. 6, '27
 Song of the Summer Stars *Lyric W.*, June, '27
 We Came to Hebron *Step Ladder*, June, '27
 Conclave *Commonweal*, July 13, '27

Music	<i>Voices</i> , July, '27
When I Consider	"
SCOTT, CLARISSA—Joy	<i>Opportunity</i> , Oct., '26
The Mask	<i>Palms</i> , Oct., '26
SCOTT, RILEY—Mother	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Oct., '26
Bury Me in Old Kentucky	<i>Kentucky F. L. & P.</i> , Win., '27
SCOVILLE, EMMA THOMAS—Stricken Flowers	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov., '26
SCUDDER, ANTOINETTE—Spinsters	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June-July, '27
SEAGROVE, GORDON—The 13% American	<i>College Humor</i> , Aug., '26
SEAMAN, HELLENE—Words	<i>Lyric W.</i> , June, '27
SEAYER, EDWIN—In Exile	<i>Monorah Journal</i> , June, '27
SECCOMBE, ANNE—With Loving Done	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
SEELEMIRE, GERALDINE—Drift	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Nov., '26
Wolf-Dawn	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Dec., '26
SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN—The Hidden Door	<i>Outlook</i> , Dec. 29, '26
Ballad of a Scarlet Shawl	<i>Sat. Rev. Lit.</i> , Jan. 22, '27
Ballad of the Dolphin's Daughter	<i>Poetry</i> , Feb., '27
Ballad of a Queen; To Dr. James H. Breasted	" "
Thistle and Thorn	<i>Outlook</i> , Feb. 9, '27
SETON, MARY—The Blessing of Saint Francis	<i>Commonweal</i> , Oct. 6, '26
SEWELL, CLO ERA—Uncle Ezry on the City	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
SEYBOLD, JOHN W.—A Thought	<i>Foot Prints</i> , May, '27
SEYMOUR, GEORGE STEELE—Filling Station	<i>Tanager</i> , Jan., '27
Car Tracks	" "
Motor Cars	" "
Sight-Seeing	" "
The Dark House	" "
Office Buildings	" "
Very Fines Houses	" "
The Street at Night	" "
City Streets	" "
SEYMOUR, CAROLINE JULIA—The Stone Lions	<i>Foot Prints</i> , May, '27
SHALLCROSS, ELEANOR CUSTIS—"Love Not the World"	<i>Commonweal</i> , Oct. 13, '26
The Roman Road	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 1, '26
SHAW, DOROTHY STOTT—Rome	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
Bayou Salade	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Mar., '27
Ode Campestral	<i>Echo</i> , Mar., '27
SHAW, FRANCES—I Taught Three Babes	<i>Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
The Garden of No-Delight	" "
The Trick	" "

- Plymouth Hoe in the Rain, England,
1925 *Poetry*, Oct., '26
- SHEAD, FLOSSIE FAITH—One Evening *Step Ladder*, Dec., '26
Earth Moods *Lariat*, Jan., '27
Vagabond *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
My Mother's Hands *Wisconsin*, Apr., '27
The Loveliness of Earth *Wisconsin*, May, '27
To a Harlot *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
- SHEFFIELD, RENA CARY—The Street Called Straight
Churchman, Nov. 27, '26
- SHEPARD, KATHERINE F.—Main Street
Am. Poetry, Oct., '26
- SHEPARD, ODELL—I Shall Remember *Scribner's*, Nov., '26
- SHERMAN, ELLEN BURNS—In the Twilight of Faith
Gammadion, Fall, '26
- SHERMAN, GEORGE W.—Longshoremen
Muse & Mirror, Oct.-Nov., '26
- SHERRY, PEARL ANDELSON—Polar Bear *Forge*, Aut., '26
A Swan " "
Cates " "
Coyote " "
Pattern of Deer " "
And the Prophets in Their Season *Dial*, Oct., '26
- SHIFFRIN, A. B.—Bed *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
Dogs " " "
The Peddler *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
The Butcher " " " "
- SHILLITO, EDWARD—I Am the Last
Christian Cent., Mar. 17, '27
- SHINN, ROBERT R.—Mad-Man *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
Spent Hopes " " " "
Jobs " " " "
- SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T.—To Isadora Duncan
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
- SHIPPEN, KATHERINE B.—Pedagogy
World Tomorrow, July, '27
- SHIPP, E. RICHARD—Nature's Harp *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
- SHORES, NANCY—Reward *College Humor*, Dec., '26
Pierrette Leaning on a Broom *College Humor*, Feb., '27
Judas *College Humor*, Mar., '27
Laetitia *College Humor*, June, '27
Half Love *College Humor*, July, '27
- SHOWALTER, PORTIA—Carnival *De Pauw*, Mar., '27
Familiar Things *De Pauw*, May, '27
- SHUMARDE, COLIN DARIS—Rhapsodie
Am. Poetry, Nov., '26
- SIBLEY, GRACE—Impression *Poetry*, Aug., '26
Rebellion " "
- SIDDALL, FRANCES M.—Reality *Gypsy*, June, '27
- SIDENER, CHARLES H.—Give Him a Lift
Kentucky F. L. & P., Win., '27

SIEGEL, ELI—Grief My Dear	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Aug., '26
Smoke Goes Up Slowly	<i>Nation</i> , Sept. 1, '26
Popes Have Tried to Live Longer	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Humanity	" " " "
State of Love	" " " "
Worms Go South and They Fit In	<i>Free Verse</i> , Apr., '27
SIGERSON, GEORGE—The Church of the Apple Tree	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 13, '27
SIGMUND, JAY G.—Mortgagee and Mortgage Holder	<i>Golden Quill</i> , Sum., '26
Wanton's Return	" " "
October Auction	" " "
Mother Blood	" " "
Tardy Shipwreck	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Sept., '26
Whisperers	" " "
Taxidermist	<i>Poetry</i> , Nov., '26
Hill Gardener	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
Disgraced	<i>Midland</i> , Feb., '27
Loam Bound	<i>Midland</i> , Apr., '27
Homily	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , July, '27
Whittler	<i>Midland</i> , July, '27
SILL, LOUISE MORGAN—On Hearing Julia Marlowe Read	
Shakespeare's Sonnets	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 29, '27
SILVAY, CHALISS—Epitaph for a Prude	<i>Echo</i> , Sept., '26
Synonym in Miniature	" "
Epitaph for a Harlot	" "
Tramp Steamer	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Tug Boat	" " " "
Freighter	" " " "
Yacht	" " " "
Avowal	<i>Overland</i> , Oct., '26
Potter's Field	<i>Echo</i> , Nov., '26
Caprice	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Impulsive Inquisition	" " " "
To Be Carefully Folded and Placed Among the Notes of a Certain Prostitute	" " " "
Adagio at Seventy	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
Lines Concerning S.	<i>Gypsy</i> , Mar., '27
With Child	<i>Harp</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Sonnet for S.	<i>Echo</i> , May, '27
Petition	<i>Opportunity</i> , May, '27
SILVERA, EDWARD—Happiness	<i>Crisis</i> , Nov., '26
Death	<i>Crisis</i> , Nov., '26
On the Death of a Young Friend	<i>Opportunity</i> , Dec., '26
Forgotten Dreams	" "
Color	<i>Crisis</i> , Apr., '27
SILVERMAN, EVELYN—Just a Picture	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
SIMMONS, LAURA—The Way	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 20, '27

- SIMPSON, MABEL—Lend Me Your Songs *Poetry*, Sept., '26
 I Saw a Door " "
 Passage " "
 Lament " "
 The Dew Upon " "
 "Shelley" *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Weep Not For Leaves " "
 Shaft " "
 This Tree *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- SINCLAIR, IDA LOWRY—The Mennonite Girl *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Gypsy Bred *Forum*, Apr., '27
- SINK, EMMA—Camp Fire Girls All *College Humor*, Dec., '26
- SISLEY, BLANCHE HOWE—Without You *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
- SITWELL, OSBERT—When First the Poets Sung *Harper's* July, '27
- SKAVLAN, MARGARET—The Shadow River *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
 Aspiration *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Blessed Are the Poor *Commonweal*, Apr. 6, '27
- SKEMP, BURD BENNETT—Peeling Apples *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- SKINNER, CORNELIA OTIS—Prayer to the Florence Madonna *Scribner's*, '27
- SLATER, ELEANOR—Domain *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Publicity " "
 Development " "
 Substance *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
- SLOANAKER, LYDAY—Tempo *Personalist*, Jan., '27
- SMALL, FLORENCE S.—Closed Eyelids *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 Fantasy " "
 Magnolia Blossoms " "
 April Snow " "
 Sky in Early March " "
 City in Mist " "
 Young Look *Century*, July, '27
- SMITH, A. J. M.—The Two Sides of a Drum *Dial*, Dec., '26
 Chanson un peu Banale *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Shadows There Are *Nation*, May 4, '27
 Varia *Voices*, July, '27
- SMITH, AURA—On a Portrait by Wienhold Ries *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
- SMITH, CHARD POWERS—Roman Marching Song *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 Birthright *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 Dead March for a Roman General *Poetry*, Jan., '27
 Threnody " "
- SMITH, CLARK ASHTON—Moesta Et Errabunda (From

Baudelaire)	<i>Step Ladder</i> , May, '27
Obsession (From Baudelaire)	" " "
Levin Des Amants (From	" " "
Baudelaire)	" " "
Les Hiboux (From Baudelaire)	" " "
Alchimie de la Douleur (From	" " "
Baudelaire)	" " "
Semper Eadem (From Baude-	" " "
laire)	" " "
Incognito	" " "
Ave Atque Vale	" " "
Beauty Implacable	" " "
Maya	" " "
The Love-Potion	" " "
Love Is Not Yours, Love Is	" " "
Not Mine	" " "
A Fragment	" " "
Quest	" " "
The Crucifixion of Eros	" " "
Belated Love	" " "
Query	" " "
Consolation	" " "
The Barrier	" " "
SMITH, GRANVILLE PAUL—Destiny	<i>Harper's</i> , May, '27
Ego	<i>Harper's</i> , Jan., '27
SMITH, HELEN F.—Rocket	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Apr., '27
SMITH, JANET—Indian Man	<i>Foot Prints</i> , May, '27
SMITH, JOHN F.—The Spirit of Music	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Oct., '26
Ballads and Folk Songs	<i>Ky. F. L. & P.</i> , Spr., '27
My Fatherland	" " " " " "
SMITH, MARGARET GARDNER—Nirvana	<i>Gypsy</i> , June, '27
SMITH, ROBERT A.—To the San Francisco Symphony	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
Orchestra	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
SMITH, SARAH BIXBY—Interlude	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
SMITH, S. J., SIDNEY J.—When I Am Dead	<i>America</i> , July 30, '27
SNODGRASS, LOUISE H.—The Road	<i>Gypsy</i> , Dec., '26
SNOW, FLORENCE L.—Ultima Thule	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
SNOW, WILBERT—Conflict	<i>Century</i> , Dec., '26
A Pioneer	<i>World Tomorrow</i> , Dec., '26
Shore Path	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb.-Mar., '27
SNYDER, PAUL—A River	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
SOPER, LAURA DEWITT—Red Rhododendrons	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
A Song for the Beloved	<i>Step Ladder</i> , Apr., '27
SOLOW, SOPHIE—On an Arabic Theme	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Aug., '26
SORTOR, DAVID—Over a Banjo	<i>College Humor</i> , Aug., '26
SPATES, VIRGINIA—The Radio	<i>Step Ladder</i> , June, '27
SPAULDING, EDITH B.—Northumberland	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Nov., '26
Words Unspoken	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27

- SPAULDING, E. LESLIE—Crows' Feet
 To Countee Cullen *Golden Quill*, Sum., '26
 Island Farmer *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 Ashes *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 River Loafer *Am. Poetry*, Nov., '26
 High Lights *College Humor*, Jan., '27
 Beachcomber *Step Ladder*, Jan., '27
 The Feast *Lantern*, May, '27
 An Old Master *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Native " " " "
 SPEER, CLARA AIKEN—Cindrella *College Humor*, July, '27
 SPEIGHT, ROBERT—Stillness *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 SPEIRS, RUSSELL F.—Perspective *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 The Quest of Bilimbus *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 SPENCE, ALMA WOLDERT—Gypsy-Hearted *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Gypsy, June, '27
 SPENCER, ANNE—Lines to a Nasturtium *Palms*, Oct., '26
 SPENCER, BERNARD—The Sunset Trail
 Kentucky F. L. & P., Win., '27
 SPENCER, CHERIE FOREMAN—Inarticulate
 Harp, May-June, '27
 SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE—Junior Public Library
 Words *Echo*, Aug., '26
 Poetry Editor *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 Bete Noire " " "
 Bugbear *Am. Parade*, Oct., '26
 Dog-in-the-Manger " " "
 'Fraid-cat " " "
 Goat " " "
 Nightmare " " "
 Papago Myth *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Far View-Mesa Verde *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 The Bestiary *Atlantic Mo.*, Feb., '27
 The "Rejected" *Echo*, Mar., '27
 Cerebral *Lyric W.*, June, '27
 SPENCER, WILLIAM—Encounter *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 SPEYER, LEONORA—Rainy Day in the Valley
 Lyric, Feb., '27
 Midnight Beach *New Repub.*, Mar. 30, '27
 March . . . April *New Repub.*, Apr. 27, '27
 Salome *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 STAIT, VIRGINIA—To My Ancestors *Los Angeles S. N.*, '26
 Jeanne D'Arc *Paris Telegram*, '26
 Untested *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 The Damask Room *Lyric*, Oct., '26
 Midnight *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Pillage *Westminster*, Dec., '26
 The Caryatides Speak *Lyric*, Apr., '27

The Guitar	Westminster, June, '27
Denied	Echo, June, '27
STALLINGS, HELEN POTEAT—May Afternoon	Bookman, May, '27
STARBUCK, GRACE B.—Reminder	Step Ladder, Sept., '26
Adolescence	College Humor, July, '27
STARRETT, VINCENT—An Old House	Cont. V., Dec. Jan., '27
Sky Writer	College Humor, Jan., '27
Masquerade	Cont. V., Feb.-Mar., '27
Newspaper Portrait	Step Ladder, Mar., '27
STEARNS, NOEL—Indian Summer	Lyric W., Sept., '26
Harvest Song	Lyric W., Nov., '26
Second Hand	Lyric W., Dec., '26
Choice	Lyric W., Feb., '27
Song	Poetry, May, '27
Dawn	Lyric W., June, '27
Perversity	Lyric W., May, '27
Michigamme	Poetry, May, '27
STEARNS, ELISE—Sky Egret	Lyric W., Feb., '27
STEEN, JOSEPHINE MASON—Yeg Yhee	Lyric W., Nov., '26
STEPHEN, A. M.—Challenge	Lyric W., Feb., '27
STERLING, GEORGE—Silence	Sat. Rev. of Lit., Sept. 4, '26
Counsel	Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
The Seventh Veil	Nation, Nov. 3, '26
The Final Faith	Commonweal, Dec. 1, '26
The Dark Nation	Opportunity, Dec., '26
To Pain	Yale Rev., Jan., '27
Sacrament	Harp, Jan.-Feb., '27
The Sowers	Books: N. Y. Herald Tribune, Apr. 3, '27
STERLING, ZUELLA—Indian Baskets	Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
STEVENS, GOULD—To My Quiet Moments	Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
STEWART, BETTIE SALE—Strange	Am. Poetry, Aug., '26
STEWART, IRENE—Hypnotic	Lyric, Aug., '26
My Fisherman	Independent, Sept. 4, '26
The Eternal Feminine	Lyric W., Sept., '26
Incompatible	Lyric W., Sept., '27
Mallards	Lyric W., Oct., '26
The Strange Island of Thorn	Commonweal, Nov. 24, '26
Afterward	Lyric W., Jan., '27
Young Mrs. Croner	Voices, July, '27
STEWART, WINIFRED GRAY—Ten O'Clock	Lyric W., Sept., '26
Silk Counter	Lyric W., May, '27
Millinery	" " "
Handkerchiefs	" " "
STILES, ROBERTA—Reconciliation	Oracle, Sum., '26
Falling-Stars	Golden Quill, Sum., '26
Masquerade	Love Romances, Aug., '26
Soul O' Her	Poets' Scroll, Aug., '26

A Topaz Ring and Saffron Scarf	
	<i>Love Romances</i> , Oct., '26
October Garden	<i>N. E. Homestead</i> , Oct., '26
When Love Came	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Oct., '26
Partridge Berries	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Nov., '26
Since You Came	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Dec., '26
Scarlet Beads	<i>Love Story</i> , Dec., '26
The Rainbow Fete	<i>Love Romances</i> , Dec., '26
Star of the Sea	<i>Poets' Scroll</i> , Jan., '27
Where Are You Going, Laddie?	<i>Love Romances</i> , Jan., '27
Idle Farmer	<i>Country Bard</i> , Win., '26-'27
Ashes	<i>Voice</i> , Win., '26-'27
The Mask	<i>Wayfarer</i> , Win., '26
Jewels	<i>Prism</i> , Mar., '27
Adorned	<i>Ladies' H. J.</i> , Mar., '27
Sunset	<i>Orpheus</i> , Mar., '27
Violets	<i>Love Romances</i> , Mar., '27
Night	<i>Northern Light</i> , Mar., '27
Pride	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Moon-Blight	<i>Beads & Charms</i> , Apr., '27
Crispin's Foundling	" " " " " "
Second Wife	<i>Voices</i> , Apr.-May, '27
Love's Jewels	<i>Love Romances</i> , June, '27
STILLMAN, MILDRED WHITNEY—Pioneers	
	<i>Outlook</i> , Sept. 15, '26
Five O'Clock	<i>Lyric</i> , Feb., '27
Fire	<i>Lyric</i> , Mar., '27
Inheritance	<i>Junior L. B.</i> , Apr., '27
For One Who Never Prays	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 18, '27
Maine	<i>Va. Quart. Rev.</i> , July, '27
Return	<i>Lyric</i> , July, '27
STITES, LORD—Fragment	<i>Century</i> , Aug., '26
Watch	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
STILLWELL, ETHEL BROOKS—To a Blind Baby	
	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
The Price	<i>Lyric W.</i> , June, '27
STOAKLEY, FRANCES W.—The Stir of Quiet Things	
	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
STOCKETT, LETITIA—Wild Geese	<i>Lyric</i> , Oct., '26
The Swans at Wells	<i>Lyric</i> , July, '27
STOKES, RUTH—Astonishment	<i>Tanager</i> , Mar., '27
STONE, CAROL—Deep Waters	<i>America</i> , Nov. 6, '26
The Italian	<i>America</i> , Jan. 8, '27
Easter	<i>America</i> , Apr. 16, '27
STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN—To an Older Woman	
	<i>Harper's</i> , Sept., '26
A Little Girl Comes to Visit	
	<i>Commonweal</i> , Nov. 10, '26
To Lucy	" "
Frontispiece	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 19, '27
Pumpkins	<i>College Humor</i> , Jan., '27

- STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—Poverello
Commonweal, Oct. 6, '26
 Sailor to Siren *Lyric*, Nov., '26
 Song of a Ploughman *Poetry*, Feb., '27
 Advice to a Flower *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
- STRAHAN, SPEER—Hope Is an Orchard
Commonweal, Nov. 3, '26
 The Mad Lover *Commonweal*, Dec. 8, '26
- STRANGE, B. Y.—I Know You Think It Strange
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
- STREIT, ETHEL—A Poet's Prayer *Magnificat*, Feb., '27
- STROBEL, MARION—Island *Forge*, Sum., '26
 Dutch Adventure *College Humor*, Aug., '26
 Song of Summer *Poetry*, Sept., '26
 Sand Picture " "
 Too Well I Know " "
 Gift From the Empty-Handed " "
 In This Room " "
 Flirt " "
 Protest " "
 Last Migration " "
 Captive " "
 Still Life " "
 For a Lady Pursued " "
 Torch-Bearers " "
 Bridges " "
 Boutonniere *College Humor*, Feb., '27
- STRONG, JOHN—The True American *Crisis*, April, '27
- STRONG, L. A. G.—Epigram *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 On An Old Lady " "
 On a Poet " "
 The Old Priest *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 The Greengrocer's Daughter *Century*, Apr., '27
 Of the Passionate Beauty *Lyric*, Apr., '27
 The Sulky Lover *Dial*, July, '27
- STUART, H.—The Heart's Content *Poetry*, Oct., '26
 Summer " "
 Refuge " "
 September " "
 By the Waterfall " "
- STUART, HENRY LONGAN—The Leaven
Commonweal, Sept. 15, '26
 Decidua *Commonweal*, Nov. 17, '26
 On Reading Some Lines in Horace *Commonweal*, Dec. 8, '26
 The Bride *Commonweal*, May 18, '27
- STURGES, LUCY HALE—Puppet Moon *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
 Before Sunrise *Step Ladder*, Dec., '26
- SULLIVAN, A. M.—Advice *Forge*, Sum., '26
 Soul Colors *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Villanelle to Melancholy " " " "
 The Hymn of the Headstone *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 He Was An Eagle: In Memoriam, Stewart P. Sherman, 1881-1926 *Voices*, Feb., '27

The Flight	G. V. Quill, Mar.-Apr., '27
Christmas Up-To-Date	" " " "
My Hamlet	" " " "
The Obvious	Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
High Tide	Free Verse, Apr., '27
The Daffodil Speaks	Commonweal, Apr. 20, '27
The Storm at Sea	Cont. V., June-July, '27
SUTTON, MARJORIE—A Wish	Muse & Mirror, Oct.-Nov., '26
SWAIN, Y. F.—At Midnight	Poetry, Mar., '27
Plea For Free Verse	" " " "
SWAN, LOUISE—A Weather Song	De Pauw, Dec., '26
SWARTZ, ROBERTA—Miracle	Bookman, Mar., '27
SWETT, MARGERY—The Prisoner Prepares for the Execution	College Humor, Feb., '27
SWIFT, HILDEGARDE HOYT—The Teacher	Christian Cent., Jan. 13, '27
The Man of Galilee	Christian Cent., Feb. 17, '27
SYKES, VELMA WEST—The Gypsy	Harp, Jan.-Feb., '27
TAFT, CLARA MAXWELL—Durability	Am. Poetry, Sept., '26
The Point of View	" " " "
I Shall Want More	Am. Poetry, Oct., '26
Captain and Carpenter	" " " "
Elise and the Heavenly Bodies	Am. Poetry, Dec., '26
The Pavement	Am. Poetry, June, '27
TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE—Lullaby	Burial
Little Chant	World Tomorrow, Nov., '26
Swimming Elm Avenue	Harp, Nov.-Dec., '26
Wrestle With the Sea	Harp, Jan.-Feb., '27
TATE, ALLEN—Vigil	Harp, May-June, '27
Idiot	Nation, July 6, '27
TATUM, EDITH—Evening	Va. Quart. Rev., July, '27
The Trysting Place	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Sept.-Oct., '26
Confidence	Poets' Scroll, Oct., '26
The First Christmas	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Nov.-Dec., '26
Memories	Woman's Viewpoint, Dec., '26
Omen	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Mar.-Apr., '27
Contrast	Will-o'-The-Wisp, May-June, '27
Alchemy	Love Story, June, '27
TAYLOR, ALLAN—Reflections	New South, July, '27
TAYLOR, ELETHA MAE—A Hill of Bluegrass	Ky. Folk-Lore, Oct., '26
Taylor, Elkanah East—Love	Kentucky F. L. & P., Spr., '27
Eleanor	Muse & Mirror, Sept., '26
A Winter Tree	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Sept.-Oct., '26
A Life	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Nov.-Dec., '26
Nights' Carnival	Harp, Jan.-Feb., '27
In After Years	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Jan.-Feb., '27
Returning	Lariat, Feb., '27
TAYLOR, FRANCES BEATRICE—The Spell	Will-o'-The-Wisp, Mar.-Apr., '27
	Poetry, Jan., '27

- TAYLOR, LEO S. W.—With Nonchalance
G. V. Quill, Aug., '26
- TAYLOR, LOIS—Starry Night from a Hill
Opportunity, May, '27
- Song
- TAYLOR, MARY ATWATER—Four Futilities Lyric, Aug., '26
Surface-Deep G. V. Quill, Nov., '26
Moment Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- TEASDALE, SARA—A Star Map Bookman, Dec., '26
- TELLO, MANLY—From Home to Home Pegasus, Aug., '26
The Weary World Pegasus, '26
Homeward Cleveland Universe, '26
- TERRY, KATHARINE C.—Fidelitas
Commonweal, May 11, '27
- THANHOUSER, MARIAN—Home Poetry, June, '27
Young Witches
- THAYER, GEORGIANA—Chilly April Voices, July, '27
- THAYER, HARRIET MAXON—Anniversary
Midland, June, '27
- THAYER, MARY DIXON—Homo Factus Est
America, Aug., 28, '26
Abandon America, Oct. 2, '26
My Top Commonweal, Nov. 10, '26
To Elizabeth America, Nov. 20, '26
To a Day Commonweal, '27
Learning America, Jan., 22, '27
All Thine to Thee America, Mar. 12, '27
Easter Song Commonweal, Apr., '27
Offering America, Apr. 30, '27
Madrigals America, May 21, '27
Coram Sabctissimo America, July 16, '27
- THAYER, SCOFIELD—I Walk, Understandingly
Dial, Aug., '26
Crow Song: For Texas Wilson Dial, Sept., '26
Chanson Eperdue Dial, Oct., '26
In Evil Time Dial, Nov., '26
Le Cantique Des Desirs Inassouvis Dial, Dec., '26
- THOMAS, ARTHUR N.—A Darky's Prayer
Foot Prints, May, '27
- THOMAS, ELIZABETH HENKE—Yellow Violets
Lyric W., May, '27
- THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING—Tell Me! Lyric, Aug., '26
The Poet Is a Miser Bookman, Nov., '26
Puck By a Toadstool Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '27
Country Home Commonweal, Feb. 16, '27
December Night Poetry, May, '27
- THOMAS, MARGARET LORING—Snow Sails
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
Circus-City Foot Prints, Mar., '27
Hokku Cont. V., June-July, '27
- THOMPSON, BERYL V.—Afterward
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Sept.-Oct., '26
Tribute Will-o'-The-Wisp, Jan.-Feb., '27

- THOMPSON, DONALD—The Sight-Rhyme *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Spithead, 1828, (An etching by Cooke) *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Books Once Were Men *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 THOMPSON, HAROLD—Sub Specie Aeternitatis *Bookman*, Aug., '26
 THOMPSON, JESSIE EBERLY—Lights *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 Voices in the Wind *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov., '26
 THORNTON, FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE—To Francis Thompson *America*, Jan. 22, '27
 To Alice Meynell *America*, Jan. 29, '27
 Lark-Wise *Commonweal*, May 4, '27
 THORPE, CLARENCE D.—John Keats *Sat. Rev. Lit.*, Jan. 22, '27
 THORPE, IRIS LORA—Babylonian Prayer *Echo*, Feb., '27
 Pagoda of Stars *Echo*, May, '27
 THRO, MARY—Sonnet *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
 Ebb and Flow *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 THURSCWELL, H. T.—To a Virgin *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 TIBEAU, BEATRICE—Sea Moods *Lyric W.*, Dec., '26
 TIETJENS, EUNICE—The Man Who Loved Mary *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 TILDEN, ETHEL ARNOLD—Old Things *De Pauw*, Win., '26
 Hymn for a Child on Mother's Day *Good Housekeeping*, May, '27
 TITUS, ELEANOR MARY—Blossoms *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26
 Evening *Lyric W.*, Mar., '27
 Smoke *Lyric W.*, June, '27
 Shadow of Night " " "
 TOBIAS, RUBY WEYBURN—The Outcast *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
 Storm *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
 TOBIN, JAMES E.—Arboreal *Commonweal*, Oct. 13, '26
 Search *Commonweal*, Dec. 8, '26
 To the Nurse of Man *America*, May 7, '27
 Youth *Commonweal*, June 8, '27
 TOBOLD, IRMA—Whimsey *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Inconsistency *Foot Prints*, July, '27
 TODAHL, MARGERY ATWOOD—Vikingabruden *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
 Gratitude *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
 Sea Gulls in Flight *Commonweal*, Oct. 20, '26
 My Home Shall Crown the Hills *Pictorial Rev.*, May, '27
 TODD, E. D.—Have We Not Wandered in the Market-Place? *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 Cercammon Woos *Step Ladder*, May, '27
 TODHUNTER, PAYSON—Requiem *College Humor*, July, '27
 TONIO—Moon Dance *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26

TRENT, LUCIA—Resolution	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Aug., '26
Request	" " " "
Beauty	" " " "
Wounded	" " " "
Choice	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Sept., '26
Thoughts on a Prison	<i>Unity</i> , Nov., '26
Change	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Lines to a Woman	" " " "
A Lonely Lady Looks into the Night	" " " "
TRENT, LUCIA—In Young Woods	<i>Oracle</i> , '26
Little Lady of Comfort	<i>New Leader</i> , Jan., '27
They Say She Came	<i>Harp</i> , Jan.-Feb., '27
Two Women	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
Arid	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Mood	<i>Foot Prints</i> , May, '27
Tired	<i>Gypsy</i> , June, '27
A White Woman Speaks	<i>Opportunity</i> , June, '27
Rebirth	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June-July, '27
I Shall Not Grieve Too Much	<i>Century</i> , July, '27
TRIGG, EMMA GRAY—For Dreams That Die	<i>Lyric</i> , Aug., '26
Under Sirius	<i>Lyric</i> , Sept., '26
Pygmy	<i>Lyric</i> , Nov., '26
Salvage	<i>Lyric</i> , Jan., '27
Armor	" "
TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND—Her Singing Name	<i>Midland</i> , Dec., '26
Ancestral House	<i>Southwest Rev.</i> , Win., '27
TROYER, BYRON L.—Spring	<i>Boys' Chum</i> , May, '27
My Rose Colored Glasses	<i>Boys' Chum</i> , June, '27
TRUSLER, HARRY R.—Niels Petersen, The Sower	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Love Is Love	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , June, '27
TULL, JEWELL BOTHWELL—The Dance	<i>Poetry</i> , Aug., '26
Preparation	" "
To a Heartless Connoisseur	" "
Coquette	" "
Transformation	" "
Peace	" "
To Socrates	" "
TUNNELL, BARBARA MADISON—At the Poetry Contest	<i>Century</i> , Dec., '26
A Young Portrait-Painter Exhibits	<i>Century</i> , May, '27
TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE—Lost At Sea	<i>Lyric</i> , May, '27
Macroom on Market Day	" "
TURNBULL, BELLE—In a Puritan's House	<i>Poetry</i> , June, '27
TURNER, ALVA N.—Defeat	<i>Poetry</i> , July, '27
TURNER, GRACE—Fruition	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 25, '27
Direction	" "
Enkindled	" "
TURNER, JUANITA—Music	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Jan., '27

Painter	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Oct., '26
TURNER, LEO C.—Floaters	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '27
Answer to Prayer	" "
A Boy's Trust	" "
Prairie Chicken	" "
First Call	" "
Three Crows	" "
Cloud Cast	" "
Seeking and Living	" "
TURNER, NANCY BYRD—A Prayer for All People	<i>Scribner's</i> , Apr., '27
TWITCHELL, ANNA SPENCER—Necromacy	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
TYRREL, DOROTHY—One July Night	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 27, '27
UNDERWOOD, EDNA WORTHLEY—In an Old Garden of	
Peru	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
Moon and Night Over El Misti	" " "
Evening Rain	" " "
Puna	" " "
UTERMAYER, LOUIS—Pathetic Fallacy	<i>World Tomorrow</i> , Oct., '26
Question	<i>New Repub.</i> , Nov. 10, '26
Oriole	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Nov. 20, '26
Burning Bush	<i>New Repub.</i> , Dec. 22, '26
Sea-Gull	<i>New Repub.</i> , Jan. 19, '27
Long Feud	<i>New Repub.</i> , Mar. 9, '27
To a Telegraph Pole	<i>New Repub.</i> , Mar. 23, '27
UPPER, JOSEPH—Ruin	<i>Golden Quill</i> , Sum., '26
Post-Mortem	" " "
Wrecks	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Sept., '26
"Not Too Wisely, But Too Well"	" " "
Eden	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Jan., '27
Overture	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
Boy Swimmer	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Feb., '27
Comment	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
UPSHUR, STELLA ANDREWS—The Poles	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , Sept.-Oct., '26
USCHOLD, MAUD ELFRID—Inhibitions	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Oct., '26
Baroque	<i>Poetry</i> , Jan., '27
Lines in Passing	" "
Delicatessen	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
UTTER, GUF F.—She	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
UTTERBACK, ELIZABETH—The King's Girls	
Down the Highroad	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , Oct., '26
UNDERWOOD, EDNA WORTHLEY—A Mountain Madonna	<i>Ky. Folk-Lore</i> , July, '27
	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
VALLE, ISABEL—Whole-Heart	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
A Nova Scotian Spinster	<i>Foot Prints</i> , Mar., '27
VANCE, MORTON—The Splendid Wood	
	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Mar.-Apr., '27
Return	<i>Will-o'-The-Wisp</i> , May-June, '27

- VANDEGRIFT, MARIE WILLIAMS—Puzzling *Lyric*, July, '27
 VAN DOREN, MARK—Now the Sky *Nation*, Oct. 20, '26
 Apple Hell *Poetry*, Nov., '26
 Eighth Day *Independent*, Nov. 6, '26
 The Reader *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Beggar's Caution *Bookman*, Mar., '27
 The Translation *New Repub.*, May 25, '27
 VAN DUZEN, WASHINGTON—Fading Skies
 Boston Trans., June 1, '27
 Autumn in Mars *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '27
 Joan of Arc *Attic Salt*, June 11, '27
 Beauty and Form *Lariat*, June, '27
 Raphael's Ideal *Am. Poetry*, July, '27
 VAN DRUTEN, JOHN—Week-End Leave; War Time
 Poetry, July, '27
 VAN ORTEN, PHILIP—Girl in the Green Cafeteria
 Lyric, Nov., '26
 VAN SLYKE, BERENICE—Can She Lie Quiet Now
 Palms, Nov., '26
 Ragged Robins
 The Quiet Day *Yale Review*, Apr., '27
 VAN WYCK, WILLIAM—To J. D. V. W. *Lyric W.*, Oct., '26
 Magdalene *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
 VAUGHN, VENITA—Gulls *Muse & Mirror*, Sept., '26
 VEIRS, FRANCES—Seeking *Ky. Folk-Lore*, Spr., '27
 VILAS, FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH—The Old Guion Tomb
 Commonweal, Feb. 16, '27
 The Wood As Host *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
 Queen Nefertete *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
 VINAL, HAROLD—Two Men *Overland*, Oct., '26
 Dead Enchantress *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Satan in Profile " " " " " "
 Dream Timber *Commonweal*, Nov. 3, '26
 Dream Rider *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Widow *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Waiting Coach " "
 Less Cities " "
 The Great Tent *Commonweal*, Jan. 19, '27
 There Is a Road *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Winter Stars *Commonweal*, Mar. 9, '27
 El Dorado *Commonweal*, Mar. 23, '27
 Spring Morning *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
 Two In a House *Poetry*, Mar., '27
 Summit of Light *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 The Dream Is Swift " "
 Red Roses *Century*, May, '27
 VON STEIN, ALICE E.—Venture *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
 VOOS, JOAN—Everyday Living *L. H. Journal*, Jan., '27
 This Only I Ask *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
 VOSS, ELIZABETH—Castles in the Air
 Ky. Folk-Lore, July, '27
 WAGNER, CHARLES A.—Creation *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Automatic *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27

- Commerce Street *G. V. Quill*, Mar.-Apr., '27
WAGSTAFF, BLANCHE SHOEMAKER—Beggars *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
Unknown *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
WALKER, T. A.—Cavalry *Foot Prints*, May, '27
WALL, KATHERINE—Velvet *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
WALLACE, EUNICE—The Love Boxes *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
WALLACE, LESLIE—Accord *Lyric W.*, Jan., '27
Doubt *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
WALLACH, SIDNEY—Beggarsly Spawn (Trans. from Yiddish of B. J. Sialostozki) *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
WALLER, HELEN—Dust *Lyric*, July, '27
WALLIN, FLORENCE—The Compact *Am. Poetry*, Aug., '26
Pink Roses and Freesia *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
Green Candles *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '26
Holy Week *Am. Poetry*, Apr., '27
WALSH, REGINA—October Stars *Commonweal*, Oct. 27, '27
Recompense *Magnificat*, Feb., '27
WALSH, THOMAS—Christmas Chants of Latin Lands: trans. from St. Anthony of Padua, Gul Vicente, Fray Inigo de Mendoza, Lope de Vega Carpio, Sister Francisca Josefa Del Castillo *Commonweal*, Dec. 22, '26
The Fair Companions *Commonweal*, Jan. 12, '27
Lines from the Armenian *Commonweal*, Jan. 19, '27
Calle de Lamparillas *Commonweal*, Feb. 9, '27
Ingratitude *Commonweal*, Feb. 16, '27
Guitars of Alcacer, from the Portuguese of Affonso Lopez Viera *Commonweal*, July 6, '27
WALSH, WILLIAM—The Hermit *America*, June 25, '27
On a Spring Morning *America*, July 16, '27
WALTON, EDA LOU—Unto This Last *Crisis*, Dec., '26
Beauty Is Made Articulate *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
WARD, KATHARINE L.—To Atalanta Wedded *Poetry*, June, '27
WARD, MAY WILLIAMS—Pattern for Brocade *Lyric*, Sept., '26
Seesaw *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
The Proof *Poetry*, Mar., '27
Fellow Travelers " "
The Optomist " "
Clichés " "
Let Us Sit Near " "
Decrescendo " "
Sleep Spell " "
Great Tree, Giver and Forgiver *Harp*, May-June, '27
In a Cell *Bookman*, June, '27
WARD, OLIVE—Cold Twilight *Opportunity*, Sept., '26
Pan's Altar *Opportunity*, Dec., '26
The Feather *Poetry*, Feb., '27
Bravado " "
To One Who Wanders *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27

- WARD, WILLIAM ALLE—Ballad of Vinegar Room
Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- WARNER, LULU FRANCES—Your Eyes
Gypsy, June, '27
- WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND—The Red Dress
Sat. Rev. of Lit., June 4, '27
- WARREN, ROBERT PENN—Pro Sua Vita
New Repub., May 11, '27
- WATERS, JANE E.—To a Waterfall
Lyric W., Sept., '26
- WATSON, EVELYN M.—Without Hope
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
- Quatrain
Harp, May-June, '27
- WATSON, VIRGINIA—In Memory of an Artist
Harper's, May, '27
- WEAVER, BENNETT—Out of the Earth
Midland, Apr., '27
- The Echo to the Sea
" "
- Reading Michael
" "
- Though Too Late
" "
- Crows
" "
- The Brook
" "
- A Marsh Wind Blowing
" "
- The Apple
" "
- The Tree
" "
- WEAVER, JOHN V. A.—To Youth
Bookman, May, '27
- The Little Lost Loves
College Humor, July, '27
- WEBB, TESSA SWEAZY—Revelation
Pegasus, Nov., '26
- Safe Harbours
Voice, Win., '26-'27
- A Wish
Pegasus, Feb., '27
- Villanelle of Blossom Time
Voice, Spr., '27
- Spirit of the Lake
Will-o'-The-Wisp, May-June, '27
- The Traitor
Prism, May-June, '27
- The Vanished Dream
Poets' Scroll, July, '27
- WEBSTER, EDNA ROBB—A Bowl of Dogwood
Foot Prints, July, '27
- WEBSTER, LOUISE—In a Greek Cafe
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
- WEBSTER, PAUL FRANCIS—Nocturne
Bookman, Mar., '27
- WEISTER, ALICE—I Builded Me a Palace
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '26
- Two United
Harp, May-June, '27
- WELCH, AGNES—Wings
Scribner's, Apr., '27
- WELCH, MARIE DE L.—Reaction
Lyric W., Sept., '26
- Only This Counsel
Commonweal, Oct. 27, '26
- Jugglers
Midland, Jan., '26
- Quest
Commonweal, May 11, '27
- Star Song
Commonweal, June 1, '27
- One is Not Lising
Voices, July, '27
- "At Home"
" "
- Collector
" "
- WELDON, ISABEL FORNER—Chloe
Harp, Mar.-Apr., '27
- WELLES, WINIFRED—To a Child Who Stared at a Clock
New Repub., Oct. 6, '26
- Camels on Lexington
Century, Mar., '27
- WELLS, CAROLYN—Ballade of a Much Desired Christmas Gift
Bookman, Dec., '26

- WELLS, KATHARINE—At Belleau Wood *Foot Prints*, Mar., '27
- WELLS, TUNBRIDGE—City Against the Mountains *Echo*, July, '27
- Creation
- WELSHIMER, HELEN—Living *Am. Poetry*, Sept., '26
- Pierrot *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- WERGELAND, HENRIK—Gillyflower (Trans. by T. and A. Wesenberg) *Gypsy*, June, '27
- WESENBERG, ALICE BIDWELL—In Praise of Wakefulness *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '26
- Choice *Gypsy*, Mar., '27
- Rabbit Rout *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
- WEST, RUTH—The Ghost *Southwest Rev.*, Spr., '27
- WESTCOTT, NELL C.—Pride *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '27
- WHELOCK, JOHN HALL—Solitudes *Bookman*, Sept., '26
- The Victory *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '26
- The Multitudinous One *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 16, '26
- Autumn Along the Beaches *Outlook*, Nov. 17, '26
- Sea-Voyage *Va. Q. R.*, Jan., '27
- Golgotha *Poetry*, Apr., '27
- The Heart Grows Old *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '27
- Sea-Voyage " " "
- Affirmation *Scribner's*, July, '27
- WHITCOMB, SELDEN LINCOLN—The Funeral Procession *Commonweal*, June 1, '27
- The Path-Makers *Railway Age*, June 4, '27
- WHITE, ELIOT—Shadows *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- WHITE, GRACE HOFFMAN—Omnipresence *Lyric*, Jan., '27
- Black Gargoyles *Lyric*, Apr., '27
- Silence *Poetry*, June, '27
- Impressions From an Automobile *Cont. V.*, June-July, '27
- WHITE, HAL SAUNDERS—Dream of the Corn *Nation*, Sept. 29, '26
- Silence *Nation*, Oct. 20, '26
- Never, Perhaps *Nation*, May 18, '27
- WHITE, J. M.—To Edwin Booth *Rainbow*, May, '27
- WHITE, SAMUEL ALEXANDER—Chinook *Palms*, Nov., '26
- WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT—The Wailing Wall *Lyric*, Sept., '26
- Amphorae " "
- A Market Place " "
- Israfel: Edgar Allen Poe *Lyric W.*, Sept., '26
- The Troubadour of God. St. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226 " " "
- The Bubul and the Child *Lyric W.*, Nov., '26
- A Street of Silence *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
- Stage Hand *Independent*, Jan. 8, '27
- Creators *Commonweal*, Jan. 12, '27
- Finis *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '27
- Acoloyte *Lit. Lantern*, Feb. 21, '27

Desert's Edge	<i>Westminster</i> , Mar., '27
Modernity	"
Colonial Interior	<i>Lit. Lantern</i> , Mar. 21, '27
April Question	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 6, '27
Again, Sappho	<i>Lyric</i> , June, '27
Finality	<i>Stratford</i> , July, '27
WHITSETT, GEORGE—Redemption	<i>Dial</i> , Apr., '27
WHITTAKER, GEORGE S.—There Shall Come Tears	
	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Sept., '26
Age Is a Tree	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
WIDDEMER, MARGARET—Hauntings	
	<i>Commonweal</i> , Aug. 11, '26
A Grace During Living	<i>Outlook</i> , Sept. 29, '26
Swan Wife	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Dec.-Jan., '27
Loss	<i>Yale Rev.</i> , Jan., '27
The Costumer	<i>Harper's</i> , June, '27
A Dead Poet	<i>Bookman</i> , June, '27
The Frisky Muse	<i>World Tomorrow</i> , July, '27
The Souvenir Hunter to Her Love	" " "
Reasons	<i>Outlook</i> , July 13, '27
WIERMAN, FRANCES—Woman	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Feb., '27
Budding	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
WILCOX, ALMIRA RICHARDSON—As I Go Singing	
	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '27
WILCOX, F. C.—Old Age in Cathay	
	<i>Christian Cent.</i> , Jan. 27, '27
WILEY, ALMA ADAMS—The Washington Monument	
	<i>L. H. Journal</i> , Feb., '27
WILFRED, THOMAS—Sharpening Song of the Knife (tran. from Danish)	<i>Gypsy</i> , Oct., '26
WILKINSON, FLORENCE—Frightened Almond Blossoms	
	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
Two Leaping Abutilon Bushes	
	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Feb. 19, '27
Border of Violets	<i>Lyric W.</i> , May, '27
WILLIAMS, B. Y.—In the Province of Shantung	
	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Oct., '26
The Soul of Cleopatra	<i>Lyric W.</i> , June, '27
WILLIAMS, HAZEL WYETH—Two Back Yards	
	<i>L. H. Journal</i> , Jan., '27
WILLIAMS, JESSIE E.—Autumn Fires	
	<i>Muse & Mirror</i> , Oct.-Nov., '26
WILSON, JOHN FRENCH—Song For a Telescope	
	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Apr. 23, '27
WILLIAMS, LUCILLE—Mother	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
WILLITS, VIAIAN LARE—Unfeminine	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Nov., '26
Aftermath of Love	" " " "
WILSON, CHARLES MORROW—In the Arkansas Backhills	
	<i>Harp</i> , Nov.-Dec., '26
WILSON, ETHEL BRODT—October Bees	
	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Oct., '26
Each Star a Flower	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Nov., '26

- I Have Seen *Lyric W.*, Apr., '27
 Bees in the Honeysuckle *Lyric W.*, June, '27
- WILSON, IRENE H.—I Know a Lady *Commonweal*, Mar. 30, '27
- WILSON, MARGARET ADALAIDE—Light Years *Poetry*, Mar., '27
- WILSON, ROSE WATKINS—Of the Uninspired *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '27
- WINTERS, YVOR—Song of the Girl Who Tore Her Dress
 at the Spring (trans. from Portugese of Pero Meogo,
 thirteenth century) *Poetry*, Mar., '27
 Old Ballad (trans. Anonymous from Spanish of the
 fifteenth century) *Poetry*, Mar., '27
- WINTON, ROY W.—Nocturne d'Arlequin *Palms*, Nov., '26
- WISELEY, PAUL JAMES—"The Stars Light Jesus' Home"
Foot Prints, Mar., '27
- WOLVERTON, SARAH FOSS—Dead Trees *Lyric W.*, Feb., '27
- WOOD, ANNA HAMILTON—At Forty *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 Fog " " "
 Your Shadow *Foot Prints*, May, '27
 Informal *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
 The Second Wife *Foot Prints*, July, '27
- WOOD, CLEMENT—New England *Commonweal*, Sept. 15, '26
 Finale *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
 To My Poet " " "
 The Minstrel of God *Commonweal*, Oct. 6, '26
 Reward *Gypsy*, Oct., '26
 Pirate Anthem " " "
 I Sing *G. V. Quill*, Nov., '26
 The Lover Confesses " " "
 Echo *Echo*, Nov., '26
 Free Will *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '26
 Bermuda *Gypsy*, Dec., '26
 In Excelsis *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 The Green Christs " " "
 The Arrow Head *Harp*, May-June, '27
 Eternity *Gypsy*, June, '27
 The Bermudas *Voices*, July, '27
- WOODRING, FRANKLYN HOWELL—Time Leaves But Little
 Trace of Man *Ky. F. L. & P.*, Win., '27
- WOODS, NELL LEWIS—Little Black Ghosts *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '26
- WURDEMANN, AUDREY—Hastings, 1926 *Step Ladder*, Dec., '26
 The Freeze-Up *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Semper Nox *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 These Are the Larger Rhythms *Voices*, July, '27
- WURLITZER, ANNETTE—At Night *Gypsy*, June, '27
- WYLIE, ELINOR—To a Book *New Repub.*, Oct. 27, '26
 A Red Carpet for Shelley *New Repub.*, Jan. 12, '27
 Doomsday *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 26, '27

True Vine	<i>New Repub.</i> , Apr. 20, '27
Lavish Kindness	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , Apr. 23, '27
Innocent Landscape	<i>New Repub.</i> , May 4, '27
Where, O Where?	<i>New Repub.</i> , May 25, '27
Song	<i>New Repub.</i> , June 15, '27
Love to Stephen	<i>Bookman</i> , June, '27
Cold Summer	<i>Sat. Rev. of Lit.</i> , July 16, '27
YANCEY, ROSE F.—Sonnets to Life	<i>Lyric</i> , June, '27
YEATS, W. B.—The Tower	<i>New Repub.</i> , June 29, '27
YOUNG, BARBARA—A Biography	<i>Good Words</i> , Mar., '27
YOUNG, KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY—Song for Forgetting	<i>Echo</i> , July, '27
Song Composed in a Dream	" "
Largo	" "
Symphony in Blue	" "
ZABEL, MORTON—Decoration: Girl With Shawl	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 16, '27
Windermere (Lake Legend)	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 23, '27
The Young Swimmer	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 6, '27
ZAVESKY, ELEANOR—The Lilac	<i>Foot Prints</i> , July, '27
ZEIGLER, ETHEL BURNETT—North Wind	<i>Harp</i> , May-June, '27
ZORN, GREMIN—An Outline of Sex	<i>G. V. Quill</i> , Sept., '26
ZUKER, ANNE—The Sensitive	<i>Lyric W.</i> , Jan., '27
My Little Fig Tree	<i>Sunset</i> , Apr., '27
The Baby's Names	<i>Picture World</i> , June 26, '27
The Sampler	<i>Picture World</i> , July 31, '27

SOME ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED

AUGUST 1, 1926, TO JULY 31, 1927

- Adams, Léonie—Poetic Drama ("Lilith," by G. Sterling;
"Nobodaddy," by A. MacLeish)
New Repub., Sept. 15, '27
- Aldis, John—American Catholic Poets
Commonweal, Jan. 19, '27
- Bacon, Leonard—A Poet on the Defensive ("Poetry and
Criticism," by E. Sitwell) *New Repub.*, Sept. 29, '26
- Barrowes-Donald, H. C.—Shadow and Substance ("Sil-
houettes Against the Sun," by A. C. Inman; "Out of
the Wilderness," by W. McDonald)
Voices, Feb., '27
- Beach, Joseph Warren—Fourth Dimensional ("Poetic
Values: Their Reality and Our Need of Them," by
J. G. Neihardt) *Poetry*, Sept., '26
- Modern British Poetry ("Modern Poetry," by H. P.
Collins) *Poetry*, Oct., '26
- Blackmur, R. P.—A Modern Poet in Eden ("Nobodaddy:
A Play," by A. MacLeish) *Poetry*, Sept., '26
- Braithwaite, William Stanley—The Poetry Clinic
Step Ladder, Dec., '26
- And Other Poems *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- Bryher, W.—The Biography of Continents ("Portraits of
a Generation," by R. McAlmon) *Poetry*, Aug., '26
- Burnstine, Norman—In Her Own Right ("Not Poppy,"
by V. Moore) *Voices*, Nov., '26
- An English Visitor ("Harvest of Youth," by E.
Davidson) *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Campbell, Gladys—Land and Sea ("Flying Fish: A Book
of Songs and Sonnets," by G. H. Conkling)
Poetry, Feb., '27
- Also a Poet ("Verses New and Old," by J. Gals-
worthy) *Poetry*, June, '27
- Cheyney, L. T. and R.—Labels and Libels
Cont. V., Apr.-May, '27
- Cheyney, Ralph—Three Reviews ("Modern French Poetry,"
com. and trans. by J. T. Shipley; "King John,"
by J. T. Shipley; "Anthology of Magazine Verse for
1925 and Yearbook of American Poetry," com. and
ed. by W. S. Braithwaite) *G. V. Quill*, Aug., '26
- Robust Rhythms ("I Come Singing: Rhythms and
Songs," by H. T. Rich) *Voices*, Nov., '26

- "Poets and Their Art," by H. Monroe
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
- A Poetry Credo
Cont. V., Apr.-May, '27
- Tempered Steel ("The Nonsense Poetry Society of America"; "The Pull-Itzer Poetry Prize"; "A Clique-Claquer Attacks Braithwaite"; "What Is a Poem?")
G. V. Quill, June, '27
- Christman, Henry E.—Is It Nathalia's Opus? ("Lava Lane," by Nathalia Crane)
Voices, Nov., '26
- Clark, Thomas Curtis—Collecting the Poets (collected poems of T. Hardy, J. Stephens, J. G. Neihardt)
Christian Cent., Feb. 3, '27
- Coats, Ida Symmes—Aunt Eliza and Her Slaves
Ky. Folk-Lore, July, '27
- Coblentz, Stanton A.—A Poet of Strain and Struggle ("7 P. M. and Other Poems," by M. Van Doren)
Voices, July, '27
- Corning, Howard McKinley—Mr. Moul't's Elect ("The Best Poems of 1926," sel. by T. Moul't)
Voices, July, '27
- Cowley, Malcolm—French Poetry and the New Spirit
Sat. Rev. of Lit., May 7, '27
- Cummings, Parke—The Lightfooted Brigade
Cont. V., Apr.-May, '27
- Cunningham, Nora B.—Sixty Years of a Poet's Thought ("Collected Poems," by T. Hardy)
Voices, Feb., '27
- Davidson, David A.—A Light Now Dawns ("Animula Vagula," by L. Bacon)
Voices, Feb., '27
- Davison, Edward—Poetry and Miss Monroe ("Poets and Their Arts," by Harriet Monroe)
Sat. Rev. Lit., July 30, '27
- Del Vecchio, Thomas—Idle Poetry ("Idylls of the Ghetto," by S. A. DeWitt)
G. V. Quill, June, '27
- Deutsch, Babette—Thin Theatre ("East Wind," by A. Lowell)
New Repub., Oct. 20, '26
- Indian Summer ("Dark of the Moon," by S. Teasdale)
New Repub., Dec. 1, '26
- Dickinson, Kate L.—The Definite Sandburg ("Selected Poems," by C. Sandburg, ed. by R. West)
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '27
- A Poet of Vision ("Citadels," by M. Wilkinson)
Voices, Feb., '27
- Dillon, George H.—Joseph Auslander Again ("Cyclops' Eye," by J. Auslander)
Poetry, Aug., '26
- Love, Death and the Subway ("Episodes and Epistles," by W. L.)
Poetry, Sept., '26
- Muriel Stuart's Poetry ("New Poems and Old," by M. Stuart)
Poetry, Oct., '26
- A Modern Cindrella ("Coach into Pumpkin," by D. E. Reid)
Poetry, Nov., '26
- Poetry in the Colleges
Poetry, Dec., '26
- A Lover of Chaos ("Children of the Sun," by J. Rorty)
Poetry, Mar., '27

- Spring Cleaning *Poetry*, Apr., '27
 Intangible Paraphrases ("Returning to Emotion," by M. Bodenheim) *Poetry*, May, '27
 A Jeweled Screen ("A Jeweled Screen," by Ann Hamilton) *Poetry*, May, '27
 Ingenuity and Precision ("The White Rooster and Other Poems," by G. O'Neil) *Poetry*, June, '27
 High Frequency ("Kensington Gardens," by H. Wolfe) *Poetry*, July, '27
 Divine, Charles—From the Village to the Sea ("The Greenwich Village Blues," by C. Wood; "The Sea and the Dunes," by H. Kemp) *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Dresbach, Glenn Ward—The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, Jan., '27
 Eisenberg, Emanuel—In That Small Circle of Shadow (An Introduction to the work of Conrad Aiken) *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Eisenberg, Emanuel—Baedeker to the Renaissance ("Poets and Their Art," by H. Monroe) *Voices*, Feb., '27
 A Red Carpet for Shelley ("The Orphan Angel," by E. Wylie) *Voices*, Feb., '27
 O'Leary Out of the Grave ("Collected Poems," by J. Stephens) *Voices*, Feb., '27
 Erskine, John—Fiddler's Farewell ("Fiddler's Farewell," by Leonora Speyer) *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Evans, Ernestine—A Curious Marriage ("Words for the Chisel," by G. Taggard) *New Repub.*, Nov. 10, '26
 Farrar, John—Versification, Verse, and Some Poetry ("Selected Poems," by C. Sandburg; "Selected Poems of A. D. Ficke"; "Citadels," by M. Wilkinson) *Bookman*, Nov., '26
 Field, Mildred Fowler—Prairie Poet: An Appreciation ("Drowsy Ones," by Jay G. Sigmund) *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Fish, Horace—A New Singer ("Threads," by D. Quick) *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Fisher, Mahlon Leonard—Lena Hall, of Newtonville ("Late Adventure," by L. Hall) *Voices*, Apr.-May, '27
 Flower, Newman—Three Interesting Sinners (E. Dowson, O. Wilde and E. A. Poe) *Bookman*, Oct., '26
 Fuson, H. H.—Poetry for the Masses *Kentucky F. L. & P.*, Win., '27
 Gard, Wayne—A Bengali Dreamer (Rabindranath Tagore) *Int. Book Rev.*, Sept., '26
 The Poetry of Carl Sandburg *Poetry Rev.*, Jan.-Feb., '27
 Garrison, Winfred Ernest—Catholic Poetry, Philosophy and Science *Christian Cent.*, Feb. 17, '27
 Ginsberg, Louis—And Other Poems *Cont. V.*, Apr.-May, '27
 G., L.—Three Books ("Eve Passes," by G. Thayer; "Voo-

- doo," by A. Calland; "The Laburnum Branch," by N. Mitchison) *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Gorman, Herbert S.—Longfellow's Golden Years *Bookman*, Nov., '26
- Harrison, Henry—Looy, Dot Dope (L. Untermeyer; W. S. Braithwaite) *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
- Hartsock, Ernest—Poetry in the South *Quill*, June, '27
- An Inquiry Into the State of Impolite Learning in the South *G. V. Quill*, June, '27
- Hubbell, George Shelton—A Little Girl's Utopia (Nathalia Crane) *Bookman*, Nov., '26
- Hubbell, Jay B.—The Poetry of John Hall Wheelock *Southwest Review*, Oct., '26
- Hughes, Glenn—Three Poets ("Cyclops' Eye," by J. Auslander; "Scarlet and Mellow," by A. Kreymborg; "Fiddler's Farewell," by L. Speyer) *New Repub.*, Aug. 4, '26
- Jones, Llewellyn—In Divers Modes ("New Verse," by R. Bridges; "The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese"; "Going-to-the-Stars," by V. Lindsay; "The Poems of Robert Cameron") *Bookman*, Sept., '26
- Kearns, John—Vachel Lindsay *Tanager*, Jan., '27
- Emily Dickinson *Tanager*, July, '27
- Kirk, Richard R.—The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, Aug., '26
- Koenig, Eleanor C.—Trilogy ("Eve Walks in Her Garden," by L. A. Garnett; "Dawn Stars," by L. Trent; "Moon Shadows," by S. Ripley) *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Kramer, Arthur—Sonnets of Grief ("Along the Wind," by Chard Powers Smith) *Poetry*, Feb., '27
- An English Visitor ("Harvest of Youth," by E. Davidson) *Poetry*, Mar., '27
- Laing, A. K.—A Pioneer and a Star-Gazer ("I Sing the Pioneer," by A. Guiterman; "Star Gatherer," by J. S. Holme) *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Sand and Cedar ("Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems," by G. W. Dresbach) *Voices*, Feb., '27
- Brimstone or Ambrosia ("Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna," by V. Fisher) *Voices*, July, '27
- Lawrence, Gordon—"Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg" *Cont. V.*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- And Other Poems *Cont. V.*, Feb.-Mar., '27
- Lesemann, Maurice—The Poetry of E. E. Cummings ("XLI Poems," by E. E. Cummings; "is 5," by E. E. Cummings) *Poetry*, Dec., '26
- Mr. Pound and the Younger Generation ("Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound") *Poetry*, July, '27
- Locke, Alain—The Weary Blues (by L. Hughes) *Palms*, Oct., '26
- Lovett, Robert Moss—The Defeat of Coleridge ("Samuel Taylor Coleridge," by H. I'A. Fausset) *New Repub.*, Sept. 15, '26

- LOWELL, AMY—Walt Whitman and the New Poetry
Yale Review, Apr., '27
- Luhrs, Marie—The Sitwell Brothers ("The Thirteenth Caesar," by S. Sitwell; "Out of the Flame," by O. Sitwell)
Poetry, Aug., '26
- The Dark Places of the Soul ("Animula Vagula," by L. Bacon)
Poetry, Dec., '26
- Poetry of Religion ("Citadels," by M. Wilkinson)
Poetry, Jan., '27
- Delicate and Pure ("The Halt in the Garden," by R. Hillyer)
Poetry, Feb., '27
- Fashionable Poetry ("Enough Rope," by D. Parker)
Poetry, Apr., '27
- The Eternal Triangle Once More ("Rococo," by R. C. Dunning)
Poetry, May, '27
- A Conjuror ("Two Gentlemen in Bonds," by J. C. Ransom)
Poetry, June, '27
- A Poet's Neighbors ("These People," by H. McK. Corning)
Poetry, July, '27
- A Small Fresh Spring ("Lost Eden," by E. M. Root)
Poetry, July, '27
- Mabbott, Thomas Ollive—"Dark of the Moon," by S. Teasdale
Cont. V., Feb.-Mar., '27
- Mansfield, Margery Swett—A Dancing Tragedian ("The Dancer in the Shrine, and Other Poems," by A. B. Hall)
Poetry, Sept., '26
- A Memorial Poem From India ("Songs of Love and Death," by M. Ghose. With a memoir by L. Binyon)
Poetry, Oct., '26
- More and Less Esoteric ("Wild Plum," by O. Johns; "is 5," by E. E. Cummings "Animula Vagula," by L. Bacon)
Bookman, Oct., '26
- The Dull Sweet Pain of Nothingness ("Forty Poems," by V. Geddes)
Poetry, Dec., '26
- Whimsical Wisdom ("Scarlet and Mellow," by A. Kreymborg)
Poetry, Jan., '27
- Marco, Angela—A Stone Madonna ("Words for the Chisel," by G. Taggard)
Voices, July, '27
- Masters, Edgar Lee—Vachel Lindsay
Bookman, Oct., '26
- McNally, Miriam—Poems of the Desert ("Cliff Dwellings," by G. W. Dresbach)
Tanager, July, '27
- Moore, Marianne—Natives of Rock ("Natives of Rock," by G. Westcott)
Dial, Aug., '26
- Monroe, Harriet—A Scholarly Critic ("First Impressions," by L. Jones)
Poetry, Aug., '26
- Poets as Proseers
Poetry, Sept., '26
- An Artist in Crinoline ("The Sleeping Beauty and Troy Park," by E. Sitwell; "Poetry and Criticism," by E. Sitwell)
Poetry, Oct., '26
- A Discussion with Hart Crane
Poetry, Oct., '26
- Nomads
Poetry, Oct., '26
- Announcements of Awards
Poetry, Nov., '26

- A Fair Start ("Not Poppy," by V. Moore) *Poetry*, Nov., '26
- Honors and Prizes *Poetry*, Nov., '26
- A Keen East Wind ("East Wind," by Amy Lowell) *Poetry*, Dec., '26
- New Lyrics by Sara Teasdale ("Dark of the Moon," by S. Teasdale) *Poetry*, Dec., '26
- Two Poets Say Farewell ("George Sterling and Allen Upward") *Poetry*, Jan., '27
- And Ernest Walsh *Poetry*, Jan., '27
- The Limnal Lindsay ("Going to the Stars," by V. Lindsay; "The Candle in the Cabin—A Weaving Together of Script and Singing," by V. Lindsay; "Collected Poems," by V. Lindsay) *Poetry*, Jan., '27
- A Yorkshire Poet ("The Shoeing of Jerry-go-Nimble and Other Dialect Poems," by D. U. Ratcliffe; "Dale Lyrics," by D. U. Ratcliffe) *Poetry*, Feb., '27
- Poe and Longfellow *Poetry*, Feb., '27
- In Bardic Robes ("Lee: A Dramatic Poem," by E. L. Masters) *Poetry*, Mar., '27
- Miss Millay in Opera ("The King's Henchman," by E. St. V. Millay; Three Plays: "Two Slatterns and a King, Aria da Capo, The Lamp and the Bell," by E. St. V. Millay) *Poetry*, Apr., '27
- Observations in the Obvious *Poetry*, Apr., '27
- Songs of Joy ("Eve Walks in Her Garden," by L. A. Garnett) *Poetry*, May, '27
- Going East *Poetry*, May, '27
- What of Mr. Neihardt? ("Collected Poems of John G. Neihardt") *Poetry*, May, '27
- "Nothing Extenuate" ("From the Book of Extenuations," by E. V. Cooke) *Poetry*, June, '27
- A First Book ("I Come Singing: Rhythms and Songs," by H. T. Rich) *Poetry*, June, '27
- Maine Again ("The Inner Harbor," by W. Snow) *Poetry*, June, '27
- A Banner in the Wind ("Red Flag," by L. Ridge) *Poetry*, June, '27
- A "Pronouncer of Life" ("You That Come After," by M. Siegrist) *Poetry*, July, '27
- Light-Footed Satire ("Touch and Go," by R. Cheyney) *Poetry*, July, '27
- The Pulitzer Award System *Poetry*, July, '27
- Montgomery, Elizabeth Shaw—Moon Fire ("Dark of the Moon," by Sara Teasdale) *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
- Morris, Lawrence S.—A Flute Among Brasses ("Grenstone Poems: A Sequence," by W. Bynner) *New Repub.*, Oct. 13, '26
- Mott, Frank Luther—The Harlem Poets *Midland*, May, '27
- Munson, Gorham B.—Edwin Arlington Robinson *Sat. Rev. Lit.*, May 21, '27

- Musser, Benjamin—Anthologitis and Fifty Dollars
Voices, Feb., '27
- The Hangman's Galante ("Enough Rope," by D. Parker)
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- A Prince of Parodists ("Collected Poems," by L. Untermeyer)
Voices, July, '27
- White and Cruel Womankind ("Dew and Bronze" by R. P. T. Coffin)
Voices, July, '27
- Niles, Abbe—Aunt Hage's Children ("Negro Workaday Songs," ed. by H. W. Odum and G. B. Johnson)
New Repub., Sept. 29, '26
- North, Jessica Nelson—Prairie-Schooner Tales ("High Passage," by T. H. Ferril)
Poetry, June, '27
- Quiet Verses ("Gray Songs," by Mercy Baldwin)
Poetry, July, '27
- Oxley, Thomas L. G.—Survey of Negro Literature, 1760-1926 (treats some poets)
Messenger, Feb., '27
- Parrott, T. M.—Two Studies of Southern Poets ("The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney," by T. O. Mabbott and F. L. Pleadwell; "Edgar Allan Poe; A Study in Genius," by J. W. Krutch)
Yale Rev., Oct., '26
- Perry, Henry Ten Eyck—The Tennyson Tragedy
Southwest Review, Win., '27
- Potamkin, Harry Alan—The Modern Poet ("White Buildings," by H. Crane; "Two Gentlemen in Bonds," by J. C. Ransom)
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- Preston, John Hyde—A Poet's Footsteps on Life's Shifting Sands ("Two Lives," by W. E. Leonard)
Voices, Nov., '26
- Richards, I. A.—Gerard Hopkins
Dial, Sept., '26
- Ripley, Sherman—The Singing Heart ("Herb Woman," by E. C. Koenig)
Voices, Feb., '27
- Drums ("The Drummer of Fyvie and Other Verse," by F. Van V. Vilas)
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- Rittenhouse, Jessie B.—The Poetry of Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
Boston Trans., Apr. 16, '27
- , The Poetry Clinic
Step Ladder, May, '27
- Rope, M.A., H. E. G.—The Literature of China (treats Chinese poetry)
Magnificat, Feb., '27
- Ryan, Kathryn White—Whom a Dream Hath Possessed ("Modern Catholic Verse," com. by T. Maynard)
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
- Saltus, Marie—Tragedy in the Tropics ("Wild Ginger," by M. E. Hamilton)
Voices, Feb., '27
- Sergeant, Elizabeth Shepley—Intricate and Crystal (E. Wylie)
New Repub., Dec. 1, '26
- Seymour, Flora Warren—The Poetry Clinic
Step Ladder, Mar., '27
- Shipley, Joseph T.—From Foreign Soils
Cont. V., Dec.-Jan., '27
- "Collected Poems," by T. Hardy
Cont. V., Feb.-Mar., '27

- From Foreign Soils *Cont. V., Apr.-May, '27*
 Smith, Chard Powers—Romantic Imagination ("A Jew-
 elled Screen," by A. Hamilton) *Voices, Nov., '26*
 Sterling, George—Battles Long Ago ("Songs of the In-
 dian War," by J. G. Neihardt) *Voices, Nov., '26*
 Strobel, Marion—Orrick Johns' Lyrics ("Wild Plum:
 Lyrics," by O. Johns) *Poetry, Jan., '27*
 Mr. Ficke's Poems ("The Selected Poems of Arthur
 Davison Ficke") *Poetry, Feb., '27*
 Mr. Daly in the shadows ("The Guilty Sun," by J.
 Daly) *Poetry, Mar., '27*
 Taggard, Genevieve—The Poet of the Instant ("is 5," by
 E. E. Cummings) *New Repub., Sept. 8, '26*
 First Poetry ("Children's") *New Repub., Nov. 10, '26*
 Tinker, Chauncey Brewster—Poetry and the Poetic Im-
 pulse *Yale Rev., Jan., '27*
 Townsend, John Wilson—A New Kentucky Poet (Miss
 George Elliston) *E. Lexington Herald, Feb. 13, '27*
 Trent, Lucia—Signal ("Red Flag," by L. Ridge)
G. V. Quill, June, '27
 Untermeyer, Louis—Current Poetry ("The Best Poems of
 1926," ed. by L. A. G. Strong; "Braithwaite's An-
 thology of Magazine Verse for 1926 and Yearbook
 of American Poetry," ed. by W. S. Braithwaite)
Sat. Rev. of Lit., May 7, '27
 Van Doren, Mark—First Glance ("The Women at Point
 Sur," by R. Jeffers) *Nation, July 27, '27*
 Vinal, Harold—The Two Masefieldian Themes ("Twenty
 Sonnets," by G. Davidson; "Flotilla," by A. L. Gould)
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Lark and Bittern ("Scarabaeus," by E. S. Montgom-
 ery; "Witch Girl," by G. Callaghan)
Voices, Apr.-May, '27
 White, Walter—The Negro Renaissance (Negro Poets'
 Number) *Palms, Oct., '26*
 Whiteside, Mary Brent—"Sanctuary," by Virginia Stait
Step Ladder, Sept., '26
 The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder, Oct., '26*
 Winners of Pulitzer Poetry Prizes
Atlanta Journal S. M., Nov. 29, '26
 Wilson, Edmund—Kipling's Debits and Credits
New Repub., Oct. 6, '26
 Anti-Literature ("Pane e Vino," by Papini)
New Repub., Oct. 13, '26
 Poe at Home and Abroad *New Repub., Dec. 8, '26*
 Winters, Yvor—Streets in the Moon ("Streets in the
 Moon," by A. MacLeish) *Poetry, Feb., '27*
 Hart Crane's Poems ("White Buildings," by H.
 Crane) *Poetry, Apr., '27*
 Wood, Clement—Poetry Exhibit: 1926 (The Independent
 Poetry Anthology," com. by R. Cheyney)
G. V. Quill, Sept., '26

Amy Lowell Postscripts ("East Wind," by A. Lowell;
 "What's O'Clock," by A. Lowell) *Voices*, Nov., '26
 Let There Be Song ("Songs of the Helderhills," by
 W. W. Christmas; "Flying Fish," by G. H. Conk-
 ling; "Wild Plum," by O. Johns) *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Zorin, Victor—The Cult of the Conventional ("Lilith:
 Dramatic poem in four acts," by G. Sterling; "The
 Inner Harbor," by W. Snow) *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '27
 Those Who Have Wooden Legs Should Not Dance
 ("Laughter of Omnipotence," by J. H. Wallis; "The
 Hermaphrodite," by S. Loveman) *Voices*, July, '27

A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY

PUBLISHED DURING 1926 AND 1927

- Allen, Hervey. *Israfel: The Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe.* George H. Doran Co.
Auslander, Joseph, and Frank Ernest Hill. *The Winged Horse.* Doubleday, Page & Co.
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INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	<i>Page</i>
A broken heart does not always give.	
MAY LEWIS	215
A brook's own humor tumbles from your throat.	
LEROY MCLEOD	248
A cloud to her.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	162
Across this open space where, frayed and tattered.	
GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON	92
A friendship is a fragile thing.	
GRACE DORCAS RUTHENBURG	318
A shattered atoll, coral white.	
CLEMENT WOOD	398
A silent woman is a lovely thing.	
KATHRYN WORTH	400
A year ago the Grizzly's captain wed.	
SELDEN LINCOLN WHITCOMB	385
A year, with all its days, has come and gone.	
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK	387
About the blacksmith's red forge dance.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	339
Above these frozen furrows.	
HAL SAUNDERS WHITE	385
Again she sat, now that the fragile moon.	
FREDERIC PROKOSCH	290
Agatha Morley.	
SYDNEY KING RUSSELL	316
All of heaven in my hands.	
SARA TEASDALE	362
An agile, noisy jungle flower, he flies.	
E. MERRILL ROOT	310
And there is earth's implicit loveliness.	
ROSE FAULKNER YANCEY	400
April is a laundress.	
ANNE MATHILDE ROBINSON	306
As once he sang, so let me sing.	
MARION STROBEL	354
At first I tried to hide from her strange eyes.	
LUCIA TRENT	373
At first, there was the exaltation of his mind!	
SCUDDER MIDDLETON	256
Affirming "Yes" to every "Yes."	
RALPH CHEYNEY	57

After the rain in the upland pastures.	
GLENN WARD DRESBACH	101
Ah, do not care.	
S. BERT COOKSLEY	68
A hill-hung altar says with majesty.	
ELIZABETH MORROW	264
All people are made alike.	
GERTRUDE LOUISE CHEYNEY	56
All that was left.	
LEIGH BUCKNER HANES	144
Always lilacs bring me.	
KATE RANDLE MENEFEE	251
A motor throbbing through the night.	
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES	83
And if I do not go to sleep.	
GEORGE ELLISTON	106
And this white body crumbled into dust.	
ELEANOR ALLEN	7
Anne Rutledge saw him as I see him now.	
ROBERT CARY	53
Antiquity's dim prophets dreading dearth.	
THOMAS S. JONES, JR.	185
Ants covering a sterile nut shell.	
ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI	233
A poem might be.	
ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL	252
A servant lad am I.	
FRANCIS CARLIN	50
As far as I can see this autumn haze.	
ROBERT FROST	121
A shy deep stream of sombre water.	
SARA BARD FIELD	112
As in a friend we look not for perfection.	
ROBERT CARY	53
As one who does not know.	
SARA BARD FIELD	111
A spider, black and yellow.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING	8
As you were, as you were.	
MACKINLEY KANTOR	188
A star proves never traitor, and a weed.	
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	296
At Saint Germain D'Auxerrois.	
FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP	60
A tree bole's anchored from its birth; it is.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING	9
At your eleventh hour of blood and flame.	
HARRY KEMP	192
A water-snake, trailing the lily-bulbs.	
WITTER BYNNER	45
A wave of roses broke against a wall.	
GLENN WARD DRESBACH	100

Be you shepherd with your sheep.	
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	297
Beauty has laid her hands upon my eyes.	
JOHN RICHARD MORELAND	260
Beauty like sand is slipping through my fingers.	
SYDNEY KING RUSSELL	317
Beauty will bring her back, O, never fear.	
MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN . . .	351
Because you were the first, you think to taunt me.	
ROBERTA STILES	350
Because three little girls had roamed away.	
GLENN WARD DRESBACH	101
Bees follow their queen, and buzz.	
ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS	42
Beloved idol!	
ZOE HOBBS	149
Beneath his linen duster, sagged and bent.	
ETHEL ROMIG FULLER	123
Beneath the dangerous sky and through the level.	
MARJORIE MEEKER	249
Between fangs stronger and more cruel than rock.	
PEARL ANDELSON SHERRY	329
Between two breaths.	
JAMES RORTY	314
Beyond some white-hot whirlwind of old Night.	
WINIFRED DAVIDSON	404
Build a wall of laughter.	
HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON . . .	161
By unseen hands drawn to the railing.	
ZOE HOBBS	148
Cadmus, of Thebes where sprang that Amphion.	
EDGAR LEE MASTERS	237
Can they grow corn by echoes of the storm.	
CHARLES R. MURPHY	268
Carry her dust away.	
A. K. LAING	200
Cathedrals are the habitat.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	339
Champing at the burnished sedge.	
GEORGE O'NEIL	277
Christ was hanged upon a tree.	
CLEMENT WOOD	399
Clouds race with the vigor	
LE BARON COOKE	67
Companioned by long loneliness.	
GEORGE H. DILLON	94
Dancing, they talked of the dead girl Anna.	
DONALD KIRKLEY	193
"Dare to go naked once, and never again.	
WITTER BYNNER	44
Dear praying lad upon the ladder rung.	
ELEANOR C. KOENIG	195

Dearie, she said to me.	WINIFRED GRAY STEWART	349
Death sows darkly. Who may know the sowing.	C. T. LANHAM	202
Death, with prancing polished steeds.	DANIEL HENDERSON	147
Do you measure by sun, Tailor Earth.	KATHRYN WHITE RYAN	320
Do you remember anything he said.	SCUDDER MIDDLETON	255
Do you think the same god.	MILDRED BOWERS	33
"Down in the hollow by the swamp today.	SNOW LONGLEY	219
Drew him out of the blackness.	MACKINLEY KANTOR	189
Dust always blowing about the town.	ROBERT FROST	121
Each day, each day the same! No change falls here!	MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN	2
Elusive thoughts, why play hide and seek with me.	LULU MINERVA SCHULTZ	323
Ever since Plato there have been a few.	LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS	180
Ever since she came upstairs.	JANET PRESSLEY PIPER	288
Fairyland has let me in.	LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	341
Fall, rose petal, fall.	CHARLES PHILLIPS	283
Far lighter than a flock of words.	KENNETH SLADE ALLING	10
Flame-flower, Day-Torch, Mauna Loa.	ANNE SPENCER	337
Folded neatly in his brain.	ELIZABETH COATSWORTH	65
Follow the trail!	HARRIET MONROE	257
For forty years the northwest pasture lot.	WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	176
For jut of jaw and craggy cast of brow.	A. K. LAING	200
For poetry, one should be fond of living.	GEORGE STERLING	348
For words men strive till they are dead.	GEORGE H. DILLON	98
Founding a constant grandeur.	MARION STROBEL	356
Four great haunches rhythmically moving.	ELIZABETH COATSWORTH	64
Four sure kisses my love gave me.	RALPH CHEYNEY	57

From Mars to Millinocket and from Kent to Somerset.	
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN	253
From sun to star she sits and rocks.	
MORRIS ABEL BEER	29
Glazed and paved with Heaven, lie.	
LOUIS GINSBERG	131
Go then with Marko, who can give you pleasures.	
CLIFFORD GESSLER	128
God give me mountains.	
LEIGH BUCKNER HANES	143
God stands upon the hills.	
JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY	243
God was a ghostly fox that fled.	
LAWRENCE LEE	205
God was very good to me.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	162
Hard by the little village.	
W. W. CHRISTMAN	56
He felt the spar slip in his numbing hands.	
VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL	368
He kept to his alliance with the soil.	
HAROLD VINAL	376
He has an air compounded subtly well.	
HENRY BELLAMANN	30
He has put on, as if it were a coat.	
HORTENSE FLEXNER	117
He is like an eager bird.	
CHARLOTTE HUNGERFORD PERRY	292
He sings old ballads by a canemill site.	
GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS	11
He stands below Polaris, having made.	
HAROLD VINAL	375
He stands with twisting fingers while the warden talks.	
RODERICK ALLYN LULL	222
He stood atop Assisi's Umbrian hill.	
BENJAMIN MUSSER	266
He was a good poet.	
HENRY HARRISON	144
He was a man who spoke in platitude.	
MAY WILLIAMS WARD	379
He was the ancient Hebrews' friend.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	338
Heavenly Evil, holy One.	
LOUIS GINSBERG	131
He'd play, after the bawdy songs and blues.	
STERLING A. BROWN	37
Her daddy was a gentleman.	
ETHEL ROMIG FULLER	124
Her damask nose, as Dickens says, was one.	
ROBERT McBLAIR	242

Her dreams she folded, smoothed, and packed with care.	GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT	31
Her tongue was long.	WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	174
Here before these magic mirrors.	WINIFRED GRAY STEWART	349
Here life pays peace and ecstasy for tithe.	WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY	281
Here rose the dream of centuries, held fast.	THOMAS S. JONES, JR.,	186
Here where these long, slow lights of spring are falling.	DAVID MORTON	266
He's gone to my lord Sandwich's to sup.	RUTH AUGHILTREE	21
High in the rooftree of this ancient house.	MAVIS MCINTOSH	246
High, low, the winds blow.	LESLIE WALLACE	380
High-walled from restless desert winds.	ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH	280
His farm and stock he lost at throwing dice.	ROBERT McBLAIR	242
His monstrous, tempting grapes hung high.	AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL	141
His walk is benediction and.	RALPH CHEYNEY	57
Hold for me, closely together.	FRANCES SHAW	327
Horses that fed on men were these.	LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	340
How could I know her Guinevere, who brought so fair a face.	BESSIE PRYOR PALMER	278
How different, and yet the same, this place.	JESSIE STORRS BUTLER	48
How long have standing men — by such a stone.	MARK VAN DOREN	97
I allers find a heap o' joy in spring.	BIRDENA COOPER GILMAN	129
I am afraid of silence, when, if spoken.	ANNA ROZILLA CREVER	401
I am content to walk the plains.	MAY BRINKLEY	86
I am like this pool.	ELLEN M. CARROLL	51
I am the spirit restless.	LILLIAN SUE KEECH	190
I am walking home to my beloved.	AGNES LEE	204

I am weaving a song of waters.	
GWENDOLYN BENNETT	31
I built a little house o' Dreams.	
LE BARON COOKE	67
I can remember hands almost better than faces.	
MARGARET DUNCAN DRAVO	99
I danced for Herod, yes. My mother's eyes.	
LEONORA SPEYER	342
I dare not be too long alone.	
JANET PRESSLEY PIPER	289
I do not know that I could lie so still.	
VIRGINIA STAIT	347
I envy him who is immune.	
JOHN RICHARD MORELAND	260
I feel so lonely here tonight. It's cold.	
HENRY HARRISON	145
I had a little grief or two.	
ELEANOR C. KOENIG	194
I had two friends and both seemed fine.	
BARBARA MORE	259
I hate their words of praise.	
ETHEL WOODRUFF MACY	224
I have come back at last to the old home.	
JOHN HALL WHELOCK	392
I have known the beauty of tall ships.	
VERNE BRIGHT	34
I have no daughter.	
ELLEN M. CARROLL	51
I have not been by love's immodesty.	
PHILIP GRAY	135
I have no thing that is mine sure.	
GEORGE H. DILLON	92
I have searched always, but never have I found.	
GLADYS CAMPBELL	48
I have seen beautiful things in the market-place.	
ETHEL LOUISE KNOX	194
I have seen love that laughed aloud at blows.	
KATHERINE EDELMAN	108
I have wished a bird would fly away.	
ROBERT FROST	119
I heard a sailor on the quay.	
VERNE BRIGHT	34
I hear no sound but my heart's sound.	
GEORGE H. DILLON	93
I hold my love but lightly.	
JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL	367
I knock on the door of self to find.	
HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING	71
I know a lady, very, very old.	
IRENE H. WILSON	395
I know you in the watches of the night.	
SHERMAN RIPLEY	305

I like a man who has sinned.	LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL	159
I like a town that sees.	CHARLES DIVINE	95
I like my breathlessness the best.	MARY CAROLYN DAVIES	82
I love to dream of good Saint Anne.	AGNES LEE	203
I never knowed whuther.	QUEENE B. LISTER	216
I never wonder a lot about stars.	JAMES HEARST	147
I rendered service to the Lord.	FLORENCE VAN FLEET LYMAN	224
I ride the great black horses of my heart.	ROBERT NATHAN	270
I saw them first.	WINIFRED GRAY STEWART	350
I see you trying them all before Life's glass.	MARGARET WIDDEMER	394
I sell stars.	HAROLD WESLEY MELVIN	250
I shall not grieve too much, but I shall understand.	LUCIA TRENT	373
I shall not lie in state with candles keeping.	MARGERY ATWOOD TODAHL	367
I shall take flight from death on sudden wings.	JOHN HALL WHEELOCK	391
I suppose I could bring you this rug-alligator.	MARGARET WIDDEMER	393
I think her eyes, observing me.	A. K. LAING	201
I think that Adam never had a book.	FRANCIS MASON	236
I tramped the pavement, cursing God.	RALPH CHEYNEY	58
I was always tied down, waiting on her.	RAYMOND KRESENSKY	198
I was in the laboratory of the great chemist.	JOHN OSCAR BECK	27
I wear.	VIRGINIA STAIT	345
I went to bed at night-time.	DELLA THOMPSON LUTES	223
I will love you a little while.	EARL MARLATT	234
I will not listen to you, Peter.	CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ	66
I wonder what became of that bulk of his.	RODERICK ALLYN LULL	221
I'm fond of clouds and lakes and hens.	E. MERRILL ROOT	308

I'm tired of pacing the petty round of the ring of the thing I know.	GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON	182
If I should bring to you a fitting gift.	EDNA DAVIS ROMIG	312
If sun and orb could tell to me.	H. H. FUSON	126
If the light should fail.	VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE	203
If Yeats, remembering the swans in Irish.	BENJAMIN ROSEBAUM	316
If you have known hunger.	WADE OLIVER	272
In April the leaves are in brown buds growing.	PAUL C. LITTLETON	219
In coming to the feast I found.	LEONIE ADAMS	2
In crimson, dun, the roses reach.	VIRGINIA STAIT	344
In dream and vision I have watched.	JOHN RICHARD MORELAND	261
In pale moon fields the unicorn.	LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	338
In sixty years her soul has set no guard.	MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN	255
In the chill garden of my heart.	ELLEN M. CARROLL	52
In the circle of noon.	HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING	72
In the clear still room the fierce eyes turned.	MAURICE LESEMAN	212
In wind and shadow walk these lonely shapes.	JOHN LEE HIGGINS	152
In your keen purposes chastise.	MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL	401
Is it not odd.	EARL MARLATT	235
It is as lovely now as on the night.	LUCIA TRENT	374
It is not easy, the harvest of the ocean.	ELIZABETH COATSWORTH	64
It rained that day and then the sun.	JAY G. SIGMUND	330
It would have been a mighty thing to do.	GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN	46
John's mother said Jude lost her husband.	DAVID JOHNSTON	183
Jubal of Nod made the first flute.	CHARLES BALLARD	24
Just down the high road.	JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS	86

Kezia sat in an apple tree crotch.	
V. VALERIE GATES	126
Kings sit down on rocks to remember.	
DOROTHY E. REID	300
Knees of the knighted lord bending to the sword-tap.	
KATHRYN WHITE RYAN	320
Knowledge is but a blind-fold lest we see.	
E. MERRILL ROOT	309
Laughter is a dread, and a bitter, and a beautiful thing.	
TED OLSON	274
Lazily loitering in a dim grove.	
JASPER BARNETT COWDIN	77
Leave me out of your dreams.	
DOROTHY E. REID	300
Let loneliness be mute. Accuse.	
GEORGE H. DILLON	95
Let the great quiet lie between my hands.	
DAVID MCCORD	244
Life is an archer, fashioning an arrow.	
CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ	66
Life is a street car.	
PORTER MYRON CHAFFEE	55
Like dawn across the universe my banner is unfurled.	
CHARD POWERS SMITH	335
Like some grim gladiator who has fought.	
COUNTEE CULLEN	78
Like vellum stretched upon a drum, the sky.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING	9
Lincoln, beloved of America.	
EDNA DAVIS ROMIG	313
"Live like the wind," he said, "unfettered.	
COUNTEE CULLEN	79
Long clinging sprays of wild blackberry vine.	
MARY ATWATER TAYLOR	361
Long time ago when Charlemagne.	
BEULAH MAY	238
Love is destroyed for her, love's brightness past.	
JASPER BARNETT COWDIN	77
Machinery of muscles needs no mind.	
LEROY MCLEOD	248
Maidens who begrudge.	
MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD	226
Man has possessed much, but not before.	
JOSEPH RANLETT	
Marcis's not a girl, you guess.	
SARA BARD FIELD	110
Martha said, Shadow is little, Shadow is not.	
DONALD DAVIDSON	82
Mary, most serenely fair.	
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER	334

Matt Jersey was not daunted by the rocks.	
FRANK ERNEST HILL	153
Me love great rocks.	
SAMUEL R. DAVENPORT	80
Mighty they stand and majestic, calmly waiting, silent, untamed and enduring.	
KATHERINE HUNTER COE	66
Moon tonight.	
GWENDOLYN BENNETT	32
More than half way up the pass.	
ROBERT FROST	120
Mountains looking at the sky.	
LESLIE DYKSTRA	103
Mountains talk.	
ETHEL ROMIG FULLER	122
"My gal," the Negro said to the old man.	
ROBERT MCBLAIR	241
My loves wakes thirsting in the night.	
EDWIN QUARLES	292
My mother had a mother.	
MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN	351
My vines this year were fine to see.	
ELLEN GLINES	132
My words shall drip.	
MAE V. COWDERY	76
Never another evening shall I be.	
FLOSSIE FAITH SHEAD	328
Never having had.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	163
Nevada is sleeping—therefore she lies so quiet.	
DOROTHY STOTT SHAW	325
Night, she of the dark and secret laughter, spinning.	
MARJORIE MEEKER	249
No autumn woods have wreathed with deepest red.	
THOMAS S. JONES, JR.	186
No calendar or counted days.	
LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL	271
No, I have nothing of you—not your name.	
GRACE DORCAS RUTHENBURG	318
Noon, like a golden orchid.	
VERNE BRIGHT	35
"Not many hours more," I hear them say.	
CATHERINE PARMENTER	279
Not roses of December.	
CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON	308
Now all brave loways listen to me.	
MACKINLEY KANTOR	187
Now he shall never be a child again.	
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE	319
Now I am wholly lifted up.	
RALPH CHEYNEY	59
Now I have come a long way down the sea.	
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING	70

Now the pause in the heart, and the end of the laughter and daring.	
CHARD POWERS SMITH	336
Now the rich cherry, whose sleek wood.	
LEONIE ADAMS	3
Now that I am reconciled.	
MARY ATWATER TAYLOR	362
Now the trees are leoparded.	
JOSEPH AUSLANDER	13
Now why should I, who sneer and frown.	
ROLFE HUMPHRIES	160
Nowhere.	
EFFIE ALGER ALLEN	6
O apple blossoms.	
LEWIS ALEXANDER	5
O Autumn speak! so many call you drear.	
TESSA SWEAZY WEBB	384
O my brothers, let us lay aside our tools.	
ELEANOR ALLEN	7
O sweet strange minstrel of the joyous singing.	
CLEMENT WOOD	397
Of old so precious was a book that key.	
CHARLES PHILLIPS	282
Oh city built of brawn and stone and steel.	
LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY	295
Oh, once I knew a St. Anne's girl.	
LAWRENCE LEE	207
Oh, you and I, wild thrush—we share.	
LEW SARETT	323
Old Atlas had no greater task than I.	
A. M. SULLIVAN	357
Old man Thimble with your greenish high hat.	
S. BERT COOKSLEY	69
On a blue wind night on a rounded hill.	
LUCY HALE STURGES	356
Once for a moment I stood outside of the world.	
KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN	55
Once I got up early while the cold stars clustered.	
GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON	91
Once, in new time, the village women stayed.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	341
Once she the Lesbian,—lyric heart of Greece.	
MARY BRENT WHITESIDE	386
Once there was youth. Youth with its bright laughter.	
MARION STROBEL	354
Once, through old sacred mountain glades.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	340
One can get used to many things in here.	
RODERICK ALLYN LULL	221
One little word pregnant with sorrow.	
MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS	284

Onward to the sea.	
Opals thread for her.	ZOE HOBBS 148
Our lives are troubled, daughter.	BERNARD RAYMUND 295
Our love has dwindled down to this.	RALPH CHEYNEY 57
Out of a date or two, a place, a name.	COUNTEE CULLEN 79
Over Plymouth Harbor.	ELIZABETH COATSWORTH 63
Over the waves of the broad blue sea.	FRANCES SHAW 327
Pansies are dear, and after them the rose.	BELLE WILLEY GUE 136
Perhaps you do not know.	GRACE DORCAS RUTHENBURG 318
"Pines made me sad," he said.	LE BARON COOKE 68
Pity the great;—it is their doom to be.	ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE 263
Plough-boy bending at the spring.	MARY SINTON LEITCH 208
Plow the ground and disk it.	THELMA PHLEGAR 285
Pompous with self-complacency he comes.	RAYMOND KRESENSKY 197
Pride is a broad shield and a spear.	MAY LEWIS 216
Prima Amora, virgin, I do not love you.	GLADYS CAMPBELL 49
Princess, when as the last salute is made.	DWIGHT HUNTER MARFIELD 230
Provoker of the Spring, I tell the rills.	WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS 305
Purposeful, you.	E. MERRILL ROOT 311
Rest, rest, Child of the Sky.	DAVID O'NEIL 276
Reynard, my brother, I too know the grape.	EUGENIE DU MAURIER MEREDITH 252
Robin's smile was sweet to see.	MAY LEWIS 215
Sand! Sand! Sand!!!	ALFRED TRAIN 372
Saucers must be polished in a long round row.	ZOE HOBBS 149
Saul was a red-headed Hebrew fire-eater.	ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE 263
Save your wisdom, since your friend.	ELIZABETH KUSKULIS 199
	MARIE DE L. WELCH 92

Selling her candies at a corner booth.	
WITTER BYNNER	45
Seven centuries are counted.	
KATHARINE LEE BATES	25
Seven hundred years ago it was you ended.	
CHARLES WHARTON STORK	353
Shadows never go; only the sun.	
CATHERINE MOORE	262
She died of him.	
DAVID O'NEIL	276
She found a long white lily to make a bed.	
FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR	360
She heard, with sweet surprise, a poet sing.	
MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD	227
She hid her secret deep, deep, deep.	
QUEENE B. LISTER	7
She holds no brief for birds and flowers and spring.	
BARBARA MADISON TUNNELL	367
She liked a story.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	168
She likes little flames.	
HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON	161
She lit a lamp.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	166
She lived in sinful happiness.	
LANGSTON HUGHES	159
She lived in the valley beneath a low gray hill.	
FREDERIC PROKOSCH	290
She may well miss joy.	
HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON	161
She never bore him of her flesh and bone.	
LUCIA TRENT	372
She said she would not marry any man.	
HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING	74
She trembled as you touched the strings.	
ELLEN GLINES	133
She was afraid.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	173
She was a glad one.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	164
She was all red and gold.	
CAROL RYRIE BRINK	35
She was scarce twenty-six, her eager May.	
MABEL POSEGATE	285
Should Ellen from the rectory come.	
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	296
Silence is very beautiful.	
GEORGE ELLISTON	107
Since that red hour of sword and blood and flame.	
VIRGINIA STAIT	346
Small matter if you come in black! But bring.	
FREDERICK HERBERT ADLER	4

So living wearies you, as now it goes.	EUNICE TIETJENS	363
So soft in the hemlock wood.	ROBERT HILLYER	154
Sodom City's flaring wrath.	H. C. BARROWES-DONALD	102
Some forebear must have stood before the mast.	JAY G. SIGMUND	330
Sometimes the air is blue, so blue.	GEORGE ELLISTON	106
Sorrow not, fool, that he's possessed.	KATHARINE L. WARD	388
Speak! speak! thou fearless boy.	ANON	1
Still towering upward into cool gray skies.	ALICE ROGERS HAGER	137
Stones that reach from water.	HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING	74
Strange that no wounds are opened when you speak.	CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ	66
Strange, to grow up and not be different.	MILDRED BOWERS	33
"Such a good man!" they said.	MARIE WILLIAMS VANDEGRIFT	374
Suddenly lights grew dim, men began to shout.	RODERICK ALLYN LULL	222
Summer matures. Brilliant Scorpion.	HELENE JOHNSON	181
Sunday in Jerusalem.	FLORENCE WALLIN	377
Sunset and dusk and home.	ELKANAH EAST TAYLOR	359
Susie was proud.	WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	169
Sway right—sway left.	MAY WILLIAMS WARD	388
Taut and poised.	OLIVER JENKINS	178
Terrible the eyes of a human soaked in light.	PEARL ANDELSON SHERRY	329
Terry dueled with Broderick.	ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS	42
That he was thick.	HENRY HARRISON	144
That subtle mockery might charm the few.	S. BERT COOKSLEY	69
The bewilderment of feet.	DAVID O'NEIL	276
The calendar lies open here before me.	ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI	232
The camphor trees are burning crimson coals.	FAITH BALDWIN	23

The circus came. The great tent rose, the cars.	
HAROLD VINAL	377
The coach is waiting and I must descend.	
HAROLD VINAL	375
The earth is deeper than we guess.	
BENNETT WEAVER	382
The engineer stands in the moonlight.	
LE BARON COOKE	67
The funeral drags its way.	
FRANCES R. ANGUS	12
The half-gods go; the centaurs, too.	
EARL MARLATT	234
The jeweled words of poets were to him.	
MORRIS ABEL BEER	30
The leaves are never still.	
CLIFFORD GESSLER	128
The lily, perfect in its hour.	
GLADYS CAMPBELL	48
The logs they roll, an' roll, an' roll.	
ALEXANDER JONES	184
The long tide in retreat.	
LEONORA SPEYER	343
The love that once she bore him lingers softly.	
ALICE PHELPS RIDER	304
The loveliest are perished. And now uprise.	
JOHN CROWE RANSOM	293
The lovely moon, who has the world to roam in.	
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES	83
The loyal moon still.	
DAVID O'NEIL	276
The lupins spread their bluebird wings to meet.	
RALPH CHEYNEY	58
The man of science and the poet chatted.	
MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON	395
The mangoes droop over the teeming creek.	
IDELLA PURNELL	291
The mists, wind-blown, along the shore.	
GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS	11
The moon malingers in these starting lights.	
LOLA RIDGE	304
The next ten years no doubt will be as bad.	
HAROLD VINAL	376
The night has been.	
FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP	59
The noisy swallows quieted at your teaching.	
CLEMENT WOOD	398
The north wind was as cold as ice.	
JOHN RICHARD MORELAND	262
The older people say.	
MILDRED BOWERS	38
The poplars run before me as a child.	
BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM	316

The proud Potomac keeps her mighty tryst.	
ANNE MATHILDE ROBINSON	306
The realists are not the ruthless ones.	
GLADYS OAKS	271
The red flags crackled.	
EARL MARLATT	233
The sampan coolie is a dim blue figure in the river mist.	
ALICE ROGERS HAGER	138
The second daughter in an alien house.	
IDELLA PURNELL	291
The secret of the King possesses me.	
SISTER M. MADELEVA	224
The sky, tarnished to the lustre of old.	
GLORIA GODDARD	134
The slender furrows turning green again.	
THOMAS S. JONES, JR.	185
The sombre elms stand back a pace from her.	
HARRY MCGUIRE	246
The smell of bees' wax, joss sticks, foaming suds.	
FREDERICK HERBERT ADLER	5
The snow came down like stars tonight.	
GEORGE H. DILLON	94
The stars in heaven must stand some rivalry.	
DAVID MORTON	265
The stars were very sorrowful at what Elise had done.	
CLARA MAXWELL TAFT	358
The surface of this soil is brown and dull.	
KENNETH SLADE ALLING	10
The tall flamingo stands.	
SCUDDER MIDDLETON	256
The tulips point their colored flame and May.	
RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG	150
The walls are old, the ceiling low.	
LEIGH BUCKNER HANES	143
The wanderer has returned.	
A. B. MAGIL	226
The webbed and clawed porphyryons.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	340
The white-topped wagon is loaded and waiting.	
MARY J. ELMENDORF	104
The wild geese in the dawn.	
ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY	258
The wind is always kind above this grave.	
HENRY HARRISON	145
Then, as we took the turning.	
JOSEPH AUSLANDER	20
There are cloudy wings.	
VIRGINIA MCCORMICK	245
There are rocks, like grass, hiding the soil.	
CLEMENT WOOD	397

There are wild goats here, and a loneliness.	
S. BERT COOKSLEY	69
There is a certain singing that.	
GEORGE ELLISTON	105
There is a song in silence.	
EARL MARLATT	236
There is one island like a sleepy rose.	
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING	71
There is a winged silence precedes sleep.	
FLORENCE S. SMALL	335
These are the days of being a little mad.	
FRANK ERNEST HILL	152
These are the Indies flung like a bright dust.	
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING	70
They are moving in next door.	
ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI	231
They bear mountains easily.	
HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING	75
They found him close against the mountain side.	
LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY	294
They gazed an instant on eternity.	
DOROTHY E. REID	302
They might have said the very words, she thought.	
DOROTHY E. REID	301
They placed young John McBride behind the bars.	
WILLIAM JAMES PRICE	286
They sailed away before the breeze.	
WILLIAM JAMES PRICE	287
They saw reprieve was treacherous and brief.	
DOROTHY E. REID	303
They squint above unwieldy, crooked laces.	
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN	254
Think not on me, as countless men have thought.	
WADE OLIVER	273
This country with its quiet dreaming.	
OLIVER JENKINS	179
This human stuff whereof I'm wrought.	
CLARA MAXWELL TAFT	358
This I say to you.	
JOHN V. A. WEAVER	383
This life, Madonna, is a juggernaut.	
VARDIS FISHER	118
This lion-eagle's flaming breast.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	340
This Maxfield Parrish <i>Daybreak</i> dream.	
WILL CHAMBERLAIN	54
This only can I bring the shade.	
EDWIN QUARLES	293
This pine-tree, loved by many a passing moon.	
ELIZABETH MORROW	264
This, then, had been his destiny from birth.	
TED OLSON	275

This was a time unvexed by too much haste.	
SHAEMAS O'SHEEL	278
Thou, russet maid, hast raised our laden eyes.	
HARRY MCGUIRE	245
Though fate foreclosed its mortgage here.	
AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL	139
Though Marchant was mixing with Joe Dundee.	
EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER	195
Thoughts are caravans that go.	
EDITH MIRICK	257
Through hoary legend and old rhyme.	
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	338
Through these bright windows bold above the street.	
MARJORIE MEEKER	250
Thrust the thin roots of your being	
CHARLES WHARTON STORK	352
Today I smelled some new-mown hay.	
E. DORCAS PALMER	405
To him it was a tragic thing.	
JAY G. SIGMUND	332
To you the sea means spindrift, it means the purple distance.	
MARY SINTON LEITCH	208
To what dark purpose was the Will employed.	
JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK	390
Tree at my window, window tree.	
ROBERT FROST	120
Under the magic of your lenses.	
JOHN FRENCH WILSON	396
Under your strokes, men grow refined.	
HENRY REICH, JR.	299
Undoubtedly the moment was awry.	
DOROTHY E. REID	300
Until you grope through midnight.	
EARL MARLATT	235
Up in my attic I found a door.	
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT	324
You have not met me with a blandishment.	
RAYMOND HOLDEN	151
You may have my garden if you will give to me.	
JAMES HEARST	146
You read from <i>Michael</i> . The night wind.	
BENNETT WEAVER	381
You seize a sheet and deftly place it where.	
HENRY REICH, JR.	298
You think because I wash your dishes clean.	
MARION FRANCIS BROWN	41
You too, of course, have counted sheep.	
MAURICE LESEMANN	209
You were not meant to be mine, or any man's.	
CLIFFORD GESSLER	127
You who are seeking fair and white.	
JOHN RICHARD MORELAND	260

You who could sing and fiddle while the tall.	
MARY SINTON LEITCH	207
You who desired so much—in vain to ask—	
HART CRANE	78
You will remember the shadowy rose of evening.	
CLIFFORD GESSLER	126
Your heart is music from the hills.	
ALEXANDER JAVITZ	176
Your soft new bones, so neatly joined and little.	
WINIFRED DAVIDSON	403
Youth passes: Michael, David, Joan, Lancelot.	
ELIZABETH MORROW	265
Walk with the sun.	
LEWIS ALEXANDER	6
Watchful, in a canyon resting.	
GERTRUDE B. GUNDERSON	137
Weak words—a thin parade across the page.	
GLORIA GODDARD	134
We never could see why they always held.	
RODERICK ALLYN LULL	221
Wee passion flower with your crown of thorns.	
ELIZABETH DAVIS RICHARDS	303
Weed in the wall! Poor pitiful weed!	
JAMES McLANE	247
We'en de Lawd chose his 'ciples Peter wuz de dus'.	
JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS	85
Were you the bright Bianca Milan mourned.	
ELIZABETH MAYER	239
"What did you see when the girders rose?"	
THOMAS HORNSBY FERRILL	107
What does she now, whose ways are past my knowing?	
A. K. LAING	202
What is the voice of love?	
EDWARD SAPIR	321
What other shield but this against the gods.	
WITTER BYNNER	44
What saw you, singer, leaping from the sod.	
CHARLES PHILLIPS	281
When all the hills are green, and fitly clad.	
JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY	243
When birches lift against a chalk-blue sky.	
STANLEY BURNISHAW	402
When first his shadow fell across our door.	
CHARLES R. MURPHY	267
When God is in the mood, He lets a star.	
HENRY HARRISON	145
When I have softly closed the door.	
ELLE M. CARROLL	52
When I hear words.	
SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING	192
When I sold a poem.	
VICTORIA ADELAIDE HARVEY	146

When, jars unsealed.	FRANCIS CARLIN	50
When love's triumphant day is done.	GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON	182
When on our Loma hills at dusk are blown.	WINIFRED DAVIDSON	404
When shall the panting fox.	DANIEL HENDERSON	147
When sickness seizes on the heart and mind.	DOROTHY E. REID	301
When women talk.	MARCIS NARDI	269
When you and I shall be but velvet dust.	ELKANAH EAST TAYLOR	359
When you look in your looking glass.	LUCIA TRENT	373
When you were only twelve or so.	LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL	157
Where Amos found his bride no one could say.	LESLIE DYKSTRA	102
Where is my kingdom? I would be a king.	CHARLES OLUF OLSEN	273
Where is the end of earthly faring?	CHARD POWERS SMITH	336
Where through the olive trees I see bright shawls.	WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY	281
White roses for you, who poured out such red.	VIRGINIA STAIT	346
White-pinioned steed whose flight is far.	LILIAN WHITE SPENCER	339
Wind and shadow—I see no more.	MARGARET WIDDEMER	394
Winter was ever a word of scorn.	STANLEY BURNshaw	403
Who is more tender than a shepherd is.	LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	297
Who shall inherit the body of my lover?	RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG	150
Who timed your coming that it chanced too soon?	ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE	280
“Won't you say—something?” “What is there to say?”	DOROTHY E. REID	302
Why did I let him in at all.	BELLE TURNBULL	372
Why should I seek adventure in strange places.	MAURICE DOOLING	96
Why was I born so late? I am longing.	MAY WILLIAMS WARD	379
Wind blows over the heart.	LEONIE ADAMS	4
Wind blows over the graveyard.	QUEEN B. LISTER	218

Wingreen Hill.	
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON	171
With drum of motor and droning fire.	
GRACE STONE COATES	61
With wind behind him, toward an arc of sun.	
GEORGE O'NEIL	277
Within the mirror of an oval dream.	
LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL	270
Within this shop he hammered jewels, and then.	
GLADYS WILMOT GRAHAM	135
Without the rabbit brightness of your eyes.	
ROBERT McBLAIR	241

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